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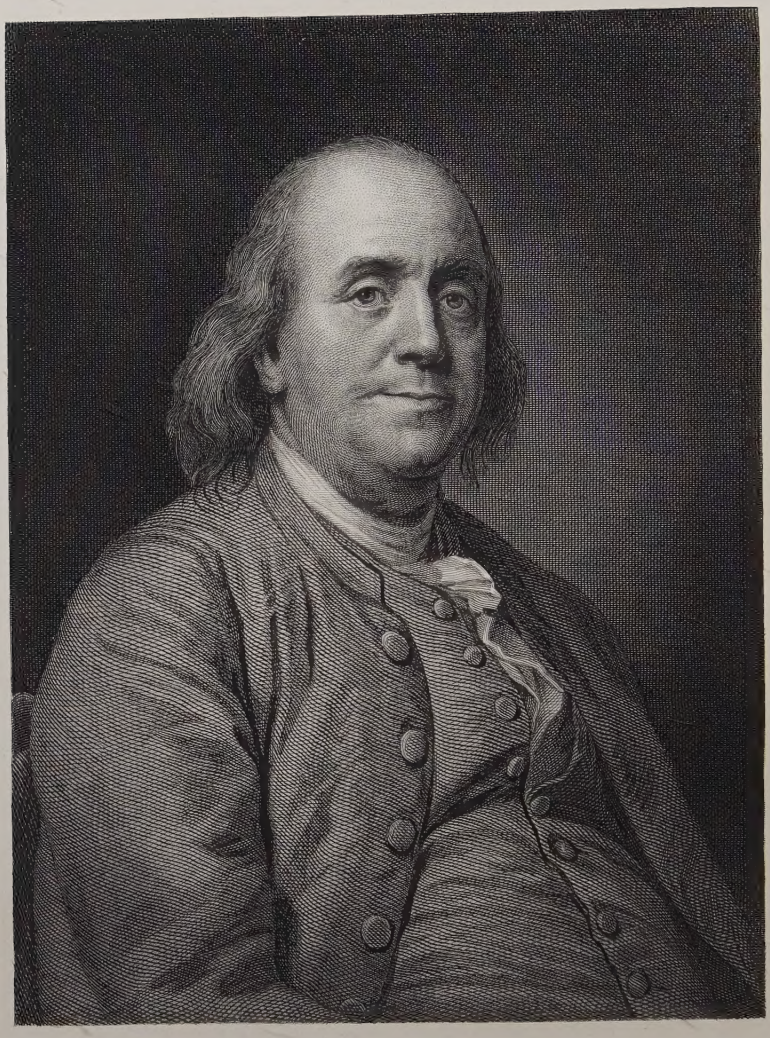
Vol. III.



Benj.ª Franklin

Engraved by H. B. Hall, from the original picture in Pastel, painted from life by J. A. Duplessis in 1783, and now in the possession of John Bigelow Esq.

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AMERICAN LITERATURE

FROM THE EARLIEST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT TIME

COMPILED AND EDITED BY

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN AND
ELLEN MACKAY HUTCHINSON

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. III

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LITERATURE

OF THE

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

1765—1787

INDEPENDENCE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye;
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the North,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,—
Immortal Liberty, whose look sublime
Hath bleached the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime!

TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

ON THE WAR WITH AMERICA.

THE people whom they affect to call contemptible rebels, but whose growing power has at last obtained the name of enemies, . . . are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their embassadors entertained, by your inveterate enemy; and our ministers dare not interpose with dignity or effect. . . . I love and honor the English troops: I know their virtues and their valor: I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. . . . My lords, you cannot conquer America! . . . You may swell every expense, and every effort, still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince: your efforts are for ever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely. . . . If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!

WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM. A.D. 1777.

LITERATURE

OF THE

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

1765—1787.

Benjamin Franklin.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1706. DIED in Philadelphia, Penn., 1790.

PASSAGES FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[*The Life of Benjamin Franklin, Written by Himself. Edited, from Original MSS., by John Bigelow. 2d. Edition.* 1880.]

A BOOKISH LAD.

FROM a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the Pilgrim's Progress, my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's Historical Collections; they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, 40 or 50 in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved I should not be a clergyman. Plutarch's Lives there was, in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called an Essay on Projects, and another of Dr. Mather's, called Essays to do Good, which perhaps gave me a turn

of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces; my brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called "The Lighthouse Tragedy," and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters: the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard) the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub-street-ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way. . . . .

About this time I met with an odd volume of the "Spectator." It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and, making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the

book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my "Spectator" with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterward with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practise it. . . . .

HE ADOPTS THE SOCRATIC METHOD.

While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), at the end of which there were two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a specimen of a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procured Xenophon's Memorable Things of Socrates, wherein there are many instances of the same method. I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropped my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter. And being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, become a real doubter in many points of our religious doctrine, I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took a delight in it, practised it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing

people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions, the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved. I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words, *certainly*, *undoubtedly*, or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me, or *I should think it so or so*, for such and such reasons; or *I imagine it to be so;* or *it is so if I am not mistaken.* This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions, and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting; and, as the chief ends of conversation are to *inform* or to be *informed*, to *please* or to *persuade*, I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given to us, to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure. For, if you would inform, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may provoke contradiction and prevent a candid attention. If you wish information and improvement from the knowledge of others, and yet at the same time express yourself as firmly fixed in your present opinions, modest, sensible men, who do not love disputation, will probably leave you undisturbed in the possession of your error. And by such a manner, you can seldom hope to recommend yourself in *pleasing* your hearers, or to persuade those whose concurrence you desire. . . .

HIS FIRST ENTRY INTO PHILADELPHIA.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with travelling, rowing and want of rest, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it, on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about till near the market-house I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second-street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I had him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market-street as far as Fourth-street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut-street and part of Walnut-street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market-street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round awhile and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river, and, looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance I liked, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. "Here," says he, "is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I'll show thee a better." He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water-street. Here I got a dinner; and, while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected, from my youth and appearance, that I might be some runaway. . . . .

ADAM'S ALE VS. BRITAIN'S BEER.

I now began to think of getting a little money beforehand, and, expecting better work, I left Palmer's to work at Watts's, near Lincoln's Inn Fields, a still greater printing-house. Here I continued all the rest

of my stay in London. At my first admission into this printing-house I took to working at press, imagining I felt a want of the bodily exercise I had been used to in America, where presswork is mixed with composing. I drank only water; the other workmen, near fifty in number, were great guzzlers of beer. On occasion, I carried up and down stairs a large form of types in each hand, when others carried but one in both hands. They wondered to see, from this and several instances, that the *Water-American*, as they called me, was *stronger* than themselves, who drank *strong* beer! We had an alehouse boy who attended always in the house to supply the workmen. My companion at the press drank every day a pint before breakfast, a pint at breakfast with his bread and cheese, a pint between breakfast and dinner, a pint at dinner, a pint in the afternoon about six o'clock, and another when he had done his day's work. I thought it a detestable custom; but it was necessary, he supposed, to drink *strong* beer, that he might be *strong* to labor. I endeavored to convince him that the bodily strength afforded by beer could only be in proportion to the grain or flour of the barley dissolved in the water of which it was made; that there was more flour in a pennyworth of bread; and therefore, if he would eat that with a pint of water, it would give him more strength than a quart of beer. He drank on, however, and had four or five shillings to pay out of his wages every Saturday night for that muddling liquor—an expense I was free from. And thus these poor devils keep themselves always under.

Watts, after some weeks, desiring to have me in the composing-room, I left the pressmen. A new bien venu or sum for drink, being five shillings, was demanded of me by the compositors. I thought it an imposition, as I had paid below; the master thought so too, and forbade my paying it. I stood out two or three weeks, was accordingly considered as an excommunicate, and had so many little pieces of private mischief done me, by mixing my sorts, transposing my pages, breaking my matter, etc., etc., if I were ever so little out of the room, and all ascribed to the chapel ghost, which they said ever haunted those not regularly admitted, that, notwithstanding the master's protection, I found myself obliged to comply and pay the money, convinced of the folly of being on ill terms with those one is to live with continually.

I was now on a fair footing with them, and soon acquired considerable influence. I proposed some reasonable alterations in their chapel laws, and carrried them against all opposition. From my example, a great part of them left their muddling breakfast of beer, and bread, and cheese, finding they could with me be supplied from a neighboring house with a large porringer of hot water-gruel, sprinkled with pepper, crumbed with bread, and a bit of butter in it, for the price of a pint of beer, viz., three half-pence. This was a more comfortable as well as cheaper breakfast,

and kept their heads clearer. Those who continued sotting with beer all day were often, by not paying, out of credit at the alehouse, and used to make interest with me to get beer; their "light," as they phrased it, "being out." I watched the pay-table on Saturday night, and collected what I stood engaged for them, having to pay sometimes near thirty shillings a week on their accounts. This, and my being esteemed a pretty good *riggite*, that is, a jocular verbal satirist, supported my consequence in the society. My constant attendance (I never making a St. Monday) recommended me to the master; and my uncommon quickness at composing occasioned my being put upon all work of dispatch, which was generally better paid. So I went on now very agreeably. . . .

EARLY IMPRESSIONS OF RELIGION AND ETHICS.

Before I enter upon my public appearance in business, it may be well to let you know the then state of my mind with regard to my principles and morals, that you may see how far those influenced the future events of my life. My parents had early given me religious impressions, and brought me through my childhood piously in the Dissenting way. But I was scarce fifteen, when, after doubting by turns of several points, as I found them disputed in the different books I read, I began to doubt of Revelation itself. Some books against Deism fell into my hands; they were said to be the substance of sermons preached at Boyle's Lectures. It happened that they wrought an effect on me quite contrary to what was intended by them; for the arguments of the Deists, which were quoted to be refuted, appeared to me much stronger than the refutations; in short, I soon became a thorough Deist. My arguments perverted some others, particularly Collins and Ralph; but, each of them having afterward wronged me greatly without the least compunction, and recollecting Keith's conduct toward me (who was another freethinker), and my own toward Vernon and Miss Read, which at times gave me great trouble, I began to suspect that this doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful. My London pamphlet, which had for its motto these lines of Dryden:

> "Whatever is, is right. Though purblind man
> Sees but a part o' the chain, the nearest link;
> His eyes not carrying to the equal beam,
> That poises all above;"

and from the attributes of God, His infinite wisdom, goodness and power, concluded that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world, and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions, no such things existing, appeared now not so clever a performance as I once thought it; and I

doubted whether some error had not insinuated itself unperceived into my argument, so as to infect all that followed, as is common in metaphysical reasonings.

I grew convinced that *truth*, *sincerity*, and *integrity* in dealings between man and man were of the utmost importance to the felicity of life; and I formed written resolutions, which still remain in my journal book, to practise them ever while I lived. Revelation had indeed no weight with me, as such; but I entertained an opinion that, though certain actions might not be bad *because* they were forbidden by it, or good *because* it commanded them, yet probably those actions might be forbidden *because* they were bad for us, or commanded *because* they were beneficial to us, in their own natures, all the circumstances of things considered. And this persuasion, with the kind hand of Providence, or some guardian angel, or accidental favorable circumstances and situations, or all together, preserved me, through this dangerous time of youth, and the hazardous situations I was sometimes in among strangers, remote from the eye and advice of my father, without any wilful, gross immorality or injustice, that might have been expected from my want of religion. I say wilful, because the instances I have mentioned had something of *necessity* in them, from my youth, inexperience, and the knavery of others. I had, therefore, a tolerable character to begin the world with; I valued it properly, and determined to preserve it. . . . .

FRANKLIN LISTENS TO GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me. I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold. As he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the coppers. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably, that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all. At this sermon there was also one of our club, who, being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had, by precaution, emptied his pockets before he came from home. Toward the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong desire to give, and applied to a neighbor, who stood near him, to borrow some money for the purpose. The application was unfortunately [made] to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "At any other time, Friend Hopkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to be out of thy right senses."

Some of Mr. Whitefield's enemies affected to suppose that he would apply these collections to his own private emolument; but I, who was intimately acquainted with him (being employed in printing his Sermons and Journals, etc.), never had the least suspicion of his integrity, but am to this day decidedly of opinion that he was in all his conduct a perfectly honest man; and methinks my testimony in his favor ought to have the more weight, as we had no religious connection. He used, indeed, sometimes to pray for my conversion, but never had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were heard. Ours was a mere civil friendship, sincere on both sides, and lasted to his death.

The following instance will show something of the terms on which we stood. Upon one of his arrivals from England at Boston, he wrote to me that he should come soon to Philadelphia, but knew not where he could lodge when there, as he understood his old friend and host, Mr. Benezet, was removed to Germantown. My answer was: "You know my house; if you can make shift with its scanty accommodations, you will be most heartily welcome." He replied, that if I made that kind offer for Christ's sake, I should not miss of a reward. And I returned, "Don't let me be mistaken; it was not for Christ's sake, but for your sake." One of our common acquaintance jocosely remarked, that knowing it to be the custom of the saints, when they received any favor, to shift the burden of the obligation from off their own shoulders, and place it in heaven, I had contrived to fix it on earth. . . . .

A VAIN REMONSTRANCE WITH GENERAL BRADDOCK.

This general was, I think, a brave man, and might probably have made a figure as a good officer in some European war. But he had too much self-confidence, too high an opinion of the validity of regular troops, and too mean a one of both Americans and Indians. George Croghan, our Indian interpreter, joined him on his march with one hundred of those people, who might have been of great use to his army as guides, scouts, etc., if he had treated them kindly; but he slighted and neglected them, and they gradually left him.

In conversation with him one day, he was giving me some account of his intended progress. "After taking Fort Duquesne," says he, "I am to proceed to Niagara; and, having taken that, to Frontenac, if the season will allow time; and I suppose it will, for Duquesne can hardly detain me above three or four days; and then I see nothing that can obstruct my march to Niagara." Having before revolved in my mind the long line his army must make in their march by a very narrow road, to be cut for them through the woods and bushes, and also what I had read of a former defeat of fifteen hundred French, who invaded the Iro-

quois country, I had conceived some doubts and some fears for the event of the campaign. But I ventured only to say, "To be sure, sir, if you arrive well before Duquesne, with these fine troops, so well provided with artillery, that place, not yet completely fortified and as we hear with no very strong garrison, can probably make but a short resistance. The only danger I apprehend of obstruction to your march is from ambuscades of Indians, who, by constant practice, are dexterous in laying and executing them; and the slender line, near four miles long, which your army must make, may expose it to be attacked by surprise in its flanks, and to be cut like a thread into several pieces, which, from their distance, cannot come up in time to support each other."

He smiled at my ignorance, and replied, "These savages may, indeed, be a formidable enemy to your raw American militia, but upon the king's regular and disciplined troops, sir, it is impossible they should make any impression." I was conscious of an impropriety in my disputing with a military man in matters of his profession, and said no more. The enemy, however, did not take the advantage of his army which I apprehended its long line of march exposed it to, but let it advance without interruption till within nine miles of the place; and then, when more in a body (for it had just passed a river, where the front had halted till all were come over), and in a more open part of the woods than any it had passed, attacked its advanced guard by a heavy fire from behind trees and bushes, which was the first intelligence the general had of an enemy's being near him. This guard being disordered, the general hurried the troops up to their assistance, which was done in great confusion, through wagons, baggage, and cattle; and presently the fire came upon their flank: the officers, being on horseback, were more easily distinguished, picked out as marks, and fell very fast; and the soldiers were crowded together in a huddle, having or hearing no orders, and standing to be shot at till two-thirds of them were killed; and then, being seized with a panic, the whole fled with precipitation.

The wagoners took each a horse out of his team and scampered; their example was immediately followed by others; so that all the wagons, provisions, artillery, and stores were left to the enemy. The general, being wounded, was brought off with difficulty; his secretary, Mr. Shirley, was killed by his side; and out of eighty-six officers, sixty-three were killed or wounded, and seven hundred and fourteen men killed out of eleven hundred. These eleven hundred had been picked men from the whole army; the rest had been left behind with Colonel Dunbar, who was to follow with the heavier part of the stores, provisions, and baggage. The flyers, not being pursued, arrived at Dunbar's camp, and the panic they brought with them instantly seized him and all his people; and, though he had now above one thousand men, and the enemy who

had beaten Braddock did not at most exceed four hundred Indians and French together, instead of proceeding, and endeavoring to recover some of the lost honor, he ordered all the stores, ammunition, etc., to be destroyed, that he might have more horses to assist his flight toward the settlements, and less lumber to remove. He was there met with requests from the governors of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania that he would post his troops on the frontiers, so as to afford some protection to the inhabitants; but he continued his hasty march through all the country, not thinking himself safe till he arrived at Philadelphia, where the inhabitants could protect him. This whole transaction gave us Americans the first suspicion that our exalted ideas of the prowess of British regulars had not been well founded.

FRANKLIN'S DISCOVERY OF THE POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE STATES OF ELECTRICITY.

[*From the Letter to Peter Collinson, July* 11, 1747.]

WE suppose, as aforesaid, that electrical fire is a common element, of which every one of the three persons above mentioned has his equal share before any operation is begun with the tube. *A*, who stands on wax and rubs the tube, collects the electrical fire from himself into the glass; and, his communication with the common stock being cut off by the wax, his body is not again immediately supplied. *B*, (who stands on wax likewise) passing his knuckle along near the tube, receives the fire which was collected by the glass from *A;* and his communication with the common stock being likewise cut off, he retains the additional quantity received. To *C*, standing on the floor, both appear to be electrized; for he, having only the middle quantity of electrical fire, receives a spark upon approaching *B*, who has an over quantity; but gives one to *A*, who has an under quantity. If *A* and *B* approach to touch each other, the spark is stronger, because the difference between them is greater. After such touch there is no spark between either of them and *C*, because the electrical fire in all is reduced to the original equality. If they touch while electrizing, the equality is never destroyed, the fire only circulating. Hence have arisen some new terms among us; we say *B* (and bodies like circumstanced) is electrized *positively; A*, *negatively.* Or rather, *B* is electrized *plus; A*, *minus.* And we daily in our experiments electrize bodies *plus* or *minus*, as we think proper. To electrize *plus* or *minus*, no more needs to be known than this, that the parts of the tube or sphere that are rubbed, do, in the in-

stant of the friction, attract the electrical fire, and therefore take it from the thing rubbing; the same parts immediately, as the friction upon them ceases, are disposed to give the fire they have received to any body that has less.

HIS INVENTION OF THE LIGHTNING ROD.

[*Opinions . . . arising from Experiments and Observations made at Philadelphia,* 1749.]

NOW if the fire of electricity and that of lightning be the same, as I have endeavored to show at large in a former paper, this pasteboard tube and these scales may represent electrified clouds. If a tube of only ten feet long will strike and discharge its fire on the punch at two or three inches distance, an electrified cloud of perhaps ten thousand acres may strike and discharge on the earth at a proportionately greater distance. The horizontal motion of the scales over the floor may represent the motion of the clouds over the earth; and the erect iron punch, a hill or high building; and then we see how electrified clouds passing over hills or high buildings at too great a height to strike, may be attracted lower till within their striking distance. And, lastly, if a needle fixed on the punch with its point upright, or even on the floor below the punch, will draw the fire from the scale silently at a much greater than the striking distance, and so prevent its descending toward the punch; or if in its course it would have come nigh enough to strike, yet being first deprived of its fire it cannot, and the punch is thereby secured from the stroke; I say, if these things are so, may not the knowledge of this power of points be of use to mankind, in preserving houses, churches, ships, etc., from the stroke of lightning, by directing us to fix, on the highest parts of those edifices, upright rods of iron made sharp as a needle, and gilt to prevent rusting, and from the foot of those rods a wire down the outside of the building into the ground, or down round one of the shrouds of a ship, and down her side till it reaches the water? Would not these pointed rods probably draw the electrical fire silently out of a cloud before it came nigh enough to strike, and thereby secure us from that most sudden and terrible mischief?

THE ELECTRICAL KITE.

[*Letter to Collinson, October* 19, 1752.]

AS frequent mention is made in public papers from Europe of the success of the Philadelphia experiment for drawing the electric fire from clouds by means of pointed rods of iron erected on high buildings, etc., it may be agreeable to the curious to be informed that the same experiment has succeeded in Philadelphia, though made in a different and more easy manner, which is as follows.

Make a small cross of two light strips of cedar, the arms so long as to reach to the four corners of a large thin silk handkerchief when extended; tie the corners of the handkerchief to the extremities of the cross, so you have the body of a kite; which, being properly accommodated with a tail, loop, and string, will rise in the air, like those made of paper; but this being of silk is fitter to bear the wet and wind of a thunder-gust without tearing. To the top of the upright stick of the cross is to be fixed a very sharp-pointed wire, rising a foot or more above the wood. To the end of the twine, next the hand, is to be tied a silk ribbon, and where the silk and twine join, a key may be fastened. This kite is to be raised when a thunder-gust appears to be coming on, and the person who holds the string must stand within a door or window, or under some cover, so that the silk ribbon may not be wet; and care must be taken that the twine does not touch the frame of the door or window. As soon as any of the thunder-clouds come over the kite, the pointed wire will draw the electric fire from them, and the kite, with all the twine, will be electrified, and the loose filaments of the twine will stand out every way, and be attracted by an approaching finger. And when the rain has wetted the kite and twine, so that it can conduct the electric fire freely, you will find it stream out plentifully from the key on the approach of your knuckle. At this key the phial may be charged; and from electric fire thus obtained, spirits may be kindled, and all the other electric experiments be performed, which are usually done by the help of a rubbed glass globe or tube, and thereby the sameness of the electric matter with that of lightning completely demonstrated.

THAT LIGHTNING USUALLY PASSES FROM EARTH TO THE CLOUDS.

[*Letter to Collinson, September,* 1753.]

AT last, on the 12th of April, 1753, there being a smart gust of some continuance, I charged one phial pretty well with lightning, and

the other equally, as near as I could judge, with electricity from my glass globe; and, having placed them properly, I beheld, with great surprise and pleasure, the cork ball play briskly between them, and was convinced that one bottle was electrized *negatively*.

I repeated this experiment several times during the gust, and in eight succeeding gusts, always with the same success; and being of opinion (for reasons I formerly gave in my letter to Mr. Kinnersley, since printed in London), that the glass globe electrizes *positively*, I concluded that the clouds are *always* electrized *negatively*, or have always in them less than their natural quantity of the electric fluid.

Yet, notwithstanding so many experiments, it seems I concluded too soon; for at last, June the 6th, in a gust which continued from five o'clock, P.M., to seven, I met with one cloud that was electrized *positively*, though several that passed over my rod before, during the same gust, were in the *negative* state. This was thus discovered. . . .

But this was a single experiment, which, however, destroys my first too general conclusion, and reduces me to this: *That the clouds of a thunder-gust are most commonly in a negative state of electricity, but sometimes in a positive state.*

The latter I believe is rare; for, though I, soon after the last experiment, set out on a journey to Boston, and was from home most part of the summer, which prevented my making farther trials and observations; yet Mr. Kinnersley, returning from the Islands just as I left home, pursued the experiments during my absence, and informs me that he always found the clouds in the *negative* state.

So that, for the most part, in thunder-strokes, *it is the earth that strikes into the clouds, and not the clouds that strike into the earth.*

A THEORY OF LIGHT AND HEAT.

[*Loose Thoughts on a Universal Fluid.* 1784.]

UNIVERSAL space, as far as we know of it, seems to be filled with a subtile fluid, whose motion, or vibration, is called light. . . .

In such case, as there may be a continuity or communication of this fluid through the air quite down to the earth, is it not by the vibrations given to it by the sun that light appears to us; and may it not be that every one of the infinitely small vibrations, striking common matter with a certain force, enters its substance, is held there by attraction, and augmented by succeeding vibrations, till the matter has received as much as their force can drive into it?

Is it not thus that the surface of this globe is continually heated by such repeated vibrations in the day, and cooled by the escape of the heat, when those vibrations are discontinued in the night, or intercepted and reflected by clouds?

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

[*From a Discourse prefixed to "Poor Richard's Almanac" for* 1757.]

COURTEOUS Reader,

I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him he proceeded as follows.

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

"I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting, that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that, *There will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says.

"*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be*, as Poor

Richard says, *the greatest prodigality;* since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.* Let us, then, up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy;* and *He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night;* while *Laziness travels so slowly, that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee;* and *Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,* as Poor Richard says. . . . .

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says, *Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.* Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for *A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;* whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. *Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow.*

"II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eye, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

> *I never saw an oft-removed tree,*
> *Nor yet an oft-removed family,*
> *That throve so well as those that settled be.*

And again, *Three removes are as bad as a fire;* and again, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;* and again, *If you would have your business done, go; if not, send.* And again,

> *He that by the plough would thrive,*
> *Himself must either hold or drive.*

And again, *The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands;* and again, *Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;* and again, *Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open.* Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for *In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;* but a man's own care is profitable; for, *If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.*

"III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own

business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will;* and

Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the want great.

And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children.* You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a little makes a mickle.* Beware of little expenses; *A small leak will sink a great ship*, as Poor Richard says; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;* and moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them. . . . If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing*, as Poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick further advises, and says,

Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

And again, *Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.* When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, *It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.* And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, *Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.* And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"But what madness must it be to *run in debt* for these superfluities. . . . When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, *Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter.* At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and *It is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel*, as Poor Richard says; so, *Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.*

Get what you can, and what you get hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

And when you have got the Philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterward prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, *Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other*, as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for, it is true, *We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.* However, remember this, *They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped;* and further, that, *If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles*, as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine; and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made

of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

FRANKLIN BEFORE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[*From the Report of the Examination, published in* 1767.]

Q. WHAT is your name, and place of abode?

A. Franklin, of Philadelphia.

Q. Do the Americans pay any considerable taxes among themselves?

A. Certainly, many, and very heavy taxes.

Q. What are the present taxes in Pennsylvania, laid by the laws of the colony?

A. There are taxes on all estates real and personal; a poll tax; a tax on all offices, professions, trades, and businesses, according to their profits; an excise on all wine, rum and other spirits; and a duty of ten pounds per head on all negroes imported, with some other duties.

Q. For what purposes are those taxes laid?

A. For the support of the civil and military establishments of the country, and to discharge the heavy debt contracted in the last war.

Q. How long are those taxes to continue?

A. Those for discharging the debt are to continue till 1772, and longer if the debt should not be then all discharged. The others must always continue.

Q. Was it not expected that the debt would have been sooner discharged?

A. It was, when the peace was made with France and Spain. But, a fresh war breaking out with the Indians, a fresh load of debt was incurred; and the taxes, of course, continued longer by a new law.

Q. Are not all the people very able to pay those taxes?

A. No. The frontier counties, all along the continent, having been frequently ravaged by the enemy and greatly impoverished, are able to pay very little tax. And therefore, in consideration of their distresses, our late tax laws do expressly favor those counties, excusing the sufferers; and I suppose the same is done in other governments.

. . . . . .

Q. What was the temper of America toward Great Britain before the year 1763?

A. The best in the world. They submitted willingly to the government of the crown, and paid, in their courts, obedience to the acts of Parliament. Numerous as the people are in the several old provinces, they cost you nothing in forts, citadels, garrisons, or armies, to keep them in subjection. They were governed by this country at the expense only of a little pen, ink, and paper; they were led by a thread. They had not only a respect, but an affection for Great Britain; for its laws, its customs and manners, and even a fondness for its fashions, that greatly increased the commerce. Natives of Britain were always treated with particular regard; to be an *Old-England man* was of itself a character of some respect, and gave a kind of rank among us.

Q. And what is their temper now?

A. O, very much altered.

. . . . . .

Q. In what light did the people of America use to consider the Parliament of Great Britain?

A. They considered the Parliament as the great bulwark and security of their liberties and privileges, and always spoke of it with the utmost respect and veneration. Arbitrary ministers, they thought, might possibly, at times, attempt to oppress them; but they relied on it that the Parliament, on application, would always give redress. They remembered, with gratitude, a strong instance of this, when a bill was brought into Parliament, with a clause to make royal instructions laws in the colonies, which the House of Commons would not pass, and it was thrown out.

Q. And have they not still the same respect for Parliament?

A. No, it is greatly lessened.

Q. To what cause is that owing?

A. To a concurrence of causes; the restraints lately laid on their trade by which the bringing of foreign gold and silver into the colonies was prevented; the prohibition of making paper money among themselves, and then demanding a new and heavy tax by stamps, taking away, at the same time, trials by juries, and refusing to receive and hear their humble petitions.

Q. Don't you think they would submit to the Stamp Act, if it was modified, the obnoxious parts taken out, and the duty reduced to some particulars of small moment?

A. No, they will never submit to it.

. . . . . .

Q. If the Stamp Act should be repealed, would it induce the assemblies of America to acknowledge the rights of Parliament to tax them, and would they erase their resolutions?

A. No, never.

Q. Are there no means of obliging them to erase those resolutions?

A. None that I know of; they will never do it, unless compelled by force of arms.

Q. Is there a power on earth that can force them to erase them?

A. No power, how great soever, can force men to change their opinions.

Q. Do they consider the post-office as a tax, or as a regulation?

A. Not as a tax, but as a regulation and conveniency; every assembly encouraged it, and supported it in its infancy by grants of money, which they would not otherwise have done; and the people have always paid the postage.

Q. When did you receive the instructions you mentioned?

A. I brought them with me, when I came to England, about fifteen months since.

Q. When did you communicate that instruction to the minister?

A. Soon after my arrival, while the stamping of America was under consideration, and before the bill was brought in.

Q. Would it be most for the interest of Great Britain, to employ the hands of Virginia in tobacco, or in manufactures?

A. In tobacco, to be sure.

Q. What used to be the pride of the Americans?

A. To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain.

Q. What is now their pride?

A. To wear their old clothes over again, till they can make new ones.

Withdrew.

RULES FOR REDUCING A GREAT EMPIRE TO A SMALL ONE.

[*From a Paper by that name, contributed to the London "Public Advertiser."* 1773.]

AN ancient sage valued himself upon this, that, though he could not fiddle, he knew how to make a great city of a little one. The science that I, a modern simpleton, am about to communicate, is the very reverse.

I address myself to all ministers who have the management of extensive dominions which from their very greatness have become troublesome to govern, because the multiplicity of their affairs leaves no time for fiddling.

1. In the first place, gentlemen, you are to consider, that a great empire, like a great cake, is most easily diminished at the edges. Turn

your attention, therefore, first to your *remotest* provinces; that, as you get rid of them, the next may follow in order.

2. That the possibility of this separation may always exist, take special care the provinces are *never incorporated with the mother country;* that they do not enjoy the same common rights, the same privileges in commerce; and that they are governed by severer laws, all of your enacting, without allowing them any share in the choice of the legislators. By carefully making and preserving such distinctions, you will (to keep to my simile of the cake) act like a wise gingerbread-baker, who, to facilitate a division, cuts his dough half through in those places where, when baked, he would have it broken to pieces.

3. Those remote provinces have perhaps been acquired, purchased, or conquered, at the sole expense of the settlers, or their ancestors, without the aid of the mother country. If this should happen to increase her strength, by their growing numbers, ready to join in her wars; her commerce, by their growing demand for her manufactures; or her naval power, by greater employment for her ships and seamen, they may probably suppose some merit in this, and that it entitles them to some favor; you are therefore to *forget it all, or resent it,* as if they had done you injury. If they happen to be zealous whigs, friends of liberty, nurtured in revolution principles, remember all that to their prejudice, and contrive to punish it; for such principles, after a revolution is thoroughly established, are of no more use; they are even odious and abominable.

4. However peaceably your colonies have submitted to your government, shown their affection to your interests, and patiently borne their grievances, you are to suppose them *always inclined to revolt,* and treat them accordingly. Quarter troops among them, who by their insolence may provoke the rising of mobs, and by their bullets and bayonets suppress them. By this means, like the husband who uses his wife ill from suspicion, you may in time convert your suspicions into realities.

5. Remote provinces must have governors and judges, to represent the royal person, and execute everywhere the delegated parts of his office and authority. You ministers know that much of the strength of government depends on the opinion of the people; and much of that opinion on the *choice of rulers* placed immediately over them. If you send them wise and good men for governors, who study the interest of the colonists, and advance their prosperity, they will think their King wise and good, and that he wishes the welfare of his subjects. If you send them learned and upright men for judges, they will think him a lover of justice. This may attach your provinces more to his government. You are therefore to be careful whom you recommend to those offices. If you can find prodigals, who have ruined their fortunes, broken gamesters, or stockjobbers, these may do well as governors; for

they will probably be rapacious, and provoke the people by their extortions. Wrangling proctors and pettifogging lawyers, too, are not amiss; for they will be for ever disputing and quarrelling with their little Parliaments. If withal they should be ignorant, wrongheaded, and insolent, so much the better. Attorneys' clerks and Newgate solicitors will do for chief justices, especially if they hold their places during your pleasure; and all will contribute to impress those ideas of your government, that are proper for a people you would wish to renounce it.

6. To confirm these impressions, and strike them deeper, whenever the injured come to the capital with complaints of mal-administration, oppression, or injustice, *punish such suitors* with long delay, enormous expense, and a final judgment in favor of the oppressor. This will have an admirable effect every way. The trouble of future complaints will be prevented, and governors and judges will be encouraged to farther acts of oppression and injustice; and thence the people may become more disaffected, and at length desperate.

7. When such governors have crammed their coffers, and made themselves so odious to the people that they can no longer remain among them, with safety to their persons, *recall and reward* them with pensions. You may make them baronets too, if that respectable order should not think fit to resent it. All will contribute to encourage new governors in the same practice, and make the supreme government detestable.

8. If, when you are engaged in war, your colonies should vie in liberal aids of men and money against the common enemy, upon your simple requisition, and give far beyond their abilities, reflect that a penny taken from them by your power is more honorable to you, than a pound presented by their benevolence; *despise therefore their voluntary grants*, and resolve to harass them with *novel taxes*. They will probably complain to your Parliament, that they are taxed by a body in which they have no representative, and that this is contrary to common right. They will petition for redress. Let the Parliament flout their claims, reject their petitions, refuse even to suffer the reading of them, and treat the petitioners with the utmost contempt. Nothing can have a better effect in producing the alienation proposed; for, though many can forgive injuries, none ever forgave contempt.

. . . . . .

20. Lastly, invest the general *of your army in the provinces* with great and unconstitutional powers, and free him from the control of even your own civil governors. Let him have troops enough under his command, with all the fortresses in his possession; and who knows but (like some provincial generals in the Roman empire, and encouraged by the universal discontent you have produced) he may take it into his head to set up for himself? If he should, and you have carefully practised the few

excellent rules of mine, take my word for it, all the provinces will immediately join him; and you will that day (if you have not done it sooner) get rid of the trouble of governing them, and all the plagues attending their commerce and connection from thenceforth and for ever.

THE EPHEMERA: AN EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE.

[*Addressed to Madame Brillon, of Passy.* 1778.]

YOU may remember, my dear friend, that when we lately spent that happy day in the delightful garden and sweet society of the Moulin Joly, I stopped a little in one of our walks, and stayed some time behind the company. We had been shown numberless skeletons of a kind of little fly, called an ephemera, whose successive generations, we were told, were bred and expired within the day. I happened to see a living company of them on a leaf, who appeared to be engaged in conversation. You know I understand all the inferior animal tongues. My too great application to the study of them is the best excuse I can give for the little progress I have made in your charming language. I listened through curiosity to the discourse of these little creatures; but as they, in their national vivacity, spoke three or four together, I could make but little of their conversation. I found, however, by some broken expressions that I heard now and then, they were disputing warmly on the merit of two foreign musicians, one a *cousin*, the other a *moscheto;* in which dispute they spent their time, seemingly as regardless of the shortness of life as if they had been sure of living a month. Happy people! thought I; you are certainly under a wise, just and mild government, since you have no public grievances to complain of, nor any subject of contention but the perfections and imperfections of foreign music. I turned my head from them to an old gray-headed one, who was single on another leaf, and talking to himself. Being amused with his soliloquy, I put it down in writing, in hopes it will likewise amuse her to whom I am so much indebted for the most pleasing of all amusements, her delicious company and heavenly harmony.

"It was," said he, "the opinion of learned philosophers of our race, who lived and flourished long before my time, that this vast world, the Moulin Joly, could not itself subsist more than eighteen hours; and I think there was some foundation for that opinion, since, by the apparent motion of the great luminary that gives life to all nature, and which in my time has evidently declined considerably toward the ocean at the end of our earth, it must then finish its course, be extinguished in the

waters that surround us, and leave the world in cold and darkness, necessarily producing universal death and destruction. I have lived seven of those hours, a great age, being no less than four hundred and twenty minutes of time. How very few of us continue so long! I have seen generations born, flourish and expire. My present friends are the children and grandchildren of the friends of my youth, who are now, alas, no more! And I must soon follow them; for, by the course of nature, though still in health, I cannot expect to live above seven or eight minutes longer. What now avails all my toil and labor, in amassing honey-dew on this leaf which I cannot live to enjoy! What the political struggles I have been engaged in, for the good of my compatriot inhabitants of this bush, or my philosophical studies for the benefit of our race in general! for, in politics, what can laws do without morals? Our present race of ephemeræ will in a course of minutes become corrupt, like those of other and older bushes, and consequently as wretched. And in philosophy how small our progress! Alas! art is long, and life is short! My friends would comfort me with the idea of a name, they say, I shall leave behind me; and they tell me I have lived long enough to nature and to glory. But what will fame be to an ephemera who no longer exists? And what will become of all history in the eighteenth hour, when the world itself, even the whole Moulin Joly, shall come to its end, and be buried in universal ruin?"

To me, after all my eager pursuits, no solid pleasures now remain, but the reflection of a long life spent in meaning well, the sensible conversation of a few good lady ephemeræ, and now and then a kind smile and a tune from the ever amiable *Brillante.*

THE WHISTLE.

[*Addressed to Madame Brillon.* 1779.]

I AM charmed with your description of Paradise, and with your plan of living there; and I approve much of your conclusion, that, in the mean time, we should draw all the good we can from this world. In my opinion, we might all draw more good from it than we do, and suffer less evil, if we would take care not to give too much for *whistles.* For to me it seems that most of the unhappy people we meet with are become so by neglect of that caution.

You ask what I mean? You love stories, and will excuse my telling one of myself.

When I was a child of seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled

my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children, and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered and gave all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth; put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Don't give too much for the whistle;* and I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

When I saw one too ambitious of court favor, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, *He pays indeed*, said I, *too much for his whistle.*

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, *Poor man*, said I, *you pay too much for your whistle.*

When I met with a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations, and ruining his health in their pursuit, *Mistaken man*, said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

If I see one fond of appearance, or fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in a prison, *Alas!* say I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

When I see a beautiful, sweet-tempered girl married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, *What a pity*, say I, *that she should pay so much for a whistle!*

In short, I conceive that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimates they have made of the value of things, and by their *giving too much for their whistles.*

Yet I ought to have charity for these unhappy people, when I consider that, with all this wisdom of which I am boasting, there are certain things in the world so tempting, for example, the apples of King John, which happily are not to be bought; for if they were put to sale by auction, I might very easily be led to ruin myself in the purchase, and find that I had once more given too much for the *whistle.*

DIALOGUE BETWEEN FRANKLIN AND THE GOUT.

[*Dated at Midnight, 22 October,* 1780.]

FRANKLIN. Eh! Oh! Eh! What have I done to merit these cruel sufferings?

GOUT. Many things; you have ate and drank too freely, and too much indulged those legs of yours in their indolence.

FRANKLIN. Who is it that accuses me?

GOUT. It is I, even I, the Gout.

FRANKLIN. What! my enemy in person?

GOUT. No, not your enemy.

FRANKLIN. I repeat it; my enemy; for you would not only torment my body to death, but ruin my good name; you reproach me as a glutton and a tippler; now all the world, that knows me, will allow that I am neither the one nor the other.

GOUT. The world may think as it pleases; it is always very complaisant to itself, and sometimes to its friends; but I very well know that the quantity of meat and drink proper for a man who takes a reasonable degree of exercise, would be too much for another, who never takes any.

FRANKLIN. I take—Eh! Oh!—as much exercise—Eh!—as I can, Madam Gout. You know my sedentary state, and on that account, it would seem, Madam Gout, as if you might spare me a little, seeing it is not altogether my own fault.

GOUT. Not a jot; your rhetoric and your politeness are thrown away; your apology avails nothing. If your situation in life is a sedentary one, your amusements, your recreations, at least, should be active. You ought to walk or ride; or, if the weather prevents that, play at billiards. But let us examine your course of life. While the mornings are long, and you have leisure to go abroad, what do you do? Why, instead of gaining an appetite for breakfast, by salutary exercise, you amuse yourself with books, pamphlets, or newspapers, which commonly are not worth the reading. Yet you eat an inordinate breakfast, four dishes of tea, with cream, and one or two buttered toasts, with slices of hung beef,

which I fancy are not things the most easily digested. Immediately afterward you sit down to write at your desk, or converse with persons who apply to you on business. Thus the time passes till one, without any kind of bodily exercise. But all this I could pardon, in regard, as you say, to your sedentary condition. But what is your practice after dinner? Walking in the beautiful gardens of those friends, with whom you have dined, would be the choice of men of sense; yours is to be fixed down to chess, where you are found engaged for two or three hours! This is your perpetual recreation, which is the least eligible of any for a sedentary man, because, instead of accelerating the motion of the fluids, the rigid attention it requires helps to retard the circulation and obstruct internal secretions. Wrapt in the speculations of this wretched game, you destroy your constitution. What can be expected from such a course of living but a body replete with stagnant humors, ready to fall a prey to all kinds of dangerous maladies, if I, the Gout, did not occasionally bring you relief by agitating those humors, and so purifying or dissipating them? If it was in some nook or alley in Paris, deprived of walks, that you played awhile at chess after dinner, this might be excusable; but the same taste prevails with you in Passy, Auteuil, Montmartre, or Sanoy, places where there are the finest gardens and walks, a pure air, beautiful women, and most agreeable and instructive conversation; all which you might enjoy by frequenting the walks. But these are rejected for this abominable game of chess. Fie, then, Mr. Franklin! But amidst my instructions, I had almost forgot to administer my wholesome corrections; so take that twinge,—and that.

FRANKLIN. Oh! Eh! Oh! Ohhh! As much instruction as you please, Madam Gout, and as many reproaches; but pray, Madam, a truce with your corrections!

GOUT. No, Sir, no,—I will not abate a particle of what is so much for your good,—therefore—

FRANKLIN. Oh! Ehhh!—It is not fair to say I take no exercise, when I do very often, going out to dine and returning in my carriage.

GOUT. That, of all imaginable exercises, is the most slight and insignificant, if you allude to the motion of a carriage suspended on springs. By observing the degree of heat obtained by different kinds of motion, we may form an estimate of the quantity of exercise given by each. Thus, for example, if you turn out to walk in winter with cold feet, in an hour's time you will be in a glow all over; ride on horseback, the same effect will scarcely be perceived by four hours' round trotting; but if you loll in a carriage, such as you have mentioned, you may travel all day, and gladly enter the last inn to warm your feet by a fire. Flatter yourself then no longer, that half an hour's airing in your carriage deserves the name of exercise. Providence has appointed few to roll in carriages,

while he has given to all a pair of legs, which are machines infinitely more commodious and serviceable. Be grateful, then, and make a proper use of yours. Would you know how they forward the circulation of your fluids, in the very action of transporting you from place to place; observe when you walk, that all your weight is alternately thrown from one leg to the other; this occasions a great pressure on the vessels of the foot, and repels their contents; when relieved, by the weight being thrown on the other foot, the vessels of the first are allowed to replenish, and, by a return of this weight, this repulsion again succeeds, thus accelerating the circulation of the blood. The heat produced in any given time depends on the degree of this acceleration; the fluids are shaken, the humors attenuated, the secretions facilitated, and all goes well; the cheeks are ruddy, and health is established. Behold your fair friend at Auteuil;* a lady who received from bounteous nature more really useful science, than half a dozen such pretenders to philosophy as you have been able to extract from all your books. When she honors you with a visit, it is on foot. She walks all hours of the day, and leaves indolence, and its concomitant maladies, to be endured by her horses. In this see at once the preservative of her health and personal charms. But when you go to Auteuil, you must have your carriage, though it is no farther from Passy to Auteuil than from Auteuil to Passy.

FRANKLIN. Your reasonings grow very tiresome.

GOUT. I stand corrected. I will be silent and continue my office; take that, and that.

FRANKLIN. Oh! Ohh! Talk on, I pray you!

GOUT. No, no; I have a good number of twinges for you to-night, and you may be sure of some more to-morrow.

FRANKLIN. What, with such a fever! I shall go distracted. Oh! Eh! Can no one bear it for me?

GOUT. Ask that of your horses; they have served you faithfully.

FRANKLIN. How can you so cruelly sport with my torments?

GOUT. Sport! I am very serious. I have here a list of offences against your own health distinctly written, and can justify every stroke inflicted on you.

FRANKLIN. Read it then.

GOUT. It is too long a detail; but I will briefly mention some particulars.

FRANKLIN. Proceed. I am all attention.

GOUT. Do you remember how often you have promised yourself, the following morning, a walk in the grove of Boulogne, in the garden de la Muette, or in your own garden, and have violated your promise, alleging, at one time it was too cold, at another too warm, too windy, too moist,

* Madame Helvetius.

or what else you pleased; when in truth it was too nothing but your insuperable love of ease?

FRANKLIN. That I confess may have happened occasionally, probably ten times in a year.

GOUT. Your confession is very far short of the truth; the gross amount is one hundred and ninety-nine times.

FRANKLIN. Is it possible?

GOUT. So possible, that it is fact; you may rely on the accuracy of my statement. You know Mr. Brillon's gardens, and what fine walks they contain; you know the handsome flight of an hundred steps, which lead from the terrace above to the lawn below. You have been in the practice of visiting this amiable family twice a week, after dinner, and it is a maxim of your own, that "a man may take as much exercise in walking a mile, up and down stairs, as in ten on level ground." What an opportunity was here for you to have had exercise in both these ways! Did you embrace it, and how often?

FRANKLIN. I cannot immediately answer that question.

GOUT. I will do it for you; not once.

FRANKLIN. Not once?

GOUT. Even so. During the summer you went there at six o'clock. You found the charming lady, with her lovely children and friends, eager to walk with you, and entertain you with their agreeable conversation; and what has been your choice? Why to sit on the terrace, satisfying yourself with the fine prospect, and passing your eye over the beauties of the garden below, without taking one step to descend and walk about in them. On the contrary, you call for tea and the chess-board; and lo! you are occupied in your seat till nine o'clock, and that besides two hours' play after dinner; and then, instead of walking home, which would have bestirred you a little, you step into your carriage. How absurd to suppose that all this carelessness can be reconcilable with health, without my interposition!

FRANKLIN. I am convinced now of the justness of poor Richard's remark, that "Our debts and our sins are always greater than we think for."

GOUT. So it is. You philosophers are sages in your maxims, and fools in your conduct.

FRANKIN. But do you charge, among my crimes, that I return in a carriage from Mr. Brillon's?

GOUT. Certainly; for having been seated all the while, you cannot object the fatigue of the day, and cannot want, therefore, the relief of a carriage.

FRANKLIN. What, then, would you have me do with my carriage?

GOUT. Burn it, if you choose; you would at least get heat out of it

once in this way; or, if you dislike that proposal, here's another for you; observe the poor peasants, who work in the vineyards and grounds about the villages of Passy, Auteuil, Chaillot, &c.; you may find every day, among these deserving creatures, four or five old men and women, bent and perhaps crippled by weight of years and too long and too great labor. After a most fatiguing day, these people have to trudge a mile or two to their smoky huts. Order your coachman to set them down. This is an act that will be good for your soul; and, at the same time, after your visit to the Brillons, if you return on foot, that will be good for your body.

FRANKLIN. Ah! how tiresome you are!

GOUT. Well, then, to my office; it should not be forgotten that I am your physician. There.

FRANKLIN. Ohhh! what a devil of a physician!

GOUT. How ungrateful you are to say so! Is it not I who, in the character of your physician, have saved you from the palsy, dropsy and apoplexy? one or other of which would have done for you long ago, but for me.

FRANKLIN. I submit, and thank you for the past, but entreat the discontinuance of your visits for the future; for, in my mind, one had better die than be cured so dolefully. Permit me just to hint, that I have also not been unfriendly to *you*. I never feed physician or quack of any kind, to enter the list against you; if, then, you do not leave me to my repose, it may be said you are ungrateful too.

GOUT. I can scarcely acknowledge that as any objection. As to quacks, I despise them; they may kill you indeed, but cannot injure me. And as to regular physicians, they are at last convinced that the gout, in such a subject as you are, is no disease, but a remedy; and wherefore cure a remedy?—but to our business,—there.

FRANKLIN. Oh! Oh!—for Heaven's sake leave me; and I promise faithfully never more to play at chess, but to take exercise daily, and live temperately.

GOUT. I know you too well. You promise fair; but after a few months of good health, you will return to your old habits; your fine promises will be forgotten like the forms of the last year's clouds. Let us then finish the account, and I will go. But I leave you with an assurance of visiting you again at a proper time and place; for my object is your good, and you are sensible now that I am your *real friend*.

SELECTIONS FROM FRANKLIN'S MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

[*The Works of Benjamin Franklin. Edited by Jared Sparks.* 1840.]

TO GEORGE WHITEFIELD, ON FAITH AND GOOD WORKS.

FOR my own part, when I am employed in serving others, I do not look upon myself as conferring favors, but as paying debts. In my travels, and since my settlement, I have received much kindness from men, to whom I shall never have any opportunity of making the least direct return; and numberless mercies from God, who is infinitely above being benefited by our services. Those kindnesses from men, I can therefore only return on their fellow men, and I can only show my gratitude for these mercies from God, by a readiness to help his other children and my brethren. For I do not think that thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, can discharge our real obligations to each other, and much less those to our Creator. You will see in this my notion of good works, that I am far from expecting to merit heaven by them. By heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree, and eternal in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such rewards. He that, for giving a draft of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth. Even the mixed, imperfect pleasures we enjoy in this world, are rather from God's goodness than our merit; how much more such happiness of heaven! For my part I have not the vanity to think I deserve it, the folly to expect it, nor the ambition to desire it; but content myself in submitting to the will and disposal of that God who made me, who has hitherto preserved and blessed me, and in whose fatherly goodness I may well confide, that he will never make me miserable, and that even the afflictions I may at any time suffer shall tend to my benefit.

The faith you mention has certainly its use in the world. I do not desire to see it diminished, nor would I endeavor to lessen it in any man. But I wish it were more productive of good works, than I have generally seen it; I mean real good works; works of kindness, charity, mercy, and public spirit; not holiday-keeping, sermon-reading or hearing; performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity. The worship of God is a duty; the hearing and reading of sermons may be useful; but if men rest in hearing and praying, as too many do, it is as if a tree should value itself on being watered and putting forth leaves, though it never produced any fruit.

Your great master thought much less of these outward appearances

and professions, than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the *doers* of the word, to the mere *hearers;* the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands, to him that professed his readiness, but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable though orthodox priest and sanctified Levite; and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he declares shall in the last day be accepted; when those who cry Lord! Lord! who value themselves upon their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed, that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, which implied his modest opinion, that there were some in his time so good, that they need not hear even him for improvement; but now-a-days we have scarce a little parson, that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministrations; and that whoever omits them offends God.

I wish to such more humility, and to you health and happiness, being your friend and servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, 6 *June*, 1753.

TO JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, WITH A METHOD OF DECIDING DOUBTFUL MATTERS.

IN the affair of so much importance to you, wherein you ask my advice, I cannot, for want of sufficient premises, counsel you *what* to determine; but, if you please, I will tell you *how*. When those difficult cases occur, they are difficult, chiefly because, while we have them under consideration, all the reasons *pro* and *con* are not present to the mind at the same time; but sometimes one set present themselves, and at other times another, the first being out of sight. Hence the various purposes or inclinations that alternately prevail, and the uncertainty that perplexes us.

To get over this, my way is, to divide half a sheet of paper by a line into two columns; writing over the one *pro* and over the other *con;* then during three or four days' consideration, I put down under the different heads short hints of the different motives, that at different times occur to me *for* or *against* the measure. When I have thus got them all together in one view, I endeavor to estimate their respective weights; and, where I find two (one on each side), that seem equal, I strike them both out. If I find a reason *pro* equal to some *two* reasons *con*, I strike out the *three*. If I judge some *two* reasons *con*, equal to some *three* reasons *pro*, I strike out the *five;* and thus proceeding I find at length where

the *balance* lies; and if, after a day or two of farther consideration, nothing new that is of importance occurs on either side, I come to a determination accordingly. And, though the weight of reasons cannot be taken with the precision of algebraic quantities, yet, when each is thus considered separately and comparatively, and the whole lies before me, I think I can judge better, and am less liable to make a rash step; and in fact I have found great advantage from this kind of equation, in what may be called *moral* or *prudential algebra*. . . . .

B. FRANKLIN.

LONDON, 19 *September* 1772.

TO WILLIAM STRAHAN, AFTER THE WAR HAD BEGUN.

MR. STRAHAN,

YOU are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority, which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands, they are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy, and I am

Yours,

B. FRANKLIN

PHILADELPHIA, 5 *July*, 1775.

TO HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. SARAH BACHE, ON HEREDITARY TITLES AND HONORS.

YOUR care in sending me the newspapers is very agreeable to me. I received by Captain Barney those relating to the *Cincinnati*. My opinion of the institution cannot be of much importance; I only wonder that, when the united wisdom of our nation had, in the articles of confederation, manifested their dislike of establishing ranks of nobility, by authority either of the Congress or of any particular State, a number of private persons should think proper to distinguish themselves and their posterity, from their fellow citizens, and form an order of *hereditary knights*, in direct opposition to the solemnly declared sense of their country! I imagine it must be likewise contrary to the good sense of most of those drawn into it by the persuasion of its projectors, who have been too much struck with the ribands and crosses they have seen hanging to the buttonholes of foreign officers. And I suppose those, who disapprove of it, have not hitherto given it much opposition, from a principle somewhat like that of your good mother, relating to punctilious

persons, who are always exacting little observances of respect; that, "*if people can be pleased with small matters, it is a pity but they should have them.*"

In this view, perhaps, I should not myself, if my advice had been asked, have objected to their wearing their riband and badge themselves according to their fancy, though I certainly should to the entailing it as an honor on their posterity. For honor, worthily obtained (as that for example of our officers), is in its nature a *personal* thing, and incommunicable to any but those who had some share in obtaining it. Thus among the Chinese, the most ancient, and from long experience the wisest of nations, honor does not *descend*, but *ascends*. If a man from his learning, his wisdom, or his valor, is promoted by the Emperor to the rank of Mandarin, his parents are immediately entitled to all the same ceremonies of respect from the people, that are established as due to the Mandarin himself: on the supposition that it must have been owing to the education, instruction, and good example afforded him by his parents, that he was rendered capable of serving the public.

This *ascending* honor is therefore useful to the state, as it encourages parents to give their children a good and virtuous education. But the *descending honor*, to a posterity who could have no share in obtaining it, is not only groundless and absurd, but often hurtful to that posterity, since it is apt to make them proud, disdaining to be employed in useful arts, and thence falling into poverty, and all the meannesses, servility, and wretchedness attending it; which is the present case with much of what is called the *noblesse* in Europe. Or if, to keep up the dignity of the family, estates are entailed entire on the eldest male heir, another pest to industry and improvement of the country is introduced, which will be followed by all the odious mixture of pride, and beggary, and idleness, that have half depopulated and *decultivated* Spain; occasioning continual extinction of families by the discouragements of marriage, and neglect in the improvement of estates.

I wish, therefore, that the Cincinnati, if they must go on with their project, would direct the badges of their order to be worn by their fathers and mothers, instead of handing them down to their children. It would be a good precedent, and might have good effects. It would also be a kind of obedience to the fourth commandment, in which God enjoins us to *honor* our father and mother, but has nowhere directed us to honor our children. And certainly no mode of honoring those immediate authors of our being can be more effectual than that of doing praiseworthy actions, which reflect honor on those who gave us our education; or more becoming than that of manifesting, by some public expression or token, that it is to their instruction and example we ascribe the merit of those actions.

But the absurdity of *descending honors* is not a mere matter of philosophical opinion; it is capable of mathematical demonstration. A man's son, for instance, is but half of his family, the other half belonging to the family of his wife. His son, too, marrying into another family, his share in the grandson is but a fourth; in the great grandson, by the same process, it is but an eighth; in the next generation a sixteenth; the next a thirty-second; the next a sixty-fourth; the next an hundred and twenty-eighth; the next a two hundred and fifty-sixth; and the next a five hundred and twelfth; thus in nine generations, which will not require more than three hundred years (no very great antiquity for a family), our present Chevalier of the Order of Cincinnatus's share in the then existing knight will be but a five hundred and twelfth part; which, allowing the present certain fidelity of American wives to be insured down through all those nine generations, is so small a consideration, that methinks no reasonable man would hazard for the sake of it the disagreeable consequences of the jealousy, envy, and ill will of his countrymen.

Let us go back with our calculation from this young noble, the five hundred and twelfth part of the present knight, through his nine generations, till we return to the year of the institution. He must have had a father and mother, they are two; each of them had a father and mother, they are four. Those of the next preceding generation will be eight, the next sixteen, the next thirty-two, the next sixty-four, the next one hundred and twenty-eight, the next two hundred and fifty-six, and the ninth in this retrocession five hundred and twelve, who must be now existing, and all contribute their proportion of this future *Chevalier de Cincinnatus*. These, with the rest, make together as follows: $2+4+8+16+32+64+128+256+512=1022$. One thousand and twenty-two men and women, contributors to the formation of one knight. And, if we are to have a thousand of these future knights, there must be now and hereafter existing one million and twenty-two thousand fathers and mothers, who are to contribute to their production, unless a part of the number are employed in making more knights than one. Let us strike off then the twenty-two thousand, on the supposition of this double employ, and then consider whether, after a reasonable estimation of the number of rogues, and fools, and scoundrels, and prostitutes, that are mixed with, and help to make up necessarily their million of predecessors, posterity will have much reason to boast of the noble blood of the then existing set of Chevaliers of Cincinnatus. The future genealogists, too, of these Chevaliers, in proving the lineal descent of their honor through so many generations (even supposing honor capable in its nature of descending), will only prove the small share of this honor, which can be justly claimed by any one of them; since the above simple process in arithmetic makes it quite

plain and clear, that, in proportion as the antiquity of the family shall augment, the right to the honor of the ancestor will diminish; and a few generations more would reduce it to something so small as to be very near an absolute nullity. I hope, therefore, that the Order will drop this part of their project, and content themselves, as the Knights of the Garter, Bath, Thistle, St. Louis, and other Orders of Europe do, with a life enjoyment of their little badge and riband, and let the distinction die with those who have merited it. This I imagine will give no offence. For my own part, I shall think it a convenience, when I go into a company where there may be faces unknown to me, if I discover, by this badge, the persons who merit some particular expression of my respect; and it will save modest virtue the trouble of calling for our regard, by awkward roundabout intimations of having been heretofore employed as officers in the Continental service. . . . .

B. FRANKLIN.

PASSY, 26 *January*, 1784.

TO SAMUEL MATHER, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES.

I RECEIVED your kind letter, with your excellent advice to the people of the United States, which I read with great pleasure, and hope it will be duly regarded. Such writings, though they may be lightly passed over by many readers, yet, if they make a deep impression on one active mind in a hundred, the effects may be considerable. Permit me to mention one little instance, which though it relates to myself, will not be quite uninteresting to you. When I was a boy, I met with a book, entitled "*Essays to do Good*," which I think was written by your father. It had been so little regarded by a former possessor, that several leaves of it were torn out; but the remainder gave me such a turn of thinking, as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a *doer of good*, than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been, as you seem to think, a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book.

You mention your being in your seventy-eighth year; I am in my seventy-ninth; we are grown old together. It is now more than sixty years since I left Boston, but I remember well both your father and grandfather, having heard them both in the pulpit and seen them in their houses. The last time I saw your father was in the beginning of 1724, when I visited him after my first trip to Pennsylvania. He received me in his library, and on my taking leave showed me a shorter way out of the house through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a

beam overhead. We were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, "*Stoop, stoop!*" I did not understand him, till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man that never missed any occasion of giving instruction, and upon this he said to me, "*You are young, and have the world before you;* STOOP *as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.*" This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me; and I often think of it, when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by their carrying their heads too high. . . .

B. FRANKLIN.

PASSY, 12 *May*, 1784.

TO GEORGE WHATLEY, WITH MORAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS.

I AM not acquainted with the saying of Alphonsus, which you allude to as a sanctification of your rigidity, in refusing to allow me the plea of old age, as an excuse for my want of exactness in correspondence. What was that saying? You do not, it seems, feel any occasion for such an excuse, though you are, as you say, rising seventy-five. But I am rising (perhaps more properly falling) eighty, and I leave the excuse with you till you arrive at that age; perhaps you may then be more sensible of its validity, and see fit to use it for yourself.

I must agree with you, that the gout is bad, and that the stone is worse. I am happy in not having them both together, and I join in your prayer, that you may live till you die without either. But I doubt the author of the epitaph you send me was a little mistaken, when he, speaking of the world, says, that

> "he ne'er cared a pin
> What they said or may say of the mortal within."

It is so natural to wish to be well spoken of, whether alive or dead, that I imagine he could not be quite exempt from that desire; and that at least he wished to be thought a wit, or he would not have given himself the trouble of writing so good an epitaph to leave behind him. Was it not as worthy of his care, that the world should say he was an honest and a good man? I like better the concluding sentiment in the old song, called *The Old Man's Wish*, wherein, after wishing for a warm house in a country town, an easy horse, some good authors, ingenious and cheerful companions, a pudding on Sundays, with stout ale, and a bottle of Burgundy, etc., etc., in separate stanzas, each ending with this burthen,

"May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
Grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay;"

he adds,

"With a courage undaunted may I face my last day,
And, when I am gone, may the better sort say,
'In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow;
He 's gone, and has not left behind him his fellow;
For he governed his passions," &c.

But what signifies our wishing? Things happen, after all, as they will happen. I have sung that *wishing song* a thousand times, when I was young, and now find, at fourscore, that the three contraries have befallen me, being subject to the gout and the stone, and not being yet master of all my passions. Like the proud girl in my country, who wished and resolved not to marry a parson, nor a Presbyterian, nor an Irishman; and at length found herself married to an Irish Presbyterian parson.

You see I have some reason to wish, that, in a future state, I may not only be *as well as I was*, but a little better. And I hope it; for I, too, with your poet, *trust in God.* And when I observe, that there is great frugality, as well as wisdom, in his works, since he has been evidently sparing both of labor and materials; for by the various wonderful inventions of propagation, he has provided for the continual peopling his world with plants and animals, without being at the trouble of repeated new creations; and by the natural reduction of compound substances to their original elements, capable of being employed in new compositions, he has prevented the necessity of creating new matter; so that the earth, water, air, and perhaps fire, which being compounded form wood, do, when the wood is dissolved, return, and again become air, earth, fire, and water; I say, that, when I see nothing annihilated, and not even a drop of water wasted, I cannot suspect the annihilation of souls, or believe, that he will suffer the daily waste of millions of minds ready made that now exist, and put himself to the continual trouble of making new ones. Thus finding myself to exist in the world, I believe I shall, in some shape or other, always exist; and, with all the inconveniences human life is liable to, I shall not object to a new edition of mine; hoping, however, that the *errata* of the last may be corrected. . . . .

B. FRANKLIN.

PASSY, 23 *May*, 1785.

TO MRS. JANE MECOM, ON GOOD AND BAD SPELLING.

YOU need not be concerned, in writing to me, about your bad spelling; for, in my opinion, as our alphabet now stands, the bad spelling, or

what is called so, is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letters and of the words. To give you an instance. A gentleman received a letter, in which were these words,—*Not finding Brown at hom, I delivered your meseg to his yf.* The gentleman finding it bad spelling, and therefore not very intelligible, called his lady to help him read it. Between them they picked out the meaning of all but the *yf*, which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chambermaid, because Betty, says she, has the best knack at reading bad spelling of any one I know. Betty came, and was surprised, that neither Sir nor Madam could tell what *yf* was. "Why," says she, "*y f* spells *wife;* what else can it spell?" And, indeed, it is a much better, as well as shorter method of spelling *wife*, than *doubleyou, i, ef, e*, which in reality spell *doubleyifey.* . . . . .

B. FRANKLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, 4 *July*, 1786.

TO THOMAS PAINE, DISSUADING HIM FROM PUBLISHING A CERTAIN WORK.

I HAVE read your manuscript with some attention. By the argument it contains against a particular Providence, though you allow a general Providence, you strike at the foundations of all religion. For without the belief of a Providence, that takes cognizance of, guards, and guides, and may favor particular persons, there is no motive to worship a Deity, to fear his displeasure, or to pray for his protection. I will not enter into any discussion of your principles, though you seem to desire it. At present I shall only give you my opinion, that, though your reasonings are subtile, and may prevail with some readers, you will not succeed so as to change the general sentiments of mankind on that subject, and the consequence of printing this piece will be, a great deal of odium drawn upon yourself, mischief to you, and no benefit to others. He that spits against the wind, spits in his own face.

But, were you to succeed, do you imagine any good would be done by it? You yourself may find it easy to live a virtuous life, without the assistance afforded by religion; you having a clear perception of the advantages of virtue, and the disadvantages of vice, and possessing a strength of resolution sufficient to enable you to resist common temptations. But think how great a portion of mankind consists of weak and ignorant men and women, and of inexperienced, inconsiderate youth of both sexes, who have need of the motives of religion to restrain them from vice, to support their virtue, and retain them in the practice of it till it becomes *habitual*, which is the great point for its security. And

perhaps you are indebted to her originally, that is, to your religious education, for the habits of virtue upon which you now justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank with our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hottentots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother.

I would advise you, therefore, not to attempt unchaining the tiger, but to burn this piece before it is seen by any other person; whereby you will save yourself a great deal of mortification by the enemies it may raise against you, and perhaps a good deal of regret and repentance. If men are so wicked *with religion*, what would they be *if without it*. I intend this letter itself as a *proof* of my friendship, and therefore add no *professions* to it; but subscribe simply yours,

B. FRANKLIN.

DATE uncertain.

TO NOAH WEBSTER, ON NEW-FANGLED MODES OF WRITING AND PRINTING.

I CANNOT but applaud your zeal for preserving the purity of our language, both in its expressions and pronunciation, and in correcting the popular errors several of our States are continually falling into with respect to both. Give me leave to mention some of them, though possibly they may have already occurred to you. I wish, however, in some future publication of yours, you would set a discountenancing mark upon them. The first I remember is the word *improved*. When I left New England, in the year 1723, this word had never been used among us, as far as I know, but in the sense of *ameliorated* or made better, except once in a very old book of Dr. Mather's, entitled *Remarkable Providences*. As that eminent man wrote a very obscure hand, I remember that when I read that word in his book, used instead of the word *imployed*, I conjectured it was an error of the printer, who had mistaken a too short *l* in the writing for an *r*, and a *y* with too short a tail for a *v*; whereby *imployed* was converted into *improved*.

But when I returned to Boston, in 1733, I found this change had obtained favor, and was then become common; for I met with it often in perusing the newspapers, where it frequently made an appearance rather ridiculous. Such, for instance, as the advertisement of a country-house to be sold, which had been many years *improved* as a tavern; and, in the character of a deceased country gentleman, that he had been for more than thirty years *improved* as a justice of the peace. This use of the

word *improved* is peculiar to New England, and not to be met with among any other speakers of English, either on this or the other side of the water.

During my late absence in France, I find that several other new words have been introduced into our parliamentary language; for example, I find a verb formed from the substantive *notice; I should not have* NOTICED *this, were it not that the gentleman*, etc. Also another verb from the substantive *advocate; The gentleman who* ADVOCATES *or has* ADVOCATED *that motion*, &c. Another from the substantive *progress*, the most awkward and abominable of the three; *The committee, having* PROGRESSED, *resolved to adjourn.* The word *opposed*, though not a new word, I find used in a new manner, as, *The gentlemen who are* OPPOSED *to this measure; to which I have also myself always been* OPPOSED. If you should happen to be of my opinion with respect to these innovations, you will use your authority in reprobating them. . . . .

In examining the English books, that were printed between the Restoration and the accession of George the Second, we may observe, that all *substantives* were begun with a capital, in which we imitated our mother tongue, the German. This was more particularly useful to those who were not well acquainted with the English; there being such a prodigious number of our words, that are both *verbs* and *substantives*, and spelled in the same manner, though often accented differently in the pronunciation.

This method has, by the fancy of printers, of late years been laid aside, from an idea that suppressing the capitals shows the character to greater advantage; those letters prominent above the line disturbing its even regular appearance. The effect of this change is so considerable, that a learned man of France, who used to read our books, though not perfectly acquainted with our language, in conversation with me on the subject of our authors, attributed the greater obscurity he found in our modern books, compared with those of the period above mentioned, to change of style for the worse in our writers; of which mistake I convinced him, by marking for him each *substantive* with a capital in a paragraph, which he then easily understood, though before he could not comprehend it. This shows the inconvenience of that pretended improvement.

From the same fondness for an even and uniform appearance of characters in the line, the printers have of late banished also the Italic types, in which words of importance to be attended to in the sense of the sentence, and words on which an emphasis should be put in reading, used to be printed. And lately another fancy has induced some printers to use the short round *s*, instead of the long one, which formerly served well to distinguish a word readily by its varied appearance. Certainly the omitting this prominent letter makes the line appear more even; but

renders it less immediately legible; as the paring all men's noses might smooth and level their faces, but would render their physiognomies less distinguishable. . . .

B. FRANKLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, 26 *December*, 1789.

TO EZRA STILES, WITH A STATEMENT OF HIS RELIGIOUS CREED.

YOU desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it. But I cannot take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavor in a few words to gratify it. Here is my creed. I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by his Providence. That he ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion, and I regard them as you do in whatever sect I meet with them.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think his system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw or is like to see; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present Dissenters in England, some doubts as to his Divinity; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and more observed; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss, by distinguishing the unbelievers in his government of the world with any peculiar marks of his displeasure.

I shall only add, respecting myself, that, having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously through a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness. . . . .

B. FRANKLIN.

PHILADELPHIA, 9 *March*, 1790.

ADDITIONAL LETTERS.

FROM THE PAPERS RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

[*Taken, by permission of the Rev. E. E. Hale, from copies to be used in his book entitled "Franklin in France."*]

TO DAVID HARTLEY, EXPLAINING THE ORIGIN OF THE STAMP ACT.

IN the pamphlets you were so kind as to lend me there is one important fact misstated, apparently from the writers not having been furnished with good information. It is the transaction between Mr. Grenville and the Colonies, wherein he understands that Mr. Grenville demanded of them a specific sum, that they refused to grant anything, and that it was on their refusal only that he made the motion for the *Stamp Act.* No one of these particulars is true. The fact is this.

Sometime in the winter of 1763–4, Mr. Grenville called together the agents of the several colonies, and told them that he purposed to draw a revenue from America and to that end his intention was to levy a stamp duty on the colonies by act of Parliament in the ensuing session, of which he thought they should be immediately acquainted, that they might have time to consider, and, if any other duty equally productive would be more agreeable to them, they might let him know it. The agents were therefore directed to write this to their respective Assemblies, and communicate to him the answers they should receive. The agents wrote accordingly.

I was a member in the Assembly of Pennsylvania when this notification came to hand. The observations there made upon it were, that the ancient, established and regular method of drawing aids from the colonies was this. The occasion was always first considered by their sovereign in his Privy Council, by whose sage advice he directed his Secretary of State to write circular letters to the several governors, who were directed to lay them before their Assemblies. In those letters the occasion was explained for their satisfaction, with gracious expressions of His Majesty's confidence in their known duty and affection, on which they replied that they would grant such sums as should be suitable to their abilities, loyalty and zeal for his service. That the Colonies had always granted liberally on such requisitions and so liberally during the late war, that the king, sensible they had granted much more than their proportion, had recommended it to Parliament five years successively to make them some compensation, and the Parliament accordingly returned them £200,000 a year to be divided among them. That the proposition of taxing them in Parliament was therefore both cruel and unjust. That by the constitution of the Colonies their business was with the king in

matters of aid; they had nothing to do with any financier, nor he with them; nor were the agents the proper channels through which requisitions should be made. It was therefore improper for them to enter into any stipulation, or make any proposition to Mr. Grenville about laying taxes on their constituents by Parliament, which had really no right at all to tax them, especially as the notice he had sent them did not appear to be by the king's order and perhaps was without his knowledge; as the king when he would obtain anything from them always accompanied his requisition with good words, but this gentleman, instead of a decent demand, sent them a menace that they should certainly be taxed, and only left them the choice of the manner. But, all this notwithstanding, they were so far from refusing to grant money that they resolved to the following purpose: "That, as they always had, so they always should, think it their duty to grant aid to the crown according to their abilities, whenever required of them in the usual constitutional manner." I went soon after to England, and took with me an authentic copy of this resolution, which I presented to Mr. Grenville before he brought in the Stamp Act. I asserted in the House of Commons (Mr. Grenville being present) that I had done so, and he did not deny it. Other Colonies made similar resolutions. And had Mr. Grenville instead of that Act applied to the king in Council for such requisitional letters to be circulated by the Secretary of State, I am sure he would have obtained more money from the Colonies by their voluntary grants than he himself expected from his stamps. But he chose compulsion rather than persuasion, and would not receive from their good will what he thought he could obtain without it. And thus the golden bridge, which the ingenious author thinks the Americans unwisely and unbecomingly refused to hold out to the Minister and Parliament, was actually held out to them, but they refused to walk over it. This is the true history of that transaction, and, as it is probable there may be another edition of that excellent pamphlet, I wish this may be communicated to the candid author, who I doubt not will correct that error.

I am ever, with sincere esteem, dear Sir, &c.

B. FRANKLIN.

PASSY, 12 *March*, 1778.

TO ROBERT MORRIS, ON THE STATE OF AMERICAN CREDIT IN EUROPE.

THE sentiment you express "that no country is truly independent, until with her own credit and resources she is able to defend herself and correct her enemies," appears to me perfectly just. And the resolutions you have taken of endeavoring to "establish our credit, by

drawing out our resources in such a manner, that we may be little burthensome and essentially useful to our friends," are such as all good patriots ought to wish you may succeed in, and should hold themselves ready to afford you every assistance in their power.

As in taking your measures it will be useful to you to know what aids you may expect from Europe, I think it right to give you my opinion that you cannot rely on such as may be called very considerable. If Europe was in peace, and its governments therefore under no necessity of borrowing, much of the spare money of private persons might then be collectible in a loan to our States. But four of the principal nations being already at war, and a fifth supposed to be preparing for it, all borrowing what they can, and bidding from time to time a higher interest, it is to be supposed that moneyed men will rather risk lending their cash to their own governments, or to those of their neighbors, than to hazard it over the Atlantic with a new state, which to them hardly appears to be yet firmly established. Hence all our attempts to procure private loans have hitherto miscarried, and our only chance of pecuniary aids is from the governments of France or Spain, who being at war with our enemy are somewhat interested in assisting us. These two governments have indeed great revenues. But, when it is considered that the abilities of nations to assist each other are not in proportion to their incomes, but in proportion to their economy, and that saving and treasuring up in time of peace is rarely thought of by Ministers, whence the expenses of the peace establishment equal if they do not exceed the incomes; therefore when a war comes on, they are, with regard to the means of carrying it on, almost as poor as we, being equally obliged to borrow. The difference only is, that they have a credit which we want; which we had indeed with our own people, but have lost it by abusing it. Their credit, however, can only procure the moneys that are to spare, and those in so general a demand are few. Hence it is, and because her treasures have been long detained in America, that Spain has been able to help us very little; and though France has done for us much more, it has not been equal to our wants, although I sincerely believe it equal to her abilities, the war being otherwise exceedingly expensive to her and her commerce much obstructed. If the ten million loan in Holland is all applied to our purposes, we shall this year have obtained near twenty million of livres; and I think there is no probability of our obtaining the same for the next: nothing can therefore be more apropos or more necessary than your purpose of endeavoring that "our revenues should be expended with economy." Would to God that economy could also be introduced into our private affairs! the money our foolish people spend in superfluities and vanities would be nearly equal to the expense of the war. But that is wishing mankind more sense than God has been

pleased to give them and more than they desire, for they have not enough to know they want it, and one may as well wish them more money.

It is true that Spain has now got great part of her treasure home, and may possibly grant more than she has hitherto done to Mr. Jay's applications. But though the sums arrived are considerable upon paper, the king's part is not very great, and much of it has been anticipated; so that our expectations should not be sanguine from that quarter neither.

I have not proposed to any banker here, as yet, to have the connection you mention with our Bank. The opinion of our general poverty and inability, which the enormous depreciation of our paper among ourselves has impressed on the minds of all Europe, give me no hopes of success in such a proposition. I clearly see, however, the advantages that you show would arise from the operations; and as soon as any favorable circumstances in our affairs may give a probable chance of succeeding, I shall seize the opportunity and propose it. Perhaps I may sooner venture to ask privately the sentiments of our banker (who is a judicious man) on such a proposition and let you know what he thinks of it. . . .

Thus you see, my dear friend, I have not endeavored to flatter you with pleasing expectations of aids that may never be obtained; and thereby betray you into plans that might miscarry and disgrace you. Truth is best for you and for us all. When you know what you cannot depend on, you will better know what you can undertake. I shall certainly do what may lie in my power to help you: but do not expect too much of me. If you can succeed in executing the engagement I entered into with Mr. Necker, that will augment my credit, and of course my power of being useful to you. At present it is very good. My acceptances having always been punctually paid, now pass on any exchange in Europe for money; but if I should be obliged to fail in discharging any of them it is gone forever, and may be thrown by as a broken instrument of no farther service. You are so sensible of this and possess so much innate honor that I shall not have the least doubt, in accepting your drafts or your enabling me to pay them duly. . . . .

With the most sincere esteem and affection, I am, &c.

B. FRANKLIN.

PASSY, 5 *November*, 1781.

Thomas Hutchinson.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1711. DIED at Brompton, England, 1780.

THE REGICIDES IN NEW ENGLAND.

[*The History of Massachusetts. 3d edition.* 1795.]

IN the ship which arrived from London the 27th of July, there came passengers, Col. Whaley and Col. Goffe, two of the late King's judges. Col. Goffe brought testimonials from Mr. John Rowe and Mr. Seth Wood, two ministers of a church in Westminster. Col. Whaley had been a member of Mr. Thomas Goodwin's church. Goffe kept a journal or diary from the day he left Westminster, May 4, until the year 1667, which, together with several other papers belonging to him, I have in my possession. Almost the whole is in characters or shorthand, not very difficult to decipher. The story of these persons has never yet been published to the world. It has never been known in New England. Their papers after their death were collected, and have remained near an hundred years in a library in Boston. It must give some entertainment to the curious. They left London before the King was proclaimed. It does not appear that they were among the most obnoxious of the judges; but as it was expected vengeance would be taken of some of them, and a great many had fled, they did not think it safe to remain. They did not attempt to conceal their persons or characters when they arrived at Boston, but immediately went to the governor, Mr. Endicott, who received them very courteously. They were visited by the principal persons of the town, and among others they take notice of Col. Crown's coming to see them. He was a noted royalist. Although they did not disguise themselves, yet they chose to reside at Cambridge, a village about four miles distant from the town, where they went the first day they arrived. They went publicly to meetings on the Lord's days, and to occasional lectures, fasts and thanksgivings, and were admitted to the sacrament, and attended private meetings for devotion, visited many of the principal towns, and were frequently at Boston, and once when insulted there the person insulting them was bound to his good behavior. They appeared grave, serious and devout, and the rank they had sustained commanded respect. Whaley had been one of Cromwell's lieutenant-generals, and Goffe a major-general. It is not strange that they should meet with this favorable reception, nor was this reception any contempt of the authority in England. They were known to have been two of the King's judges; but King Charles the Second was not proclaimed when the ship that brought them left London; they had the

news of it in the channel. The reports afterward by way of Barbados were that all the judges would be pardoned but seven. The act of indemnity was not brought over until the last of November. When it appeared that they were not excepted, some of the principal persons in the government were alarmed; pity and compassion prevailed with others. They had assurances from some that belonged to the general court that they would stand by them, but were advised by others to think of removing.

The 22d of February the governor summoned a court of assistants to consult about securing them, but the court did not agree to it. Finding it unsafe to remain any longer, they left Cambridge the 26th following, and arrived at New Haven the 7th of March. One Capt. Breedan, who had seen them at Boston, gave information thereof upon his arrival in England. A few days after their removal, an hue-and-cry, as they term it in their diary, was brought by the way of Barbados; and thereupon a warrant to secured them issued, the 8th of March, from the governor and assistants, which was sent to Springfield and the other towns in the western parts of the colony; but they were beyond the reach of it. . .

They were well treated at New Haven by the ministers and some of the magistrates, and for some days seemed to apprehend themselves out of danger. But the news of the King's proclamation being brought to New Haven, they were obliged to abscond. The 27th of March they removed to Milford, and appeared there in the daytime, and made themselves known; but at night returned privately to New Haven, and lay concealed in Mr. Davenport the minister's house, until the 30th of April. About that time news came to Boston that ten of the judges were executed; and the governor received a royal mandate, dated March 5, 1660, to cause Whaley and Goffe to be secured. This greatly alarmed the country, and there is no doubt that the court were now in earnest in their endeavors to apprehend them; and, to avoid all suspicion, they gave commission and instructions to two young merchants from England, Thomas Kellond and Thomas Kirk, zealous royalists, to go through the colonies as far as Manhadoes in search of them. They had friends who informed them what was doing, and they removed from Mr. Davenport's to the house of one Jones, where they lay hid until the 11th of May and then removed to a mill, and from thence on the 13th into the woods, where they met Jones and two of his companions, Sperry and Burrill, who first conducted them to a place called Hatchet harbor where they lay two nights until a cave or hole in the side of a hill was prepared to conceal them. This hill they called Providence hill, and there they continued from the 15th of May to the 11th of June, sometimes in the cave, and in very tempestuous weather in a house near to it.

During this time the messengers went through New Haven to the

Dutch settlement, from whence they returned to Boston by water. They made diligent search, and had full proof that the regicides had been seen at Mr. Davenport's, and offered great rewards to English and Indians who should give information that they might be taken; but by the fidelity of their three friends, they remained undiscovered. Mr. Davenport was threatened with being called to an account for concealing and comforting traitors, and might well be alarmed. They had engaged to surrender, rather than the country or any particular persons should suffer upon their account; and upon intimation of Mr. Davenport's danger, they generously resolved to go to New Haven, and deliver themselves up to the authority there. The miseries they had suffered and were still exposed to, and the little chance they had of finally escaping, in a country where every stranger is immediately known to be such, would not have been sufficient to have induced them. They let the deputy governor, Mr. Leete, know where they were, but he took no measures to secure them, and the next day some persons came to them to advise them not to surrender. Having publicly shown themselves at New Haven, they had cleared Mr. Davenport from the suspicion of still concealing them, and the 24th of June went into the woods again to their cave. They continued there, sometimes venturing to a house near the cave, until the 19th of August, when the search for them being pretty well over, they ventured to the house of one Tomkins near Milford, where they remained two years, without so much as going into the orchard.

After that, they took a little more liberty, and made themselves known to several persons in whom they could confide; and each of them frequently prayed and also exercised, as they term it, or preached, at private meetings in their chamber. In 1664 the commissioners from King Charles arrived at Boston. Upon the news of it, they retired to their cave, where they tarried eight or ten days. Soon after, some Indians in their hunting discovered the cave with the bed, etc., and the report being spread abroad, it was not safe to remain near it. On the 13th of October, 1664, they removed to Hadley, near an hundred miles distant, travelling only by night, where Mr. Russell, the minister of the place, had previously agreed to receive them. Here they remained concealed fifteen or sixteen years, very few persons in the colony being privy to it. The last account of Goffe is from a letter, dated Ebenezer (the name they gave their several places of abode), April 2d, 1679. Whaley had been dead some time before. The tradition at Hadley is, that two persons unknown were buried in the minister's cellar. The minister was no sufferer by his boarders. They received more or less remittances every year, for many years together, from their wives in England. Those few persons who knew where they were made them frequent presents. Richard Saltonstall, Esq., who was in the secret, when he left the country and

went to England in 1672, made them a present of fifty pounds at his departure; and they take notice of donations from several other friends.

They were in constant terror, though they had reason to hope, after some years, that the inquiry for them was over. They read with pleasure the news of their being killed with other judges in Switzerland. Their diary for six or seven years contains every little occurrence in the town, church and particular families in the neighborhood. These were small affairs. They had indeed for a few years of their lives been among the principal actors in the great affairs of the nation, Goffe especially, who turned the members of the little parliament out of the house, and who was attached to Oliver and to Richard to the last; but they were both of low birth and education. They had very constant and exact intelligence of everything which passed in England, and were unwilling to give up all hopes of deliverance. Their greatest expectations were from the fulfilment of the prophecies. They had no doubt that the execution of the judges was the slaying of the witnesses. They were much disappointed when the year 1666 had passed without any remarkable event, but flattered themselves that the Christian era might be erroneous. Their lives were miserable and constant burdens. They complain of being banished from all human society. A letter from Goffe's wife, who was Whaley's daughter, I think worth preserving. After the second year, Goffe writes by the name of Walter Goldsmith, and she of Frances Goldsmith, and the correspondence is carried on as between a mother and son. There is too much religion in their letters for the taste of the present day; but the distresses of two persons under these peculiar circumstances, who appear to have lived very happily together, are very strongly described.

Whilst they were at Hadley (February 10th, 1664) Dixwell, another of the judges, came to them; but from whence, or in what part of America he first landed, is not known. The first mention of him in their journal is by the name of Col. Dixwell, but ever after they call him Mr. Davids. He continued some years at Hadley, and then removed to New Haven. He was generally supposed to have been one of those who were obnoxious in England, but he never discovered who he was until he was on his death-bed. I have one of his letters, signed James Davids, dated March 23d, 1683. He married at New Haven, and left several children. After his death, his son, who before had been called Davids, took the name of Dixwell, came to Boston, and lived in good repute; was a ruling elder of one of the churches there, and died in 1721 of the small-pox by inoculation. Some of his grandchildren are now living. Col. Dixwell was buried at New Haven. His gravestone still remains, with this inscription: "J. D., Esq., deceased March 18th, in the 82d year of his age, 1688."

It cannot be denied that many of the principal persons in the colony greatly esteemed these persons, for their professions of piety and their grave deportment, who did not approve of their political conduct. Mr. Mitchell, the minister of Cambridge, who showed them great friendship upon their first arrival, says, in a manuscript which he wrote in his own vindication, "Since I have had opportunity by reading and discourse to look a little into that action for which these men suffer, I could never see that it was justifiable." After they were declared traitors, they certainly would have been sent to England if they could have been taken. It was generally thought they had left the country; and even the consequence of their escape was dreaded, lest when they were taken those who had harbored them should suffer for it. Mr. Endicott, the governor, writes to the Earl of Manchester, that he supposes they went toward the Dutch at Manhadoes, and took shipping for Holland; and Mr. Bradstreet, the then governor, in December, 1684, writes to Edward Randolph, "that after their being at New Haven he could never hear what became of them." Randolph, who was sent to search into the secrets of the government, could obtain no more knowledge of them than that they had been in the country, and respect had been shown them by some of the magistrates. I am loath to omit an anecdote handed down through Governor Leveret's family. I find Goffe takes notice in his journal of Leveret's being at Hadley. The town of Hadley was alarmed by the Indians in 1675, in the time of public worship, and the people were in the utmost confusion. Suddenly a grave, elderly person appeared in the midst of them. In his mien and dress he differed from the rest of the people. He not only encouraged them to defend themselves, but put himself at their head, rallied, instructed and led them on to encounter the enemy, who by this means were repulsed. As suddenly the deliverer of Hadley disappeared. The people were left in consternation, utterly unable to account for this strange phenomenon. It is not probable that they were ever able to explain it. If Goffe had been then discovered, it must have come to the knowledge of those persons, who declare by their letters that they never knew what became of him.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS IN NEW ENGLAND.

[*From the Same.*]

THE ministers of the several churches in the town of Boston have ever been supported by a free weekly contribution. I have seen a letter from one of the principal ministers of the colony expressing some doubts of

the lawfulness of receiving a support in any other way. In the country towns, compulsory laws were found necessary; and in the year 1654 the county courts were empowered to assess upon the inhabitants of the several towns which neglected the support of the ministry a sum sufficient to make up the defect.

In Boston, after prayer and before singing, it was the practice for several years for the minister to read and expound a chapter. Whether it was because this carried the service to too great a length, or any other reason could be given for it, in a few years it was laid aside, except when it came in place of a sermon. Exceptions (may we not say cavils?) have been made, by some learned, serious ministers, against reading the Scriptures as part of the divine service without an exposition. The other parts of religious public worship, and the manner of administering the sacraments, not differing from what is at this day the practice of the churches of New England and of the church of Scotland, it is unnecessary to take any notice of them.

From a sacred regard to the religion of the Christian Sabbath, a scruple arose of the lawfulness of calling the first day of the week Sunday; and they always, upon any occasion, whether in a civil or religious relation to it, styled it either the Lord's-day or the Sabbath. As the exception to the word Sunday was founded upon its superstitious, idolatrous origin, the same scruple naturally followed with respect to the names of all the other days of the week, and of most of the months, which had the same origin; accordingly they changed Monday, Tuesday, etc. into the second and third days of the week; and instead of March and April, used the first and second months; and instead of the third Tuesday in May, the language was, the third third day of the third month; and so of the rest. All their records and other writings are dated in the common form, which they brought from England with them, until the year 1636, when Mr. Vane was governor; but after that, the alteration seems to have been very strictly observed in all public and private writings and discourse, for many years together. In the interregnum it much obtained in England; but the scruple there went off at once, upon the restoration; here, it abated; and it continues scarce any where at this day, except among the people called Quakers. Perhaps the great dislike to some other peculiarities of that people caused the decline of that custom in the colony, and made them consider the singularity in the same light with some others of the same nature, which they condemned. (They began the Sabbath the evening of the last day of the week. It was some time before this custom was settled. Mr. Hooker, in a letter without date, but wrote about the year 1640, says, "The question touching the beginning of the Sabbath is now on foot among us, hath once been spoken to, and we are to give in our arguments each to the other, so that we may ripen our

thoughts touching that truth, and if the Lord will it may more fully appear." And in another letter, March, 1640, "Mr. Huit hath not answered our arguments against the beginning the Sabbath at morning.")

That everything approaching to an acknowledgment of the authority of the Pope, and his power of canonization, might be avoided, they never used the addition of saint when they spake of the apostles and the ancient fathers of the Christian Church, and even the usual names of places were made to conform. The island of Saint Christophers was always written Christophers, and by the same rule all other places to which saint had been prefixed. If any exception was made, an answer was ready: Abraham, Isaac and Jacob had as good right to this appellation as Peter, James and John.

They laid aside the fasts and feasts of the Church of England, and appointed frequently, as occasion required, days of fasting and thanksgiving; but, besides these occasional fasts and thanksgivings, they constantly, every spring, appointed a day for fasting and prayer, to implore the divine blessings upon their affairs in the ensuing year; and in the fall, a day of thanksgiving and public acknowledgment of the favors conferred upon them in the year past. If they more readily fell into this practice from the example of the people of God of old, yet they might well have been justified without any example. It has continued without interruption, I suppose, in any one instance, down to this day. This is a custom to which no devout person of any sect will take exception. By a law of the colony, every person absenting himself from the public worship, on these days, without sufficient excuse, was liable to five shillings fine. It would have been as well, perhaps, if this provision had been omitted.

These were the principal of the special ecclesiastical or religious customs. There were some attempts to introduce singularities into some of the churches; particularly Mr. Davenport, of New Haven, who afterward removed to Boston, required all his congregation to stand up whilst the text was naming; the principal reason which was given for it being that it was the word of God, and deserved peculiar honor; and Mr. Williams, of Salem, required all the women of his congregation to wear veils; but neither of these customs spread, or were of any long continuance. It was observed, as to the latter, that so uncouth an appearance, contrary to the practice of the English nation, would probably draw more eyes than if they were dressed like other women. Mr. Cotton, of Boston, happening to preach at Salem soon after this custom began, he convinced his hearers that it had no sufficient foundation in the Scriptures: the married women had no pretence to wear veils as virgins; neither married nor unmarried would choose to do it from the example of Tamar the harlot, nor need they do it for such purpose as Ruth did in

her widowhood. His sermon had so good an effect, that they were all ashamed of their veils, and never appeared covered with them afterward.

THE CHARACTER AND RULE OF GOVERNOR BURNET.

[*From the Same.*]

THE resentment which had been raised ceased, with people in general, upon his death. Many amiable parts of his character revived in their minds. He had been steady and inflexible in his adherence to his instructions, but discovered nothing of a grasping, avaricious mind; it was the mode, more than the quantum, of his salary upon which he insisted. The naval office had generally been a post for some relation or favorite of the governor, but Colonel Tailer having been lieutenant-governor, and in circumstances far from affluent, he generously gave the post to him, without any reserve of the issues or profits. The only instance of his undue exacting money, by some, was thought to be palliated by the established custom of the government he had quitted. This did not justify it. In his disposal of public offices, he gave the preference to such as were disposed to favor his cause, and displaced some for not favoring it, and in some instances he went further than good policy would allow. He did not know the temper of the people of New England. They have a strong sense of liberty, and are more easily drawn than driven. He disobliged many of his friends by removing from his post Mr. Lynde, a gentleman of the house, esteemed by both sides for his integrity and other valuable qualities, and he acknowledged that he could assign no other reason except that the gentleman had not voted for a compliance with the instruction. However, an immoral or unfair character was a bar to office, and he gave his negative to an election of a counsellor, in one instance, upon that principle only. His superior talents and free and easy manner of communicating his sentiments made him the delight of men of sense and learning. His right of precedence in all companies facilitated the exercise of his natural disposition to a great share in the conversation, and at the same time "caused it to appear more excusable." His own account of his genius was, that it was late before it budded, and that, until he was nearly twenty years of age, his father despaired of his ever making any figure in life. This, perhaps, might proceed from the exact, severe discipline of the bishop's family, not calculated for every temper alike, and might damp and discourage his. To long and frequent religious services at home in his youth he would sometimes pleasantly attribute his indisposition to a very scrupu-

lous exact attendance upon public worship; but this might really be owing to an abhorrence of ostentation and mere formality in religion, to avoid which, as most of the grave, serious people of the province thought, he approached too near the other extreme. A little more caution, and conformity to the different ages, manners, customs, and even prejudices of different companies, would have been more politic, but his open, undisguised mind could not submit to it. Being asked to dine with an old charter senator who retained the custom of saying grace sitting, the grave gentleman desired to know which would be more agreeable to his excellency, that grace should be said standing or sitting. The governor replied, "Standing or sitting, any way or no way, just as you please." He sometimes wore a cloth coat lined with velvet. It was said to be expressive of his character. He was a firm believer of the truth of revealed religion, but a bigot to no particular profession among Christians, and laid little stress upon modes and forms. By a clause in his last will he ordered his body to be buried, if he died at New York, by his wife; if in any other part of the world, in the nearest church-yard or burying-ground, all places being alike to God's all-seeing eye.

The assembly ordered a very honorable funeral at the public charge. A motion at another time was made in the house for a grant to a governor to bear the expense of his lady's funeral. A dry old representative objected to a grant for a governor's lady: had the motion been for a grant to bury the governor, he should have thought the money well laid out.

THE TRAGEDY OF ACADIA.

[*From the Third and Final Volume of The History of Massachusetts. First printed in* 1828.]

THE French forts at Beau Sejour, Bay Verte and the river St. John, in Nova Scotia, had been recovered. The state of that province was, notwithstanding, deemed very insecure, many thousand French inhabitants still continuing in it. They had been admitted by Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong after that province was reduced, in the reign of Queen Anne, to such a sort of oath as to consider themselves rather in a neutral state between England and France than in subjection to either, and from thence they took the name of French neutrals. Being all Roman Catholics and great bigots, and retaining the French language, they were better affected to France than to England. In civil matters they had been more indulged by the English than they would have been by the French, being in a manner free from taxes; and a great part of them

were so sensible of it that they wished to avoid taking part on one side or the other. But the Indians, who were engaged on the part of the French, had constant intercourse with them, their houses being scattered, and where there were any number together to form a village, open to both French and Indians from Canada, without any sort of defence. And it was the general opinion that, if an attempt should be made by the French to recover the province of Nova Scotia, the whole body of the Acadians, some from inclination, others from compulsion, would join in the attempt.

The commander-in-chief of his majesty's ships, then at Halifax, as well as the governor of the province, supposed that the principle of self-preservation would justify the removal of these Acadians; and it was determined to take them by surprise, and transport them all, men, women, and children, to the English colonies. A few days before the determination was executed, notice was given to the governors of the several colonies to prepare for their reception. Far the greatest part were accordingly seized by the king's troops, which had remained in the province, and hurried on board small vessels prepared to receive them, with such part of their household goods as there was room for; the remainder, with their stock of cattle, the contents of their barns, their farm utensils, and all other movables, being left behind and never recovered nor any satisfaction made for them.

In several instances, the husbands who happened to be at a distance from home were put on board vessels bound to one of the English colonies, and their wives and children on board other vessels, bound to other colonies remote from the first. One of the most sensible of them, describing his case, said "it was the hardest which had happened since our Saviour was upon earth."

About a thousand of them arrived in Boston, just in the beginning of winter, crowded almost to death. No provision was made in case government should refuse to take them under its care. As it happened, the assembly were sitting when they arrived; but several days were spent without any determination, and some aged and infirm persons, in danger of perishing, were received on shore in houses provided for them by private persons. At length, the assembly passed a resolve, that they should all be permitted to land, and that they should be sent to such towns as a committee appointed for that purpose should think fit; and a law of the province was passed to authorize justices of the peace, overseers of the poor, etc., to employ them in labor, bind them out to service, and in general provide for their support, in like manner as if they had been indigent inhabitants of the province.

Favor was shown to many elderly people among them, and to others who had been in circumstances superior to the rest, and they were allowed support without being held to labor. Many of them went through great

hardships, but in general they were treated with humanity. They fared the better because the towns where they were sent were to be reimbursed out of the province treasury, and the assembly was made to believe that the province would be reimbursed by the crown; but this expectation failed. It was proposed to them to settle upon some of the unappropriated lands of the province, and to become British subjects, but they refused. They had a strong persuasion that the French King would never make peace with England unless they were restored to their estates. A gentleman who was much affected with their sufferings prepared a representation proper for them to make to the British government, to be signed by the chief of them in behalf of the rest, praying that they might either have leave to return to their estates or might receive a compensation; and he offered to put it into the hands of a proper person in England to solicit their cause. They received the proposal thankfully, took the representation to consider of, and, after some days, returned it without having signed it. They were afraid of losing the favor of France, if they should receive or solicit for compensation from England. Despair of the free exercise of their religion was another bar to every proposal tending to an establishment.

The people of New England had more just notions of toleration than their ancestors, and no exception was taken to their prayers in their families, in their own way, which, I believe, they practised in general, and sometimes they assembled several families together; but the people would upon no terms have consented to the public exercise of religious worship by Roman Catholic priests. A law remained unrepealed, though it is to be hoped it would never have been executed, which made it a capital offence in such persons to come within the province. It was suspected that some such were among them in disguise; but it is not probable that any ventured. One of the most noted families, when they were dissuaded from removing to Quebec, lest they should suffer more hardship from the French there than they had done from the English, acknowledged they expected it; but they had it not in their power since they left their country to confess and to be absolved of their sins, and the hazard of dying in such a state distressed them more than the fear of temporal sufferings.

(When these unhappy persons despaired of being restored to their own estates, they began to think of a removal to places where they might find priests of their own religion, and other inhabitants of their own language. Many hundreds went from the New England colonies to Hispaniola, where, in less than a year, by far the greatest part died. Others went to Canada, where they were considered as an inferior race of Frenchmen, and they were so neglected that some of them wrote to a gentleman in Boston, who had patronized them, that they wished to return. In 1763, Monsieur Bougainville carried several families of them, who had found

their way to France, to the Malcuines, or Falkland Islands, where they remained but a short time, being turned off by Mr. Byron. Bougainville says: "They are a laborious, intelligent set of men, who ought to be dear to France on account of the inviolate attachment they have shown as honest but unfortunate citizens." Thus they were dispersed through the world, until they were in a manner extinct, the few which remained being mixed with other subjects in different parts of the French dominions.)

A ROYALIST VIEW OF THE PATRIOT LEADERS.

[*From the Same.*]

MR. BOWDOIN was without a rival in the council, and, by the harmony and reciprocal communications between him and Mr. S. Adams, the measures of council and house harmonized also, and were made reciprocally subservient each to the other; so that, when the governor met with opposition from the one he had reason to expect like opposition from the other. Mr. Bowdoin's father, from a very low condition in life, raised himself, by industry and economy, to a degree of wealth beyond that of any other person in the province, and, having always maintained a fair character, the attention of the people was more easily drawn to the son, and was chosen, when very young, a member for Boston, and, after a few years, was removed to the council. He found more satisfaction in the improvement of his mind by study, and of his estate by economy, than in the common business of the general assembly, and had taken no very active part during the administrations of Mr. Shirley and Mr. Pownall. In general he was, in those times, considered rather as a favorer of the prerogative than of the opposition to it. But Mr. Temple, the surveyor-general of the customs, having married Mr. Bowdoin's daughter, and having differed with Governor Bernard, and connected himself with Mr. Otis and others in the opposition, Mr. Bowdoin, from that time, entered into the like connections. The name of a friend to liberty was enough to make him popular. Being reserved in his temper, he would not have acquired popularity in any other way. His talents for political controversy, especially when engaged in opposition, soon became conspicuous. He had been used to metaphysical distinctions, and his genius was better adapted to entangle and darken than to unfold and elucidate.

The act of parliament laying duties on wines, etc., and the proposed stamp act, then engaged the attention of the colonies. Mr. Bowdoin, though of the council, greatly encouraged, if he did not first propose

the association for leaving off the custom of mourning dress for the loss of deceased friends; and for wearing, on all occasions, the common manufactures of the country. He found his importance to be much increased by the removal of the lieutenant-governor from the council, and he was the principal cause of the council's acceding to the demand of the house, that the lieutenant-governor should be excluded from the debates of council, at which all former lieutenant-governors had been present as often as they thought fit.

Mr. S. Adams's father had been one of the directors of the Land Bank, in 1741, which was dissolved by an act of parliament. After his decease, his estate was put up to sale by public auction, under authority of an act of the general assembly. The son first made himself conspicuous on this occasion. He attended the sale, threatened the sheriff to bring an action against him, and threatened all who should attempt to enter upon the estate under pretence of a purchase; and, by intimidating both the sheriff and those persons who intended to purchase, he prevented the sale, kept the estate in his possession, and the debt to the Land Bank Company remained unsatisfied.

He was afterward a collector of taxes for the town of Boston, and made defalcation, which caused an additional tax upon the inhabitants.

These things were unfavorable to his character, but the determined spirit which he showed in the cause of liberty would have covered a multitude of such faults. He was, for near twenty years, a writer against government in the public newspapers; at first, but an indifferent one: long practice caused him to arrive at great perfection, and to acquire a talent of artfully and fallaciously insinuating into the minds of his readers a prejudice against the characters of all whom he attacked beyond any other man I ever knew. This talent he employed in the messages, remonstrances, and resolves of the House of Representatives, most of which were of his composition, and he made more converts to his cause by calumniating governors and other servants of the crown than by strength of reasoning. The benefit to the town, from his defence of their liberties, he supposed an equivalent to his arrears as their collector; and the prevailing principle of the party that the end justified the means probably quieted the remorse he must have felt from robbing men of their characters and injuring them more than if he had robbed them of their estates.

Mr. Hawley was a native of Northampton, in the county of Hampshire. His mother was sister to Colonel Stoddard, who all his life had great influence in that county; and the nephew derived some of his importance from the uncle, but more from his own strong natural parts, improved by a liberal education, and the study and practice of the law. He had a very fair character as a practitioner, and some instances have been men-

tioned of singular scrupulosity, and of his refusing and returning fees when they appeared to him greater than the cause deserved. He was strict in religious observances. Being upon his return home from a journey, the sun set upon a Saturday evening when he was within a few miles of his house. He remained where he was until the sun set the next day, and then finished his journey. He was, however, violent in his resentments. He had been at the head of an opposition to the minister of the town where he lived, and the chief cause of his leaving the town and removing into another colony. In a few years after, he made a public acknowledgment of his unwarrantable conduct in this affair, which he caused to be published in the newspapers. This ingenuous confession raised his character more than his intemperate conduct had lessened it. He was subject to glooms, which confined him, and rendered him, while they lasted, unfit for business. Men of this habit, when the glooms are off, frequently go into the contrary extreme; but he always maintained great decency and propriety of behavior, with the appearance of gravity and seriousness, without any mixture of levity or undue freedom. He was more attended to in the house than any of the leaders, but less active out of it. He was sometimes carried by strength of passion farther than he could justify, but had too much virtue to go all lengths, and was the less fit for a complete partisan; and for this reason, probably, he found it necessary to decline the employments and honors offered him, and to retire from business when his popularity was at the highest.

Mr. John Adams was a distant relation and intimate acquaintance of Mr. Samuel Adams. After his education at the college, he applied to the study of the law, a short time before the troubles began. He is said to have been at a loss which side to take. Mr. Sewall, who was with the government, would have persuaded him to be on the same side, and promised him to desire Governor Bernard to make him a justice of peace. The governor took time to consider of it, and having, as Mr. Adams conceived, not taken proper notice of him, or given him offence on some former occasion, he no longer deliberated, and ever after joined in opposition. As the troubles increased, he increased in knowledge, and made a figure, not only in his own profession, but as a patriot, and was generally esteemed as a person endowed with more knowledge than his kinsman, and equally zealous in the cause of liberty; but neither his business nor his health would admit of that constant application to it which distinguished the other from all the rest of the province. In general, he may be said to be of stronger resentment upon any real or supposed personal neglect or injury than the other; but in their resentment against such as opposed them in the cause in which they were engaged, it is difficult to say which exceeded.

His ambition was without bounds, and he has acknowledged to his

acquaintance that he could not look with complacency upon any man who was in possession of more wealth, more honors, or more knowledge than himself.

Mr. Hancock's name has been sounded through the world as a principal actor in this tragedy. He was a young man whose father and grandfather were ministers in country parishes, of irreproachable character, but, like country ministers in New England in general, of small estates.

His father's brother, from a bookseller, became one of the most opulent merchants in the province. He had raised a great estate with such rapidity that it was commonly believed among the vulgar that he had purchased a valuable diamond for a small sum and sold it at its full price. But the secret lay in his importing from St. Eustatia great quantities of tea in molasses hogsheads, which sold at a very great advance; and by importing, at the same time, a few chests from England, he freed the rest from suspicion, and always had the reputation of a fair trader. He was also concerned in supplying the officers of the army, ordnance, and navy, and made easy and advantageous remittances. When he died, he left to his nephew more than fifty thousand pounds sterling, besides the reversion after the death of his widow, of twenty thousand pounds more.

The uncle was always on the side of government. The nephew's ruling passion was a fondness for popular applause. He changed the course of his uncle's business, and built, and employed in trade, a great number of ships; and in this way, and by building at the same time several houses, he found work for a great number of tradesmen, made himself popular, was chosen select man, representative, moderator of town meetings, etc. He associated with those who were called friends to liberty. His natural powers were moderate, and had been very little improved by study, or application to any kind of science. His ruling passion kept him from ever losing sight of its object; but he was fickle and inconstant in the means of pursuing it; and though, for the most part, he was closely attached to Mr. Samuel Adams, yet he has repeatedly broken off from all connection with him for several months together. Partly by inattention to his private affairs, and partly from want of judgment, he became greatly involved and distressed, and the estate was lost with much greater rapidity than it had been acquired.

Margaret Hutchinson.

Daughter of the Governor.

MISTRESS PEGGY GOES TO COURT.

[*A Letter to her Sister in America. Written, October,* 1774.]

MY task is over. I have been at court again. It has been a fatiguing though not altogether an unpleasant day. I sent yesterday to Mrs. Keene to know if it would be agreeable to her to go to-day. We were both of a mind; for while a servant was going with my card she sent one to me; and to-day about one o'clock papa and I set off for St. James. We called for Mrs. Keene, but found that one coach could not contain more than two such mighty hoops; and papa and Mr. K. were obliged to go in another coach. There was a very full Drawing-Room for the time of year. The King and Queen both spoke to me. I felt much easier than I did before, as I had not the ceremony of being presented to go through: indeed, my dear, it is next to being married. I thought I should not mind it, but there is something that strikes an awe when you enter the Royal Presence. I had, however, many compliments paid me on my performance: if I tell you what the Queen said of me to-day, will you not think me vain? The company all stand round in a circle, and the King and Queen go round, and speak to everybody that has been presented. As she advanced toward me, I felt in a little flutter, and whispered Mrs. K. that I should behave like a fool. "You need not," says she, "for the Queen has been saying many fine things of you to my sister. She says you are very genteel, and have much the appearance of a woman of fashion."

I can't say but I felt of more importance, and perhaps answered her questions with a better grace. She asked me how long I had been in town? I answered: "About a fortnight."

"Are you come for the winter?"

"Yes, ma-am."

"How do you like England—better than the country you came from?"

"I think it a very fine country."

"What part of it have you been in?"

"Norfolk."

"I hope you have your health better for it."

"Much better." Thus ended our conversation; and had it been with any other than a queen, I should have thought it too trifling to relate. She told papa she was very glad to see his daughter look so well. We

were fatigued with standing, and got out of the Presence Chamber as soon as we could.

Lord Dartmouth came and spoke to me. I congratulated him on the birth of his daughter, which is a great rarity, after seven sons. He is the most amiable man I ever saw; and was he not married, and not a Lord, I should be tempted to set my cap at him,—two substantial reasons however to prevent me. . . .

Four of the young Princes came in after I had been there about half an hour. I never saw four so fine boys. After the Drawing-Room was over we went into the nursery, and saw the rest of them. I was highly delighted, and could hardly keep my hands off them: such sweet creatures I never beheld. The Princess Royal with two sisters and a little boy which I took to be about three years old, stood in a row, one just above the other, and a little one in leading strings, sitting in a chair behind them, composed this beautiful group. I was determined, if possible, to kiss one of their little pudsey hands, and with some difficulty persuaded Mrs. K. to go up to them, their [there] being a great deal of company in the room. She at last went, and I followed her. I asked Prince Ernest for his hand, which he very readily gave me, and I gave it a very hearty kiss. They behaved very prettily: they courtesied to everybody that came in, and the boy nodded his head just like little Tom Oliver. We did not get home till almost five o'clock, and found Elisha and Billy fretting for their dinner.

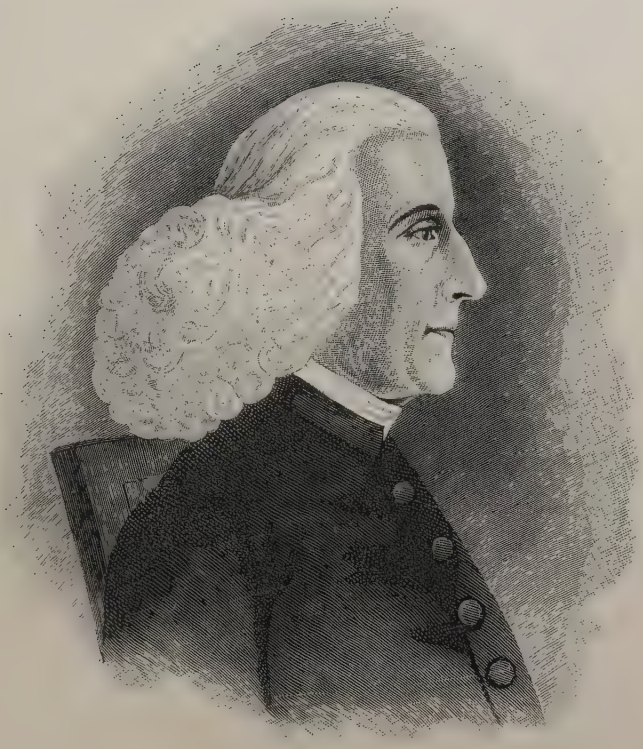
Samuel Curwen.

Born in Salem, Mass., 1715. Died there, 1802.

A LONDON PROMENADE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

[*Journal and Letters of the late Samuel Curwen, American Refugee in England, from* 1775 *to* 1784. *Edited by G. A. Ward.* 1842.]

AFTER tea, called on Mr. Dalglish, whom with his friend, I accompanied in a coach to "Carlisle House," at a Sunday evening entertainment, called the Promenade, instituted in lieu of public amusement; and to compensate for twelve tedious hours' interval laid under an interdict by the laws of the country, yet unrepealed formally by the legislature, though effectually so in the houses of the great and wealthy, from whence religion and charity are but too generally banished. The employment of the company is simply walking through the rooms; being



S. Rowe

allowed tea, coffee, chocolate, lemonade, orgeat, negus, milk, etc.; admission by ticket, cost, three shillings; dress, decent, full not required; some in boots; one carelessly in spurs happening to catch a lady's flounce, he was obliged to apologize and take them off. The ladies were rigged out in gaudy attire, attended by bucks, bloods, and maccaronies, though it is also resorted to by persons of irreproachable character: among the wheat will be tares.

The arrangement of the house is as follows: From the vestibule, where the tickets are received, the entrance is through a short passage into the first room, of a moderate size, covered with carpets, and furnished with wooden chairs and seats in Chinese taste; through this the company passes to another of a larger size, furnished and accommodated as the former; passing this, you enter the long-room, about eighty feet by forty; this is the largest, and lighted with glass chandeliers and branches fixed to side-walls, against which stand sofas covered with silk,—floors carpeted. Hence, tending to the left, you cross the hall, and enter the wilderness or grotto, having natural evergreens planted round the walls; the centre an oblong square, about twenty-five feet long and fifteen broad, fenced with an open railing, a few shrubs interspersed, flowering moss and grass; in one of the angles is a natural well, with a living spring, which the attendant told me was mineral. Fronting the entrance, in the centre, at the further end is a cave cased with petrifactions, stones artificially cut into resemblance of the former, and spars, with here and there a dim lamp so placed as to afford but an imperfect sight of surrounding objects. To the top of the arch leading to the cave, is an ascent of two flights of steps on each hand, and over it a room not unlike in form the cave below, painted in modern style in oval compartments, containing hieroglyphics and ancient stories; on the same elevation is a narrow gallery, continued on either side to about half the length of room, fronted near three feet high with an open Chinese fence or railing: this room is about fifty feet deep by thirty wide, lighted as the others with variegated lamps, but rather dim; next enter into two tea-rooms, each with tables for forty sets or parties.

So far for my imperfect description of this house, wherein the well-known Mrs. Cornelly used to accommodate the nobility, etc., with masquerades and coteries. Dress of the ladies differed widely; one part swept their track by long trails, the other by an enormous size of hoops and petticoats. The company usually resorting there about seven hundred, as the ticket receiver told me;—this evening the house was thronged with a good thousand. The rooms were filled, so that we could scarce pass without jostling, interfering, and elbowing; for my own part, being old, small, and infirm, I received more than a score of full butt rencounters with females;—whether provision was not made for so large

a company, or whatever the cause may be, it was full two hours before I could procure a dish of tea, after fifteen vain attempts, nor was I singular; and when served, it was in a slovenly manner on a dirty tea-stand. I never saw a place of public resort where the company was treated with so little respect by servants; even common tea-houses, whose character is far humbler, as "Bagnigge Wells," "White Conduit House," "Dog and Duck," etc., are in this respect preferable. It would be treating "Ranelagh" with great indignity to bring it into comparison with this which is designed to supply its place during the long vacation of that fashionable resort; nor are Vauxhall Gardens less than a thousand times beyond this in every eligible circumstance, unless I saw it under peculiar disadvantages.

Met Peter Frye and young William Eppes there; also saw the Duke of Queensbury, who I was told is a never-failing attendant on places of dissipation, which his seeming age should, one might think, restrain him from such juvenile amusements; but old habits are strong, and too powerful to be resisted when long indulged. Tired of this scene, I took myself off at the early hour of twelve, and, bidding adieu to Carlisle House, after a few *égaremens* arrived with no small content at my own lodgings.

KING GEORGE'S RELUCTANT SUBMISSION.

[*From the Same.*]

CALLED on Mr. Heard at Herald's office: there learned, in a conversation with a Mr. Webb, of seeming great political knowledge, that at the time the House of Commons left the late Administration in a minority, or, in other words, refused to support Lord North's measures, the King took it to heart, and resented it so far as to declare he would leave them (as he expressed it) to themselves, and go over to Hanover, from whence his family came, and proceeded so far as to order the Administration to provide two yachts to transport himself there; whereupon the Queen interfered, and remonstrated against such a desperate measure, so fatal to her and his family, as well as his own personal interest. Others, too, represented the distressful condition to which the nation would be reduced by the absence and want of royal authority, though it seemed to little effect, so sadly chagrined and provoked was he.

Lord Rockingham also joined the remonstrants, and showed the necessity of a change of men and measures, with no better success;—so naturally obstinate and pertinaciously bent was he on his favorite plan of subjugating his (here called) rebellious subjects in America, and

bringing them to his feet, till he was told that as sure as he set his foot out of the Kingdom, the Parliament would declare the crown abdicated and the throne vacant, nor would he ever be permitted to reënter the Kingdom again,—which argument, it seems, brought him to a more cool and juster sight of the folly of such a step, and the absolute necessity of stooping to a compliance with the requisitions of the public. I do not pretend to indicate the measures of opposition, but a more unsuccessful Administration, from whatever cause it proceeded, which time will satisfactorily, perhaps, explain, was never before engaged to promote royal designs. What may be the condition of Great Britain and America at the period of the present distressful war, God knows; for my own part, I tremble at the event, as desirable as it may be, for I can view neither country without the most fearful apprehensions of dreadful distresses; whoever began and voluntarily continued this unreasonable, pernicious dispute, does and will deserve the execration of this and future ages, and in the language of . . . ., "The child will rue, that is yet unborn, the fatal measures of Lord North's Administration."

Dec. 5. The King delivered his speech from the throne. I went to see him robe and sit on the throne at the House of Lords; he was clothed in green laced with gold when he came, and when he went, in red laced; it being the custom to change his garments. The tail of his wig was in a broad, flowing, loose manner, called the coronation-tail. His abode in the Lords' chamber scarce exceeded half-an-hour, in which his read his speech of eleven pages.

As one proof among many that might be given of the restraint and disguise of real sentiments on the part of courtiers, from the highest character in the presence chamber to the lowest lounger and attendant at ministerial levees, take the following:—When the King found himself obliged to take new ministers, and give up Lord North and his associates, it is notorious that it was abhorrent to the royal mind, and being naturally of a pertinacious, obstinate temper, he was with the utmost difficulty brought to yield a reluctant consent. On the first court day after the appointment, when he was in a manner forced out of his closet into the room of audience, he received his new servants with a smile, and transacted business with them afterward with as much seeming cordiality and openness, as if they had been in his favor, and in his most intimate conceits; so seemingly satisfied and so serene was the royal countenance, that all the newspapers sounded forth the gracious monarch's obliging, condescending goodness to the public wishes, though nothing was farther from his heart, had not the necessity of his affairs impelled him thereto. At the same time coming up to Mr. Wilkes, he said he was glad of the opportunity to thank him for his very proper and laudable behavior in the late riot; took notice of his looks, which indicated a

want of health; advised him to a country air and exercise, which, said his Majesty, I find by experience an excellent expedient to procure and preserve health; all this with the same apparent sincerity as if they had been in a continued course of paying and receiving compliments, congratulations, and acknowledgments for mutual kindnesses and good offices, though all the world knows there was not a man in the three kingdoms more thoroughly hated, nor whom he had taken a more foolish and unnecessary pains to ruin. The above-mentioned interview being told of in company, Mr. Wilkes took occasion to remark in the following words:—"To have heard the King, one would have thought I was consulting a quack on the score of my health."

Dec. 6. Read the King's Speech, declaring his offer of independency to America, and his hopes soon of a general peace.

PERSONAL NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS.

[*From the Same.*]

IN the afternoon I attended once more John Wesley, having the heavens for his canopy; he began with an extempore prayer, followed by a hymn of his own composing, and adapted to the subject of his discourse. He wears his own gray hair, or a wig so very like that my eye could not distinguish. He is not a graceful speaker, his voice being weak and harsh; he is attended by great numbers of the middling and lower classes; is said to have humanized the almost savage colliers of Kingswood, who, before his time, were almost as fierce and unmanageable as the wild beasts of the wilderness. He wears an Oxford master's gown; his attention seemingly not directed to manner and behavior,—not rude, but negligent, dress cleanly, not neat. He is always visiting the numerous societies of his own forming in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland; though near eighty years old, he reads without spectacles the smallest print. He rises at four, preaches every day at five, and once besides; an uncommon instance of physical ability.

In the House of Commons, on the 12th inst., after Lord Barrington's report of army estimates, Col. Barré rose and called on Lord George Germaine to inform the House whether the report of the surrender of General Burgoyne with his army and artillery was true or false; which Lord George did in a short narrative, and said intelligence had been received of the capture by the way of Quebec, which struck the House with astonishment; and after a short pause Col. Barré rose, and with an

averted look, said: "Great God! who can refrain from rage and indignation when the planner of so much misery relates with the utmost composure the horrid tale of a British army destroyed? We all know the General's bravery and skill; he did not surrender whilst there was a possibility of defence; but while justice demands a just eulogium, what must we say of the man who reduced so gallant an officer to so sad an alternative without the smallest advantage to his country?"

Of the penchant of noble and wealthy ladies to vie with their partners of the other sex in the laudable pursuit of gaming, etc., take the following instance: At the time of my first arrival in London, a house opposite Governor Hutchinson's, in St. James's-street, was then finishing, called "*Sçavoir vivre*," being a gaming-house of the highest modern taste, perhaps much more magnificent in architecture and furniture than English America can boast, and designed for gentlemen exclusively. The ladies' pride being piqued, they bought up that which the Governor lived in, and the two on either side of it, and, though in excellent repair, demolished them, erecting in their room one in the same taste as its opposite neighbor; and to this day these two temples are devoted to the worship of the blind deity, *Fortune*, on whose altars are nightly sacrificed thousands, besides the peace and support of many of her foolish and equally blind devotees. These, among a multitude of other instances, are proofs and memorials of the expensive taste and diversions of this age and country.

Samuel H. Sparhawk called; accompanied him to Ladies' Disputing Club, at King's Arms, Cornhill. A lady presided and acquitted herself very commendably. *Question:* "*Was Adam or Eve most culpable in paradise?*" Mrs. President addressed the assembly with great propriety, just accent, and pleasing voice; explaining the nature of the meeting; justifying ladies appearing to speak in a public promiscuous assembly. She was frequently applauded; on ascending the chair, she turned round and gracefully saluted the company, discovering perfect self-possession, void of all embarrassment. The other speakers also acquitted themselves laudably, and were frequently clapped. Some spoke, I won't say argued, on one side, some on the other; very little serious argument, unless declamation, quotations from Hudibras, etc., can be so denominated. The subject afforded matter for mirth, but the most serious speeches turned against the mother of us all.

The concluding speech was foreign to the question; the subject was the term "congress." The speakers were lively, and their wit and humor produced shouts of laughter. The principal speaker introduced her speech by observing that the word being understood here as implying

rebellion, she at first apprehended American ladies were coming over in shoals to seduce the young gentlemen from our island ladies; but after considering the subject, and being informed by a clergyman, to whom she applied for its meaning, had found that the word has a harmless signification, and had been used on this side the water in treaties of peace, as the Congress of Ambassadors of belligerent powers at Nimeguen, Aix-la-Chapelle, etc.; that it is derived from a Latin word signifying a meeting together to compose or reunite discordant parties. She was pleased to hear it was not likely to give disgust to our State physicians, who were laudably employing their skill and labor in administering harsh medicines to the disordered members of our consumptive empire. After a series of lively observations, she closed by wishing success to the institution, and that it may do honor to female eloquence. Question being put, whether Adam was most in fault, vote by three hands only, negatived by one. Thus Eve stands acquitted in this female school of oratory of being the most guilty, though I fancy the major part considered as females are not so clear in the affirmative.

Went early in order to be at Mr. Benjamin Thompson's in time, and being a little before, heard he was not returned home from Lord George Germaine's, where he always breakfasts, dines and sups, so great a favorite is he. To kill half an hour, I loitered to the Park through the Palace, and on second return found him at his lodgings; he received me in a friendly manner, taking me by the hand, talked with great freedom, and promised to remember and serve me in the way I proposed to him. Promises are easily made, and genteel delusive encouragement the staple article of trade belonging to the courtier's profession. I put no hopes on the fair appearances of outward behavior, though it is uncandid to suppose all mean to deceive. Some wish to do a service who have it not in their power; all wish to be thought of importance and significancy, and this often leads to deceit. This young man, when a shop-lad to my next neighbor, ever appeared active, good-natured and sensible; by a strange concurrence of events, he is now Under-Secretary to the American Secretary of State, Lord George Germaine, a Secretary to Georgia, inspector of all the clothing sent to America, and Lieut.-Col. Commandant of horse dragoons at New York; his income arising from these sources is, I have been told, near seven thousand a year,—a sum infinitely beyond his most sanguine expectations. He is besides a member of the Royal Society. It is said he is of an ingenious turn, an inventive imagination, and by being on one cruise in Channel service with Sir Charles Hardy, has formed a more regular and better digested system for signals than that heretofore used. He seems to be of a happy, even temper in general

deportment, and reported of an excellent heart; peculiarly respectful to Americans that fall in his way.

At St. George's Chapel, prayers at eight; present, the King, Queen, Princesses Elizabeth and Sophia,—about a hundred hearers; we joined the train to Queen's house, or rather to the gates. The King was dressed in blue fly, cuffs small, open, and turned up with red velvet, cape of same, buttons white, breeches and waistcoat of white cotton, an ordinary white wig with a tail ribbon, a round black chip hat, small, as used in riding. He is tall, square over the shoulders, large ugly mouth, talks a great deal, and shows his teeth too much; his countenance heavy and lifeless, with white eyebrows. Queen of the middle size and bulk, height five feet and a half,—though far removed from beautiful, she has an open placid aspect, mouth large, foot splay: at prayers their voices often heard, and they appeared devout. They take no state upon them, walk freely about the town with only a lord in waiting. At seven, every evening after tea, the King, Queen, Prince of Wales, Princess-Royal, Princesses Sophia and Elizabeth, walk for an hour on terrace half a mile long, amidst two or three thousand people of all ranks. The Prince of Wales appears a likely, agreeable person, far more graceful than his father, who is ungainly. The Prince affects much the "*Jemmy*" dress and air; age will doubtless soften down the juvenile taste and affectation. The Queen's dress, a riding-habit, same color and facings as the King's—a small bonnet with a blue feather. Conducted to picture gallery and state-rooms; in one stands the Queen's bed, of a cream-color, worked in flowers with silk floss beautifully shaded, about seven feet long and six wide; posts fluted, and gilt tester, having in the centre an oval compartment, thought to be the richest in England except Lady Clifford's at Wybrook, which was wrought and presented to her by the late Duchess of Norfolk,—twelve chairs and a screen, wrought by her present Majesty's own diligent hand. In the evening, on the terrace, the King was in full dress,—blue uniform, sword, and cockade; the Prince of Wales the same. The Queen in a faint greenish silk full dress, except her head, on which she had a bonnet with a feather of the same color as her dress.

Being disappointed in Westminster Abbey and St Margaret's Church (at the former by the lowness of the reader's voice, at the latter by the service not having begun), proceeding cityward, just as I came to the gate leading from Parliament-street to Scotland-yard, or Whitehall, who should cross me but a large clumsy gentleman with a blue ribbon across his breast, who, on inquiry, I found was Lord North. Following him

into Whitehall Chapel, I remained during the service. He is rather above the common height, and bulk greatly exceeding; large legs, walks heavily, manner clumsy; very large featured, thick lips, wide mouth, high forehead, large nose, eyes not lively; head well covered with hair, which he wears high before.

Dined and passed the day at Capt. Hay's. Mrs. Chapman, with whom these my friends board at Kennington Common, near Vauxhall Gardens, says that the famous Sterne, author of "Tristram Shandy," "Sentimental Journey," etc., was totally void of the fine feelings of humanity which he so beautifully paints and are characteristic of his writings, which in respect thereto show him to be an original genius; and but ill discharged the various relative duties of life, one instance only excepted, which was an immoderate fondness of an only daughter. As a proof among others, he suffered an aged mother—which but for the proof of it is hardly to be credited—to die in a jail for want of money to discharge a debt of twenty pounds. The public ought to know the character of a writer who so ill in practice exemplified what his pen so justly and beautifully describes. This was told her by a very intimate acquaintance of Sterne, who was personally informed of his whole history.

Jonathan Mayhew.

BORN in Martha's Vineyard, Mass., 1720. DIED in Boston, Mass., 1766.

ON THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF REBELLION.

[*A Discourse concerning Unlimited Submission and Non-resistance to the Higher Powers.* 1750.]

IF we calmly consider the nature of the thing itself, nothing can well be imagined more directly contrary to common sense than to suppose that millions of people should be subjected to the arbitrary, precarious pleasure of one single man,—who has naturally no superiority over them in point of authority,—so that their estates, and everything that is valuable in life, and even their lives also, shall be absolutely at his disposal, if he happens to be wanton and capricious enough to demand them. What unprejudiced man can think that God made all to be thus subservient to the lawless pleasure and frenzy of one, so that it shall always be a sin to resist him? Nothing but the most plain and express revelation from heaven could make a sober, impartial man believe such

a monstrous, unaccountable doctrine; and, indeed, the thing itself appears so shocking, so out of all proportion, that it may be questioned whether all the miracles that ever were wrought could make it credible that this doctrine really came from God. At present there is not the least syllable in Scripture which gives any countenance to it. The hereditary, indefeasible, divine right of kings, and the doctrine of non-resistance, which is built upon the supposition of such a right, are altogether as fabulous and chimerical as transubstantiation, or any of the most absurd reveries of ancient or modern visionaries. These notions are fetched neither from divine revelation nor human reason; and, if they are derived from neither of those sources, it is not much matter from whence they come or whither they go. . . . .

We may very safely assert these two things in general, without undermining government: One is, that no civil rulers are to be obeyed when they enjoin things that are inconsistent with the commands of God. All such disobedience is lawful and glorious; particularly if persons refuse to comply with any legal establishment of religion, because it is a gross perversion and corruption—as to doctrine, worship, and discipline—of a pure and divine religion, brought from heaven to earth by the Son of God,—the only King and Head of the Christian Church,—and propagated through the world by his inspired apostles. All commands running counter to the declared will of the Supreme Legislator of heaven and earth are null and void, and therefore disobedience to them is a duty, not a crime. Another thing that may be asserted with equal truth and safety is, that no government is to be submitted to at the expense of that which is the sole end of all government—the common good and safety of society. Because to submit in this case, if it should ever happen, would evidently be to set up the means as more valuable and above the end, than which there cannot be a greater solecism and contradiction. The only reason of the institution of civil government, and the only rational ground of submission to it, is the common safety and utility. If, therefore, in any case, the common safety and utility would not be promoted by submission to government, but the contrary, there is no ground or motive for obedience and submission, but for the contrary.

Whoever considers the nature of civil government, must indeed be sensible that a great degree of implicit confidence must unavoidably be placed in those that bear rule: this is implied in the very notion of authority's being originally a trust committed by the people to those who are vested with it,—as all just and righteous authority is. All besides is mere lawless force and usurpation; neither God nor nature having given any man a right of dominion over any society independently of that society's approbation and consent to be governed by him. Now, as all men are fallible, it cannot be supposed that the public affairs of any

state should be always administered in the best manner possible, even by persons of the greatest wisdom and integrity. Nor is it sufficient to legitimate disobedience to the higher powers that they are not so administered, or that they are in some instances very ill-managed; for, upon this principle, it is scarcely supposable that any government at all could be supported, or subsist. Such a principle manifestly tends to the dissolution of government, and to throw all things into confusion and anarchy. But it is equally evident, upon the other hand, that those in authority may abuse their trust and power to such a degree, that neither the law of reason nor of religion requires that any obedience or submission should be paid to them; but, on the contrary, that they should be totally discarded, and the authority which they were before vested with transferred to others, who may exercise it more to those good purposes for which it is given. Nor is this principle, that resistance to the higher powers is in some extraordinary cases justifiable, so liable to abuse as many persons seem to apprehend it. For, although there will be always some petulant, querulous men in every state,—men of factious, turbulent, and carping dispositions, glad to lay hold of any trifle to justify and legitimate their caballing against their rulers, and other seditious practices,—yet there are, comparatively speaking, but few men of this contemptible character. It does not appear but that mankind in general have a disposition to be as submissive and passive and tame under government as they ought to be. Witness a great, if not the greatest, part of the known world, who are now groaning, but not murmuring, under the heavy yoke of tyranny! While those who govern do it with any tolerable degree of moderation and justice, and in any good measure act up to their office and character by being public benefactors, the people will generally be easy and peaceable, and be rather inclined to flatter and adore than to insult and resist them. Nor was there ever any general complaint against any administration, which lasted long, but what there was good reason for. Till people find themselves greatly abused and oppressed by their governors, they are not apt to complain; and whenever they do, in fact, find themselves thus abused and oppressed, they must be stupid not to complain. To say that subjects in general are not proper judges when their governors oppress them and play the tyrant, and when they defend their rights, administer justice impartially, and promote the public welfare, is as great treason as ever man uttered. 'Tis treason, not against one single man, but the state—against the whole body politic; 'tis treason against mankind, 'tis treason against common sense, 'tis treason against God. And this impious principle lays the foundation for justifying all the tyranny and oppression that ever any prince was guilty of. The people know for what end they set up and maintain their governors, and they are the proper judges when

they execute their trust as they ought to do it;—when their prince exercises an equitable and paternal authority over them; when from a prince and common father he exalts himself into a tyrant; when from subjects and children he degrades them into the classes of slaves, plunders them, makes them his prey, and unnaturally sports himself with their lives and fortunes.

A PATRIOT'S THANKSGIVING.

[*The Snare Broken: A Thanksgiving Discourse, occasioned by the Repeal of the Stamp Act. Preached May* 23, 1766.]

WE have never known so quick and general a transition from the depth of sorrow to the height of joy, as on this occasion; nor, indeed, so great and universal a flow of either on any other occasion whatever. It is very true, we have heretofore seen times of great adversity. We have known seasons of drought, dearth, and spreading mortal diseases; the pestilence walking in darkness, and the destruction wasting at noonday. We have seen wide devastations made by fire; and amazing tempests, the heavens on flame, the winds and the waves roaring. We have known repeated earthquakes, threatening us with speedy destruction. We have been under great apprehensions by reason of formidable fleets of an enemy on our coasts, menacing fire and sword to all our maritime towns. We have known times when the French and savage armies made terrible havoc on our frontiers, carrying all before them for a while; when we were not without fear that some capital towns in the colonies would fall into their merciless hands. Such times as these we have known; at some of which almost every "face gathered paleness," and the knees of all but the good and brave waxed feeble. But never have we known a season of such universal consternation and anxiety among people of all ranks and ages, in these colonies, as was occasioned by that parliamentary procedure which threatened us and our posterity with perpetual bondage and slavery. For they, as we generally suppose, are really slaves to all intents and purposes, who are obliged to labor and toil only for the benefit of others; or, which comes to the same thing, the fruit of whose labor and industry may be lawfully taken from them without their consent, and they justly punished if they refuse to surrender it on demand, or apply it to other purposes than those which their masters, of their mere grace and pleasure, see fit to allow. Nor are there many *American* understandings acute enough to distinguish any material difference between this being done by a *single* person, under the title of an absolute monarch, and done by a far-distant legislature, consisting of *many* persons, in

which they are not represented; and the members whereof, instead of feeling and sharing equally with them in the burden thus imposed, are eased of their own in proportion to the greatness and weight of it. . . .

The repeal, the repeal, has at once, in a good measure, restored things to order, and composed our minds by removing the chief ground of our fears. The course of justice between man and man is no longer obstructed; commerce lifts up her head, adorned with golden tresses, pearls, and precious stones. All things that went on right before are returning gradually to their former course; those that did not we have reason to hope will go on better now; almost every person you meet wears the smiles of contentment and joy; and even our slaves rejoice as though they had received their manumission. Indeed, all the lovers of liberty in Europe, in the world, have reason to rejoice; the cause is, in some measure common to them and us. Blessed revolution! glorious change! How great are our obligations for it to the Supreme Governor of the world!

John Woolman.

BORN in Northampton, West New Jersey, 1720. DIED at York, England, 1772.

HOW HE TESTIFIED IN MEETING AGAINST SLAVERY.

[*The Works of John Woolman.* 1774.]

THE monthly-meeting of Philadelphia having been under a concern on account of some Friends who, this summer (1758), had bought negro slaves: the said meeting moved it to their quarterly-meeting, to have the minute reconsidered in the yearly-meeting, which was made last on that subject; and the said quarterly-meeting appointed a committee to consider it and report to their next; which committee having met once and adjourned, and I going to Philadelphia to meet a committee of the yearly-meeting, was in town the evening on which the quarterly-meeting's committee met the second time, and finding an inclination to sit with them, was, with some others, admitted; and Friends had a weighty conference on the subject. And, soon after their next quarterly-meeting I heard that the case was coming to our yearly-meeting, which brought a weighty exercise upon me, and under a sense of my own infirmities and the great danger I felt of turning aside from perfect purity, my mind was often drawn to retire alone and put up my prayers to the Lord, that he would be graciously pleased to strengthen me; that, setting

aside all views of self-interest and the friendship of this world, I might stand fully resigned to his holy will.

In this yearly-meeting several weighty matters were considered; and, toward the last, that in relation to dealing with persons who purchase slaves. During the several sittings of the said meeting my mind was frequently covered with inward prayer, and I could say with David, "That tears were my meat day and night." The case of slave-keeping lay heavy upon me, nor did I find any engagement to speak directly to any other matter before the meeting. Now, when this case was opened several faithful Friends spake weightily thereto, with which I was comforted; and, feeling a concern to cast in my mite, I said, in substance, as follows:

"In the difficulties attending us in this life nothing is more precious than the mind of truth inwardly manifested, and it is my earnest desire that in this weighty matter we may be so truly humbled as to be favored with a clear understanding of the mind of truth, and follow it; this would be of more advantage to the society than any medium not in the clearness of divine wisdom. The case is difficult to some who have them; but if such set aside all self-interest and come to be weaned from the desire of getting estates, or even from holding them together, when truth requires the contrary, I believe way will open that they will know how to steer through those difficulties."

Many Friends appeared to be deeply bowed under the weight of the work, and manifested much firmness in their love to the cause of truth and universal righteousness on the earth; and though none did openly justify the practice of slave-keeping in general, yet some appeared concerned lest the meeting should go into such measures as might give uneasiness to many brethren;—alleging that if Friends patiently continued under the exercise the Lord, in time to come, might open a way for the deliverance of these people. And I, finding an engagement to speak, said: "My mind is often led to consider the purity of the Divine Being, and the justice of his judgments; and herein my soul is covered with awfulness; I cannot omit to hint of some cases where people have not been treated with the purity of justice, and the event hath been lamentable. Many slaves on this continent are oppressed, and their cries have reached the ears of the Most High. Such are the purity and certainty of his judgments that he cannot be partial in our favor. In infinite love and goodness he hath opened our understandings, from one time to another, concerning our duty toward this people; and it is not a time for delay. Should we now be sensible of what he requires of us, and through a respect to the private interest of some persons, or through a regard to some friendships which do not stand on an immutable foundation, neglect to do our duty in firmness and constancy, still waiting for some extraordi-

nary means to bring about their deliverance, it may be by terrible things in righteousness God may answer us in this matter."

Many faithful brethren labored with great firmness, and the love of truth, in a good degree, prevailed. Several Friends who had negroes expressed their desire that a rule might be made to deal with such Friends as offenders who bought slaves in future. To this it was answered, that the root of this evil would never be effectually struck at until a thorough search was made into the circumstances of such Friends who kept negroes, with respect to the righteousness of their motives in keeping them, that impartial justice might be administered throughout. Several Friends expressed their desire that a visit might be made to such Friends who kept slaves; and many Friends said that they believed liberty was the negroes' right; to which, at length, no opposition was made publicly. A minute was made, more full on that subject than any heretofore, and the names of several Friends entered, who were free to join in a visit to such who kept slaves.

AN EXERCISE CONCERNING DYED GARMENTS.

[*From the Same.*]

FROM my early acquaintance with truth I have often felt an inward distress, occasioned by the striving of a spirit in me, against the operation of the heavenly principle; and in this circumstance have been affected with a sense of my own wretchedness, and in a mourning condition felt earnest longing for that divine help which brings the soul into true liberty; and sometimes in this state, retiring into private places, the spirit of supplication hath been given me, and under a heavenly covering have asked my gracious Father to give me a heart in all things resigned to the direction of his wisdom, and in uttering language like this the thoughts of my wearing hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them has made lasting impressions on me.

In visiting people of note in the society who had slaves, and laboring with them in brotherly love on that account, I have seen, and the sight has affected me, that a conformity to some customs, distinguishable from pure wisdom, has entangled many; and the desire of gain to support these customs greatly opposed the work of truth; and sometimes when the prospect of the work before me has been such that in bowedness of spirit I have been drawn into retired places and besought the Lord, with tears, that he would take me wholly under his direction and show me the way in which I ought to walk; it hath revived with strength of con-

viction that if I would be his faithful servant I must in all things attend to his wisdom and be teachable; and so cease from all customs contrary thereto, however used among religious people.

As he is the perfection of power, of wisdom, and of goodness, so I believe he hath provided that so much labor shall be necessary for men's support in this world as would, being rightly divided, be a suitable employment of their time, and that we cannot go into superfluities or grasp after wealth in a way contrary to his wisdom without having connection with some degree of oppression and with that spirit which leads to self-exaltation and strife, and which frequently brings calamities on countries by parties contending about their claims.

Being thus fully convinced, and feeling an increasing desire to live in the spirit of peace; being often sorrowfully affected with the thinking on the unquiet spirit in which wars are generally carried on, and with the miseries of many of my fellow-creatures engaged therein; some suddenly destroyed; some wounded, and after much pain remain cripples; some deprived of all their outward substance and reduced to want; and some carried into captivity. Thinking often on these things, the use of hats and garments dyed with a dye hurtful to them, and wearing more clothes in summer than are useful, grew more uneasy to me, believing them to be customs which have not their foundation in pure wisdom. The apprehension of being singular from my beloved Friends was a strait upon me, and thus I remained in the use of some things contrary to my judgment.

On the thirty-first day of the fifth month, 1761, I was taken ill of a fever, and after having it near a week, I was in great distress of body; and one day there was a cry raised in me that I might understand the cause why I was afflicted, and improve under it; and my conformity to some customs which I believed were not right were brought to my remembrance; and in the continuation of the exercise I felt all the powers in me yield themselves up into the hands of Him who gave me being, and was made thankful that he had taken hold of me by his chastisement. Seeing the necessity of further purifying, there was now no desire in me for health until the design of my correction was answered, and thus I lay in abasement and brokenness of spirit, and as I felt a sinking down into a calm resignation, so I felt, as in an instant, an inward healing in my nature, and from that time forward I grew better.

Though I was thus settled in mind in relation to hurtful dyes, I felt easy to wear my garments heretofore made, and so continued about nine months. Then I thought of getting a hat the natural color of the fur, but the apprehension of being looked upon as one affecting singularity felt uneasy to me; and here I had occasion to consider, that things, though small in themselves, being clearly enjoined by divine authority,

became great things to us; and I trusted that the Lord would support me in the trials that might attend singularity, while that singularity was only for his sake. On this account I was under close exercise of mind in the time of our general spring-meeting, 1762, greatly desiring to be rightly directed; when, being deeply bowed in spirit before the Lord, I was made willing to submit to what I apprehended was required of me, and when I returned home got a hat of the natural color of the fur.

In attending meetings, this singularity was a trial upon me, and more especially at this time, white hats being used by some who were fond of following the changeable modes of dress; and as some Friends, who knew not on what motive I wore it, carried shy of me, I felt my way for a time shut up in the exercise of the ministry; and in this condition, my mind being turned toward my heavenly Father, with fervent cries that I might be preserved to walk before him in the meekness of wisdom, my heart was often tender in meetings, and I felt an inward consolation which to me was very precious under those difficulties.

I had several dyed garments fit for use, which I believed it best to wear till I had occasion of new ones; and some Friends were apprehensive that my wearing such a hat savored of an affected singularity; and such who spake with me in a friendly way I generally informed in a few words that I believed my wearing it was not in my own will. I had at times been sensible that a superficial friendship had been dangerous to me, and many Friends being now uneasy with me, I had an inclination to acquaint some with the manner of my being led into these things; yet, upon a deeper thought, I was for a time most easy to omit it, believing the present dispensation was profitable, and trusting that if I kept my place the Lord, in his own time, would open the hearts of Friends toward me; since which I have had cause to admire his goodness and loving-kindness in leading about and instructing and opening and enlarging my heart in some of our meetings.

AN ANGELIC DISPENSATION.

[*From the Same.*]

IN a time of sickness with the pleurisy, a little upward of two years and a half ago, I was brought so near the gates of death that I forgot my name. Being then desirous to know who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull, gloomy color, between the south and the east; and was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be and live; and that I was mixed in with them, and that hence-

forth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being. In this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft, melodious voice, more pure and harmonious than any I had heard with my ears before; I believed it was the voice of an angel, who spake to the other angels. The words were: "John Woolman is dead." I soon remembered that I once was John Woolman, and being assured that I was alive in the body, I greatly wondered what that heavenly voice could mean.

I believed beyond doubting that it was the voice of an holy angel; but as yet it was a mystery to me.

I was then carried in spirit to the mines, where poor, oppressed people were digging rich treasures for those called Christians, and heard them blaspheme the name of Christ, at which I was grieved, for his name to me was precious.

Then I was informed that these heathen were told that those who oppressed them were the followers of Christ; and they said amongst themselves, if Christ directed them to use us in this sort, then Christ is a cruel tyrant.

All this time the song of the angel remained a mystery; and in the morning my dear wife and some others coming to my bedside, I asked them if they knew who I was; and they telling me I was John Woolman, thought I was light-headed, for I told them not what the angel said, nor was I disposed to talk much to any one, but was very desirous to get so deep that I might understand this mystery.

My tongue was often so dry that I could not speak till I had moved it about and gathered some moisture, and as I lay still for a time, at length I felt divine power prepare my mouth that I could speak, and then I said: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ that liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh is by faith in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

Then the mystery was opened, and I perceived there was joy in heaven over a sinner who had repented, and that that language—"John Woolman is dead"—meant no more than the death of my own will.

Soon after this I coughed and raised much bloody matter, which I had not done during this vision, and now my natural understanding returned as before. Here I saw that people getting silver vessels to set off their tables at entertainments were often stained with worldly glory, and that in the present state of things I should take heed how I fed myself from out of silver vessels.

Soon after my recovery, I, going to our monthly-meeting, dined at a Friend's house where drink was brought in silver vessels, and not in any other; and I, wanting some drink, told him my case with weeping, and he ordered some drink for me in another vessel.

The like I afterward went through in several Friends' houses in

America, and have also in England, since I came here; and have cause, with humble reverence, to acknowledge the loving-kindness of my heavenly Father who hath preserved me in such a tender frame of mind that none, I believe, have ever been offended at what I have said on that occasion.

After this sickness, I spake not in public meetings for worship for near one year, but my mind was very often in company with the oppressed slaves as I sat in meetings, and though under this dispensation I was shut up from speaking, yet the spring of the gospel ministry was many times livingly opened in me, and the divine gift operated by abundance of weeping in feeling the oppression of this people. It being so long since I passed through this dispensation, and the matter remaining fresh and livingly in my mind, I believe it safest for me to commit it to writing.

ON THE KEEPING OF SLAVES.

[*From the Same.*]

IF we seriously consider that liberty is the right of innocent men; that the mighty God is a refuge for the oppressed; that in reality we are indebted to them; that they being set free are still liable to the penalties of our laws, and as likely to have punishment for their crimes as other people; this may answer all our objections. And to retain them in perpetual servitude, without just cause for it, will produce effects, in the event, more grievous than setting them free would do, when a real love to truth and equity was the motive to it.

Our authority over them stands originally in a purchase made from those who, as to the general, obtained theirs by unrighteousness. Whenever we have recourse to such authority it tends more or less to obstruct the channels through which the perfect plant in us receives nourishment.

There is a principle which is pure placed in the human mind, which in different places and ages hath had different names; it is, however, pure, and proceeds from God. It is deep and inward, confined to no forms of religion, nor excluded from any, where the heart stands in perfect sincerity. In whomsoever this takes root and grows, of what nation soever, they become brethren, in the best sense of the expression. Using ourselves to take ways which appear most easy to us, when inconsistent with that purity which is without beginning, we thereby set up a government of our own, and deny obedience to Him whose service is true liberty.

He that hath a servant, made so wrongfully, and knows it to be so,

when he treats him otherwise than a free man, when he reaps the benefit of his labor without paying him such wages as are reasonably due to free men for the like service, clothes excepted, these things though done in calmness, without any show of disorder, do yet deprave the mind in like manner and with as great certainty as prevailing cold congeals water. These steps taken by masters, and their conduct striking the minds of their children whilst young, leave less room for that which is good to work upon them. The customs of their parents, their neighbors, and the people with whom they converse, working upon their minds, and they, from thence, conceiving ideas of things and modes of conduct, the entrance into their hearts becomes, in a great measure, shut up against the gentle movings of uncreated purity.

From one age to another the gloom grows thicker and darker, till error gets established by general opinion, that whoever attends to perfect goodness and remains under the melting influence of it finds a path unknown to many, and sees the necessity to lean upon the arm of divine strength, and dwell alone, or with a few, in the right committing their cause to Him who is a refuge for his people in all their troubles.

Where, through the agreement of a multitude, some channels of justice are stopped, and men may support their characters as just men by being just to a party, there is great danger of contracting an alliance with that spirit which stands in opposition to the God of love, and spreads discord, trouble, and vexation among such who give up to the influence of it.

Negroes are our fellow-creatures, and their present condition amongst us requires our serious consideration. We know not the time when those scales in which mountains are weighed may turn. The Parent of mankind is gracious, his care is over his smallest creatures, and a multitude of men escape not his notice. And though many of them are trodden down and despised, yet he remembers them; he seeth their affliction, and looketh upon the spreading increasing exaltation of the oppressor. He turns the channels of power, humbles the most haughty people, and gives deliverance to the oppressed at such periods as are consistent with his infinite justice and goodness. And wherever gain is preferred to equity, and wrong things publicly encouraged to that degree that wickedness takes root and spreads wide amongst the inhabitants of a country, there is real cause for sorrow to all such whose love to mankind stands on a true principle and who wisely consider the end and event of things.

Samuel Hopkins.

Born in Waterbury, Conn., 1721. Died at Newport, R. I., 1803.

A NEW ENGLAND MINISTER ON SLAVERY.

[*A Dialogue concerning the Slavery of the Africans.* 1776.]

B. I HOPE you will not appeal to the Holy Scripture in support of a practice which you and every one else must allow to be so inexpressibly unjust, inhuman, and cruel as is the slave trade, and, consequently, so glaringly contrary to the whole tenor of divine revelation; and if the slave trade is such a gross violation of every divine precept, it is impossible to vindicate the slavery to which the Africans have been reduced by this trade from the Holy Scripture. Of this we have such a certainty, *a priori*, that it would be a horrid reproach of divine revelation to pretend this practice can be supported by that, or even to look into it with any hope or expectation of finding anything there in favor of it; and if there be any passages in the Bible which are capable of a construction in favor of this practice, we may be very certain it is a wrong one. In a word, if any kind of slavery can be vindicated by the Holy Scriptures, we are already sure our making and holding the negroes our slaves, as we do, cannot be vindicated by anything we can find there, but is condemned by the whole of divine revelation. However, I am willing to hear what you can produce from Scripture in favor of any kind of slavery.

A. You know that a curse was pronounced on the posterity of Ham for his wickedness, in the following words: "A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." He could not be a servant unto his brethren unless they made him so, or at least held him in servitude. The curse could not take place unless they executed it, and they seem to be by God appointed to do this; therefore, while we, the children of Japheth, are making such abject slaves of the blacks, the children of Ham, we are only executing the righteous curse denounced upon them; which is so far from being wrong in us, that it would be a sin, even disobedience to the revealed will of God, to refuse to make slaves of them, and attempt to set them at liberty.

B. Do you think, my good sir, it was the duty of Pharaoh to make the Israelites serve him and the Egyptians, and afflict them by ruling over them with rigor, and holding them in hard and cruel bondage, because God has expressly told this, and said it should be done? And was the Assyrian king blameless while he executed the judgment which God had threatened to inflict on his professing people? Did God's

threatening them with those evils warrant this king to distress, captivate, and destroy them as he did? And will you say the Jews did right in crucifying our Lord, because by this they fulfilled the Scriptures, declaring that thus it must be? Your argument, if it is of any force, will assert and justify all this, and, therefore, I hope will be renounced by you, and by all who have the least regard for the Holy Scripture, with proper abhorrence. But if this argument were not so fraught with absurdity and impiety as it really is, and it were granted to be forcible with respect to all upon whom the mentioned curse was denounced, yet it would not justify our enslaving the Africans, for they are not the posterity of Canaan, who was the only son of Ham that was doomed to be a servant of servants. The other sons of Ham and their posterity are no more affected with this curse than the other sons of Noah and their posterity. Therefore, this prediction is as much of a warrant for the Africans' enslaving us, as it is for us to make slaves of them. The truth is, it gives not the least shadow of a right to any one of the children of Noah to make slaves of any of their brethren.

A. The people of Israel were allowed by God to buy and make slaves from the nations that were round about them, and the strangers that lived among them,—which could not have been the case if this was wrong and unjust,—and why have not we an equal right to do the same?

B. And why have not we an equal right to invade any nation and land, as they did the land of Canaan, and destroy them all, men, women, and children, and beasts, without saving so much as one alive? It was right for the Israelites to do this, because they had a divine permission and direction to do it, as the God of Israel had a right to destroy the seven nations of Canaan in what way he thought best, and to direct whom he pleased to do it. And it was right for them to make bond-servants of the nations round them, they having an express permission to do it from him who has a right to dispose of all men as he pleases. God saw fit, for wise reasons, to allow the people of Israel thus to make and possess slaves; but is this any license to us to enslave any of our fellow-men, any more than their being allowed to kill the seven nations in Canaan is a license to us to kill any of our fellow-men whom we please and are able to destroy, and take possession of their estates?

This must be answered in the negative by every one who will allow himself a moment's reflection. God gave many directions and laws to the Jews which had no respect to mankind in general; and this under consideration has all the marks of such a one. There is not any thing in it, or relating to it, from whence can be deduced the least evidence that it was designed to be a regulation for all nations through every age of the world, but everything to the contrary. The children of Israel were

then distinguished from all other nations on earth; they were God's peculiar people, and favored on many accounts above others, and had many things in their constitution and laws that were designed to keep up their separation and distinction from other nations, and to make the special favor of Heaven toward them more apparent to all who had any knowledge of them; and this law respecting bondage is suited to answer these ends. This distinction is now at an end, and all nations are put upon a level; and Christ, who has taken down the wall of separation, has taught us to look on all nations as our neighbors and brethren, without any respect of persons, and to love all men as ourselves, and to do to others as we would they should treat us; by which he has most effectually abolished this permission given to the Jews, as well as many other institutions which were peculiar to them. Besides, that this permission was not designed for all nations and ages will be very evident if we consider what such a supposition implies; for if this be so, then all other nations had a right to make slaves of the Jews. The Egyptians had a right to buy and sell them, and keep them all in bondage forever, and the nations round about Canaan had a right to bring them into bondage, as they sometimes did, and the Babylonians and Romans had a good warrant to reduce them to a state of captivity and servitude. And the Africans have a good right to make slaves of us and our children: the inhabitants of Great Britain may lawfully make slaves of all the Americans, and transport us to England, and buy and sell us in open market, as they do their cattle and horses, and perpetuate our bondage to the latest generation; and the Turks have a good right to all the Christian slaves they have among them, and to make as many more slaves of us and our children as shall be in their power, and to hold them and their children in bondage to the latest posterity. According to this every man has a warrant to make a bondslave of his neighbor whenever it lies in his power, and no one has any right to his own freedom any longer than he can keep himself out of the power of others. For instance: if the blacks now among us should, by some remarkable providence, have the power in their hands to reduce us, they have a right to make us and our children their slaves, and we should have no reason to complain.

This would put mankind into such a state of perpetual war and confusion, and is so contrary to our loving our neighbor as ourselves, that he who has the least regard for his fellow-men, or the divine law, must reject it, and the principle from which it flows, with the greatest abhorrence. Let no Christian, then, plead this permission to the Jews to make bond-slaves of their neighbors as a warrant to hold the slaves he has made, and, consequently, for universal slavery.

AN ADMONITION TO AARON BURR.

[*Letter to Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States of America.*]

HONORED SIR: You will probably be surprised (though it is hoped, not offended) by being addressed by a person above four-score years old, who has no personal acquaintance with you, and whom you never saw and perhaps never heard of. The only apology I have to make for this, is the intimate acquaintance and friendship which subsisted between me and your grandfather and grandmother Edwards, and their daughter, your mother, and President Burr, your father; and my consequent benevolent, respectful regard for you.

After the death of President Burr, President Edwards, and your mother, Mrs. Edwards was informed that you and your sister were taken to Philadelphia, by a friend of your deceased parents. She thought it her duty to make a journey to Philadelphia and take the best care she could of her two little orphan grandchildren. The day she set out on her journey, she called at my house, as I then lived at Great Barrington, and proposed to me to write the life of the late President Edwards; to which I objected my being very unequal to such a work. But being urged by her solicitations, I consented to attempt it. Accordingly it was written, and by the approbation of his surviving friends it was published; to which was added a Sketch of the Character of Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Burr. This has been reprinted in London, which you have doubtless seen, and read the account your mother has given of her pious exercises respecting you, when you were a fatherless infant, and sick unto death, as was feared, but mercifully recovered in answer to fervent prayer. But to return from this perhaps needless digression.

Mrs. Edwards arrived at Philadelphia in apparent good health, but was soon seized with sickness, which put an end to her life in a few days, which was, in a sense and degree, sacrificed in behalf of her two orphan grandchildren.

In whose hands you were left after this, and who had the care of your education in your childhood and early youth, I do not recollect that I was ever informed. But that you have had a liberal education, and when you entered on the stage of life you studied and practised the law with success and reputation, and that in our late revolutionary war with Britain you were an active and useful officer under Washington, is sufficiently ascertained; and you are now raised to the dignity of Vice-President of the United States, and consequently are a candidate for the highest office which the people of these States can confer.

It is reported and it is believed by a number, that you do not believe in divine revelation, and discard Christianity as not worthy of credit.

I know this is an age of infidelity, but I do not think I have such evidence of the truth of this report as to exclude all hope that it is not true. It would be very grievous to me, and I know it would be inexpressibly so to your pious and worthy ancestors, were they now in this world, to know that one of their posterity, for whom they had made so many prayers, who was educated in a Christian land, and was possessed of such great and distinguished natural powers of mind, was an infidel; especially as it is certain that such a character cannot be so useful as mischievous, nor can he be happy, but miserable, in this life; and dying so, will be inconceivably miserable forever.

I am as certain that the God revealed in the Bible is the only true God, and that Christianity is from heaven, and the only way to true happiness, as I am that there is a God, or that there is any existence, either visible or invisible; therefore that all infidelity, whether it be called deism, atheism, or skepticism, renounces the true God, has its foundation in a very depraved and corrupt heart, and will land in endless misery. There is the most certain and clear evidence which cannot but be seen by every discerning, attentive mind, both from reason, experience and divine revelation, that all the worldly riches, honors, and enjoyments, that any man can possess, cannot make him happy, but are attended with more pain than pleasure; and commonly, if not always, with peculiar trouble and vexation, if he seek happiness in this life only; and the best that he can hope for is the awfully dark and precarious cessation of existence, when he shall leave this world. But if this forlorn hope fail, as it certainly will, nothing remains but certain, inconceivable, endless misery.

And there is equal evidence and certainty from the above-mentioned sources, that the true Christian, whether rich or poor, in a high or low station, honored and applauded, or neglected and despised by men, is in the possession of a high, solid, and refined enjoyment which the men of the world know not, and which the world cannot give or take away; consisting in the knowledge, belief, and love of the truths and realities contained in the gospel, and the exercises of heart and practice conformable thereto, and the hope of future happiness and glory with which Christianity inspires when cordially embraced, to which he will soon be brought under the care of an infinitely powerful, wise, and benevolent Saviour, where he will enjoy complete and growing felicity without any end.

Sir, however needless, futile, or assuming this address may appear, I hope, it will be received without offence, from one who, with his best wishes for your prosperity in all things, is your sincere friend and ready servant in all your lawful desires and commands.

SAMUEL HOPKINS.

NEWPORT, ——, 1802.

Samuel Adams.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1722. Died there, 1803.

NATURAL RIGHTS OF THE COLONISTS AS MEN.

[*Statement of the Rights of the Colonists, etc.* 1772.]

AMONG the natural rights of the Colonists are these: First, a right to life; secondly, to liberty; thirdly, to property;—together with the right to support and defend them in the best manner they can. These are evident branches of, rather than deductions from, the duty of self-preservation, commonly called the first law of nature. All men have a right to remain in a state of nature as long as they please; and in case of intolerable oppression, civil or religious, to leave the society they belong to, and enter into another. When men enter into society, it is by voluntary consent; and they have a right to demand and insist upon the performance of such conditions and previous limitations as form an equitable original compact.

Every natural right not expressly given up, or, from the nature of a social compact, necessarily ceded, remains. All positive and civil laws should conform, as far as possible, to the law of natural reason and equity. As neither reason requires nor religion permits the contrary, every man living in or out of a state of civil society has a right peaceably and quietly to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience.

"Just and true liberty, equal and impartial liberty," in matters spiritual and temporal, is a thing that all men are clearly entitled to by the eternal and immutable laws of God and nature, as well as by the law of nations and all well-grounded municipal laws, which must have their foundation in the former.

In regard to religion, mutual toleration in the different professions thereof is what all good and candid minds in all ages have ever practised and, both by precept and example, inculcated on mankind. And it is now generally agreed among Christians that this spirit of toleration, in the fullest extent consistent with the being of civil society, is the chief characteristical mark of the true Church. . . . .

The natural liberty of man, by entering into society, is abridged or restrained, so far only as is necessary for the great end of society, the best good of the whole. In the state of nature every man is, under God, judge and sole judge of his own rights and of the injuries done him. By entering into society he agrees to an arbiter or indifferent judge between him and his neighbors; but he no more renounces his original right than by taking a cause out of the ordinary course of law, and leaving the

decision to referees or indifferent arbitrators. In the last case he must pay the referees for time and trouble. He should also be willing to pay his just quota for the support of government, the law, and the constitution; the end of which is to furnish indifferent and impartial judges in all cases that may happen, whether civil, ecclesiastical, marine, or military. The natural liberty of man is to be free from any superior power on earth, and not to be under the will or legislative authority of man, but only to have the law of nature for his rule.

In the state of nature men may, as the patriarchs did, employ hired servants for the defence of their lives, liberties, and property; and they should pay them reasonable wages. Government was instituted for the purposes of common defence; and those who hold the reins of government have an equitable, natural right to an honorable support from the same principle that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." But then the same community which they serve ought to be the assessors of their pay. Governors have no right to seek and take what they please; by this instead of being content with the station assigned them, that of honorable servants of the society, they would soon become absolute masters, despots and tyrants. Hence as a private man has a right to say what wages he will give in his private affairs, so has a community to determine what they will give and grant of their substance for the administration of public affairs. And, in both cases, more are ready to offer their service at the proposed and stipulated price than are able and willing to perform their duty. In short, it is the greatest absurdity to suppose it in the power of one, or any number of men, at the entering into society, to renounce their essential natural rights, or the means of preserving those rights; when the grand end of civil government, from the very nature of its institution, is for the support, protection, and defence of those very rights the principal of which, as is before observed, are life, liberty and property. If men through fear, fraud, or mistake, should in terms renounce or give up any essential natural right, the eternal law of reason and the grand end of society would absolutely vacate such renunciation. The right to freedom being the gift of God Almighty, it is not in the power of man to alienate this gift and voluntarily become a slave.

TO HIS MAJESTY'S COMMISSIONERS.

[*To the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Viscount Howe, Sir William Howe (or in his absence Sir Henry Clinton), William Eden, and George Johnstone.* 1778.]

TRUSTY and well-beloved servants of your sacred master, in whom he is well pleased, as you are sent to America for the express pur-

pose of treating with anybody and anything, you will pardon an address from one who disdains to flatter those whom he loves. Should you, therefore, deign to read this address, your chaste ears will not be offended with the language of adulation,—a language you despise. I have seen your most elegant and most excellent letter "to his Excellency, Henry Laurens, the President, and other members of the Congress." As that body have thought your propositions unworthy their particular regard, it may be some satisfaction to your curiosity, and tend to appease the offended spirit of negotiation, if one out of the many individuals on this great continent should speak to you the sentiments of America,—sentiments which your own good sense hath doubtless suggested, and which are repeated only to convince you that, notwithstanding the narrow ground of private information on which we stand in this distant region, still a knowledge of our own rights, and attention to our own interests, and a sacred respect for the dignity of human nature, have given us to understand the true principles which ought, and which therefore shall, sway our conduct.

You begin with the amiable expressions of humanity, the earnest desire of tranquillity and peace. A better introduction to Americans could not be devised. For the sake of the latter we once laid our liberties at the feet of your prince, and even your armies have not eradicated the former from our bosoms.

You tell us you have powers unprecedented in the annals of your history. And England, unhappy England, will remember with deep contrition that these powers have been rendered of no avail by a conduct unprecedented in the annals of mankind. Had your royal master condescended to listen to the prayer of millions, he had not thus have sent you. Had moderation swayed what we were proud to call "mother country," her full blown dignity would not have broken down under her.

You tell us that all "parties may draw some degree of consolation, and even auspicious hope, from recollection." We wish this most sincerely for the sake of all parties. America, in the moment of subjugation, would have been consoled by conscious virtue, and her hope was, and is, in the justice of her cause and the justice of the Almighty. These are sources of hope and of consolation which neither time nor chance can alter or take away.

You mention "the mutual benefits and consideration of evils that may naturally contribute to determine our resolutions." As to the former, you know too well that we could derive no benefit from a union with you, nor will I, by deducing the reasons to evince this, put an insult upon your understandings; as to the latter, it were to be wished you had preserved a line of conduct equal to the delicacy of your feelings. You could not but know that men who sincerely love freedom disdain

the consideration of all evils necessary to attain it. Had not your own hearts borne testimony to this truth, you might have learned it from the annals of your own history; for in those annals instances of this kind at least are not unprecedented. But should those instances be insufficient, we pray you to read the unconquered mind of America. . . .

You tell us you are willing to consent to a cessation of hostilities, both by sea and land. It is difficult for rude Americans to determine whether you are serious in this proposition, or whether you mean to jest with their simplicity. Upon a supposition, however, that you have too much magnanimity to divert yourselves on an occasion of so much importance to America, and, perhaps, not very trivial in the eyes of those who sent you, permit me to assure you, on the sacred word of a gentleman, that if you shall transport your troops to England, where before long your Prince will certainly want their assistance, we shall never follow them thither. We are not so romantically fond of fighting, neither have we such regard for the city of London, as to commence a crusade for the possession of that holy land. Thus you may be certain hostilities will cease by land. It would be doing singular injustice to your national character to suppose you are desirous of a like cessation by sea. The course of the war, and the very flourishing state of your commerce, notwithstanding our weak efforts to interrupt it, daily show that you can exclude us from the sea—the sea, your kingdom!

You offer "to restore free intercourse, to revive mutual affection, and renew the common benefits of naturalization." Whenever your countrymen shall be taught wisdom by experience, and learn from past misfortunes to pursue their true interests in future, we shall readily admit every intercourse which is necessary for the purposes of commerce and usual between different nations. To revive mutual affection is utterly impossible. We freely forgive you, but it is not in nature that you should forgive us. You have injured us too much. We might, on this occasion, give you some instances of singular barbarity committed, as well by the forces of his Britannic Majesty as by those of his generous and faithful allies, the Senecas, Onondagas, and Tuscaroras. But we will not offend a courtly ear by the recital of those disgusting scenes. Besides this, it might give pain to that humanity which hath, as you observe, prompted your overtures, to dwell upon the splendid victories obtained by a licentious soldiery over unarmed men in defenceless villages, their wanton devastations, their deliberate murders, or to inspect those scenes of carnage painted by the wild excesses of savage rage. These amiable traits of national conduct cannot but revive in our bosoms that partial affection we once felt for everything which bore the name of Englishman. As to the common benefits of naturalization, it is a matter we conceive to be of the most sovereign indifference. A few of our wealthy citizens

may hereafter visit England and Rome, to see the ruins of those august temples in which the goddess of Liberty was once adored. These will hardly claim naturalization in either of those places as a benefit. On the other hand, such of your subjects as shall be driven by the iron hand of oppression to seek for refuge among those whom they now persecute, will certainly be admitted to the benefits of naturalization.

We labor to rear an asylum for mankind, and regret that circumstances will not permit you, gentlemen, to contribute to a design so very agreeable to your several tempers and dispositions. But further, your excellencies say, "We will concur to extend every freedom to trade that our respective interests can require." Unfortunately there is a little difference in these interests which you might not have found it very easy to reconcile, had the Congress been disposed to risk their heads by listening to terms which I have the honor to assure you are treated with ineffable contempt by every honest Whig in America. The difference I allude to is, that it is your interest to monopolize our commerce, and it is our interest to trade with all the world. There is, indeed, a method of cutting this Gordian knot, which, perhaps, no statesman is acute enough to untie. By reserving to the Parliament of Great Britain the right of determining what our respective interests require, they might extend the freedom of trade or circumscribe it at their pleasure, for what they might call our respective interests. But I trust it would not be for our mutual satisfaction. Your "earnest desire to stop the effusion of blood and the calamities of war" will therefore lead you, on maturer reflection, to reprobate a plan teeming with discord, and which, in the space of twenty years, would produce another wild expedition across the Atlantic, and in a few years more some such commission as that "with which his Majesty hath been pleased to honor you."

We cannot but admire the generosity of soul which prompts you "to agree that no military force shall be kept up in the different States of North America without the consent of the General Congress or particular Assemblies." The only grateful return we can make for this exemplary condescension is, to assure your excellencies—and on behalf of my countrymen, I do most solemnly promise and assure you—that no military force shall be kept up in the different States of North America without the consent of the General Congress and that of the Legislatures of those States. You will, therefore, cause the forces of your royal master to be removed; for I can venture to assure you that the Congress have not consented, and probably will not consent, that they be kept up.

You have also made the unsolicited offer of concurring "in measures calculated to discharge the debts of America, and to raise the credit and value of the paper circulation." If your excellencies mean by this to apply for offices in the department of our finance, I am to assure you

(which I do with "perfect respect") that it will be necessary to procure very ample recommendations. For as the English have not yet pursued measures to discharge their own debt and raise the credit and value of their own paper circulation, but, on the contrary, are in a fair way to increase the one and absolutely destroy the other, you will instantly perceive that financiers from that nation would present themselves with the most awkward grace imaginable. You propose to us a device to "perpetuate our union." It might not be amiss previously to establish this union, which may be done by your acceptance of the treaty of peace and commerce tendered to you by Congress. And such treaty, I can venture to say, would continue as long as your ministers could prevail upon themselves not to violate the faith of nations.

You offer—to use your language, the inaccuracy of which, considering the importance of the subject, is not to be wondered at, or at least may be excused—"in short, to establish the powers of the respective Legislatures in each particular State, to settle its revenue, its civil and military establishment, and to exercise a perfect freedom of legislation and internal government, so that the British States throughout North America, acting with us in peace and war, under one common sovereign, may have the irrevocable enjoyment of every privilege that is short of a total separation of interests, or consistent with that total union of force on which the safety of our common religion and liberty depends." Let me assure you, gentlemen, that the power of the respective Legislatures in each particular State is most fully established, and on the most solid foundations. It is established on the perfect freedom of legislation and a vigorous administration of internal government. As to the settlement of the revenue and the civil and military establishment, these are the work of the day, for which the several Legislatures are fully competent. I have also the pleasure to congratulate your excellencies that the country for the settlement of whose government, revenue, administration, and the like, you have exposed yourselves to the fatigues and hazards of a disagreeable voyage and more disagreeable negotiation, hath abundant resources wherewith to defend her liberties now, and pour forth the rich stream of revenue hereafter. As the States of North America mean to possess the irrevocable enjoyment of their privileges, it is absolutely necessary for them to decline all connection with a Parliament who, even in the laws under which you act, reserve in express terms the power of revoking every proposition which you may agree to.

We have a due sense of the kind offer you make to grant us a share in your sovereign; but really, gentlemen, we have not the least inclination to accept of it. He may suit you extremely well, but he is not to our taste. You are solicitous to prevent a total separation of interests; and this, after all, seems to be the gist of the business. To make you as

easy as possible on this subject, I have to observe that it may, and probably will, in some instances, be our interest to assist you, and then we certainly shall. Where this is not the case, your excellencies have doubtless too much good sense as well as good nature to require it. We cannot perceive that our liberty does in the least depend upon any union of force with you; for we find that after you have exercised your force against us for upward of three years, we are now upon the point of establishing our liberties in direct opposition to it. Neither can we conceive that, after the experiment you have made, any nation in Europe will embark in so unpromising a scheme as the subjugation of America. It is not necessary that everybody should play the Quixote. One is enough to entertain a generation at least. Your excellencies will, I hope, excuse me when I differ from you as to our having a religion in common with you; the religion of America is the religion of all mankind. Any person may worship in the manner he thinks most agreeable to the Deity; and if he behaves as a good citizen, no one concerns himself as to his faith or adorations, neither have we the least solicitude to exalt any one sect or profession above another. . . . .

For your use I subjoin the following creed of every good American:— I believe that in every kingdom, state, or empire there must be, from the necessity of the thing, one supreme legislative power, with authority to bind every part—in all cases the proper object of human laws. I believe that to be bound by laws to which he does not consent by himself, or by his representative, is the direct definition of a slave. I do therefore believe that a dependence on Great Britain, however the same may be limited or qualified, is utterly inconsistent with every idea of liberty, for the defence of which I have solemnly pledged my life and fortune to my countrymen; and this engagement I will sacredly adhere to so long as I shall live. Amen.

Now, if you will take the poor advice of one who is really a friend to England and Englishmen, and who hath even some Scotch blood in his veins,—away with your fleets and your armies, acknowledge the independence of America; and as ambassadors and not commissioners, solicit a treaty of peace, amity, commerce, and alliance with the rising States of this Western world. Your nation totters on the brink of a stupendous precipice, and even delay will ruin her.

You have told Congress, "If, after the time that may be necessary to consider this communication and transmit your answer, the horrors and devastations of war should continue, we call God and the world to witness that the evils which must follow are not to be imputed to Great Britain." I wish you had spared your protestation. Matters of this kind may appear to you in a trivial light, as mere ornamental flowers of rhetoric, but they are serious things registered in the high chancery of Heaven.

Remember the awful abuse of words like those of General Burgoyne, and remember his fate. There is One above us who will take exemplary vengeance for every insult upon His majesty. You know that the cause of America is just. You know that she contends for that freedom to which all men are entitled,—that she contends against oppression, rapine, and more than savage barbarity. The blood of the innocent is upon your hands, and all the waters of the ocean will not wash it away. We again make our solemn appeal to the God of heaven to decide between you and us. And we pray that, in the doubtful scale of battle, we may be successful as we have justice on our side, and that the merciful Saviour of the world may forgive our oppressors. I am, my Lords and Gentlemen, the friend of human nature, and one who glories in the title of

AN AMERICAN.

James Rivington.

BORN in London, England, about 1724. DIED in New York, 1802.

A TORY'S PETITION TO THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

[*From Sabine's American Loyalists.* 1847.]

WHEREAS the subscriber, by the freedom of his publications during the present unhappy disputes between Great Britain and her Colonies, has brought upon himself much public displeasure and resentment, in consequence of which his life has been endangered, his property invaded, and a regard to his personal safety requires him still to be absent from his family and business; and whereas, it has been ordered by the Committee of Correspondence for the city of New York, that a report of the state of his case should be made to the Continental Congress, that the manner of his future treatment may be submitted to their direction; he thinks himself happy in having at last for his judges, gentlemen of eminent rank and distinction in the Colonies, from whose enlarged and liberal sentiments, he flatters himself that he can receive no other than an equitable sentence, unbiased by popular clamor and resentment. He humbly presumes that the very respectable gentlemen of the Congress now sitting at Philadelphia, will permit him to declare, and, as a man of honor and veracity, he can and does solemnly declare, that however wrong and mistaken he may have been in his opinions, he has always meant honestly and openly to do his duty as a servant of the public. Accordingly his conduct, as a printer, has always been conformable to the ideas which he entertained of English liberty, warranted by the practice of all

printers in Great Britain and Ireland for a century past, under every administration; authorized, as he conceives, by the laws of England, and countenanced by the declaration of the late Congress. He declares that his press has been always open and free to all parties, and for the truth of this fact, appeals to his publications, among which are to be reckoned all the pamphlets, and many of the best pieces, that have been written in this and the neighboring Colonies in favor of the American claims. However, having found that the inhabitants of the Colonies were not satisfied with this plan of conduct, a few weeks ago he published in his paper a short apology, in which he assured the public that he would be cautious for the future of giving any further offence. To this declaration he resolves to adhere, and he cannot but hope for the patronage of the public, so long as his conduct shall be found to correspond with it. It is his wish and ambition to be an useful member of society. Although an Englishman by birth, he is an American by choice, and he is desirous of devoting his life, in the business of his profession, to the service of the country he has adopted for his own. He lately employed no less than sixteen workmen, at near one thousand pounds annually; and his consumption of printing paper, the manufacture of Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and the Massachusetts Bay, has amounted to nearly that sum. His extensive foreign correspondence, his large acquaintance in Europe and America and the manner of his education, are circumstances which, he conceives, have not improperly qualified him for the station in which he wishes to continue, and in which he will exert every endeavor to be useful. He therefore humbly submits his case to the honorable gentlemen now assembled in the Continental Congress and begs that their determination may be such as will secure him, especially as it is the only thing that can effectually secure him, in the safety of his person, the enjoyment of his property, and the uninterrupted prosecution of his business.

JAMES RIVINGTON.

May 20, 1775.

A RECKONING WITH ETHAN ALLEN.

[*From Thomas's History of Printing in America.* 1810.]

I WAS sitting alone, after a good dinner, with a bottle of Madeira before me, when I heard an unusual noise in the street and a huzza from the boys. I was in the second story, and, stepping to the window, saw a tall figure in tarnished regimentals, with a large cocked hat and an enormous long sword, followed by a crowd of boys, who occasionally

cheered him with huzzas of which he seemed insensible. He came up to my door and stopped. I could see no more. My heart told me it was Ethan Allen. I shut my window and retired behind my table and my bottle. I was certain the hour of reckoning had come. There was no retreat. Mr. Staples, my clerk, came in paler than ever, and, clasping his hands, said, "Master, he has come!" "I know it." "He entered the store and asked if James Rivington lived there. I answered 'Yes, sir.' 'Is he at home?' 'I will go and see, sir,' I said; and now, master, what is to be done! There he is in the store and the boys peeping at him from the street." I had made up my mind. I looked at the Madeira—possibly took a glass. "Show him up," said I, "and if such Madeira cannot mollify him he must be harder than adamant." There was a fearful moment of suspense. I heard him on the stairs, his long sword clanking at every step. In he stalked. "Is your name James Rivington?" "It is, sir, and no man could be more happy to see Colonel Ethan Allen." "Sir, I have come—" "Not another word, my dear Colonel, until you have taken a seat and a glass of old Madeira." "But, sir, I don't think it proper—" "Not another word, Colonel; taste this wine, I have had it in glass for ten years; old wine, you know, unless it is originally sound, never improves by age." He took the glass, swallowed the wine, smacked his lips and shook his head approvingly. "Sir, I come—" "Not another word until you have taken another glass, and then, my dear Colonel, we will talk of old affairs, and I have some queer events to detail." In short, we finished two bottles of Madeira and parted as good friends as if we had never had cause to be otherwise.

John Witherspoon.

BORN in Yester, near Edinburgh, Scotland, 1722. DIED near Princeton, N. J., 1794.

FROM HIS PARODY ON RIVINGTON'S PETITION.

[*Works of the Rev. John Witherspoon.* 1800.]

The humble representation and earnest supplication of J. R——, printer and bookseller in New York. RESPECTFULLY SHEWETH:

THAT a great part of the British forces has already left this city, and from many symptoms there is reason to suspect that the remainder will speedily follow them. Where they are gone or going, is perhaps known to themselves, perhaps not; certainly, however, it is unknown to us, the loyal inhabitants of the place, and other friends of government

who have taken refuge in it, and who are therefore filled with distress and terror on the unhappy occasion.

That as soon as the evacuation is completed, it is more than probable, the city will be taken possession of by the forces of your high mightinesses, followed by vast crowds of other persons—Whigs by nature and profession—friends to the liberties and foes to the enemies of America. Above all, it will undoubtedly be filled with shoals of Yankees, that is to say, the natives and inhabitants (or as a great lady in this metropolis generally expresses it, the *wretches*) of New England.

That from several circumstances, there is reason to fear that the behavior of the wretches aforesaid may not be altogether gentle to such of the friends of government as shall stay behind. What the governing powers of the state of New York may do also, it is impossible to foretell. Nay, who knows but we may soon see *in propria persona*, as we have often heard of *Hortentius*, the governor of New Jersey, a gentleman remarkable for severely handling those whom he calls traitors, and indeed who has exalted some of them (*quanquam animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit*) to a high, though dependent station, and brought *America under their feet*, in a sense very different from what Lord North meant when he first used that celebrated expression.

That your petitioner in particular, is at the greatest loss what to resolve upon, or how to shape his course. He has no desire at all, either to be roasted in Florida, or frozen to death in Canada or Nova Scotia. Being a great lover of fresh cod, he has had thoughts of trying a settlement in Newfoundland, but recollecting that the New England men have almost all the same appetite, he was obliged to relinquish that project entirely. If he should go to Great Britain, dangers no less formidable present themselves. Having been a bankrupt in London, it is not impossible that he might be accommodated with a lodging in Newgate, and that the ordinary there might oblige him to say his prayers, a practice from which he hath had an insuperable aversion all his life long.

In this dreadful dilemma, he hath at last determined to apply to your high mightinesses, and by this memorial to *lay himself at your feet*, which, he assures you, is the true modish phrase for respectful submission, according to the present etiquette of the court. . . . .

There cannot possibly be any danger to the United States, in suffering me to live. I know many of you think and say, that a tory heart acquires such a degree of sourness and malevolence, in addition to its native stock, and such a habit of treachery by breaking through the most endearing ties of nature, that no good can be expected from it, nor any dependence placed upon it, let pretences or appearances be what they will. I remember also, about seven years ago, a certain person hearing, accidentally, one or two paragraphs read from the writings of an eminent

controversial divine in this country, said, That fellow must be a turncoat; it is impossible that he could have been educated in the profession which he now defends. What is your reason for that opinion, said another gentleman who was present? Because, says he, he discovers a rancor of spirit and rottenness of heart unattainable by any other class of men. But I contend that these remarks relate only to the natives of this country, who like parricides took up arms for her destruction; and to apostates in religion, neither of which, I am certain, can be applied to me. I was born, as is well known, in old England; and as for the accusation of apostasy, I set it at defiance, unless a man can be said to fall off from what he was never on, or to depart from a place which he never saw. . . . .

I beg leave to suggest, that upon being received into favor, I think it would be in my power to serve the United States in several important respects. I believe many of your officers want politeness. They are, like old Cincinnatus, taken from the plough; and therefore must still have a little roughness in their manners and deportment. Now, I myself am the pink of courtesy, a genteel, portly, well-looking fellow as you will see in a summer's day. I understand and possess the *bienséance*, the *manner*, the *grace*, so largely insisted on by Lord Chesterfield; and may without vanity say, I could teach it better than his lordship, who in that article has remarkably failed. I hear with pleasure, that your people are pretty good scholars, and have made particularly very happy advances in the art of swearing, so essentially necessary to a gentleman. Yet I dare say they will themselves confess, that they are still in this respect far inferior to the English army. There is, by all account, a coarseness and sameness in their expression; whereas there is variety, sprightliness and figure in the oaths of gentlemen well educated. Dean Swift says very justly, "a footman may swear, but he cannot swear like a lord." Now we have many lords in the English army, all of whom, when here, were pleased to honor me with their friendship and intimacy; so that I hope my qualifications can hardly be disputed. I have imported many of the most necessary articles for appearance in genteel life. I can give them Lavornitti's soap-balls to wash their brown hands clean, perfumed gloves, paint, powder, and pomatum. I can also furnish the New England men with rings, seals, swords, canes, snuff-boxes, tweezer-cases, and many other such *notions*, to carry home to their wives and mistresses, who will be *nation*-glad to see them. . . . .

Finally, I hope I may be of service to the United States, as a writer, publisher, collector, and maker of news. I mention this with some diffidence; because perhaps you will think I have foreclosed myself from such a claim, by confessing (as above) that my credit as a news-writer is broken by over-stretching. But it is common enough for a man in busi-

ness, when his credit is wholly gone in one place, by shifting his ground, and taking a new departure, to flourish away, and make as great or greater figure than before. How long that splendor will last is another matter, and belongs to an after consideration. I might therefore, though my credit is gone in New York, set up again in the place which is honored with your residence. Besides, I might write those things only or chiefly, which you wish to be disbelieved, and thus render you the most essential service. This would be aiming and arriving at the same point by *manœuvring retrograde*. Once more, as I have been the ostensible printer of other people's lies in New York, what is to hinder me from keeping incog. and inventing or polishing lies to be issued from the press of another printer in Philadelphia? In one or more or all of these ways, I hope to merit you approbation. It would be endless to mention all my devices; and therefore I will only say further, that I can take a truth, and so puff and swell and adorn it, still keeping the proportion of its parts, but enlarging their dimensions, that you could hardly discover where the falsehood lay, in case of a strict investigation.

THE MEANING OF THE REVOLUTION.

[*"On the Controversy about Independence." From the Same.*]

EVERY one knows that when the claims of the British Parliament were openly made, and violently enforced, the most precise and determined resolutions were entered into, and published by every colony, every county, and almost every township or smaller district, that they would not submit to them. This was clearly expressed in the greatest part of them, and ought to be understood as the implied sense of them all, not only that they would not soon or easily, but that they would never on any event, submit to them. For my own part, I confess, I would never have signed these resolves at first, nor taken up arms in consequence of them afterward, if I had not been fully convinced, as I am still, that acquiescence in this usurped power would be followed by the total and absolute ruin of the colonies. They would have been no better than tributary states to a kingdom at a great distance from them. They would have been therefore, as has been the case with all states in a similar situation from the beginning of the world, the servants of servants from generation to generation. For this reason I declare it to have been my meaning, and I know it was the meaning of thousands more, that though we earnestly wished for reconciliation with safety to our liberties, yet we did deliberately prefer, not only the horrors of a civil war, not

only the danger of anarchy, and the uncertainty of a new settlement, but even extermination itself, to slavery riveted on us and our posterity.

The most peaceable means were first used; but no relaxation could be obtained: one arbitrary and oppressive act followed after another; they destroyed the property of a whole capital—subverted to its very foundation the constitution and government of a whole colony, and granted the soldiers a liberty of murdering in all the colonies. I express it thus, because they were not to be called to account for it where it was committed, which everybody must allow was a temporary, and undoubtedly in ninety-nine cases of an hundred must have issued in a total impunity. There is one circumstance, however, in my opinion, much more curious than all the rest. The reader will say, What can this be? It is the following, which I beg may be particularly attended to:—While all this was a doing, the King in his speeches, the Parliament in their acts, and the people of Great Britain in their addresses, never failed to extol their own lenity. I do not infer from this, that the King, Parliament and people of Great Britain are all barbarians and savages—the inference is unnecessary and unjust; but I infer the misery of the people of America, if they must submit in all cases whatsoever, to the decisions of a body of the sons of Adam, so distant from them, and who have an interest in oppressing them. It has been my opinion from the beginning, that we did not carry our reasoning fully home, when we complained of an arbitrary prince, or of the insolence, cruelty and obstinacy of Lord North, Lord Bute, or Lord Mansfield. What we have to fear, and what we have now to grapple with, is the ignorance, prejudice, partiality and injustice of human nature. Neither King nor ministry, could have done, nor durst have attempted what we have seen, if they had not had the nation on their side. The friends of America in England are few in number, and contemptible in influence; nor must I omit, that even of these few, not one, till very lately, ever reasoned the American cause upon its proper principles, or viewed it in its proper light.

Petitions on petitions have been presented to King and Parliament, and an address sent to the people of Great Britain, which have been not merely fruitless, but treated with the highest degree of disdain. The conduct of the British ministry during the whole of this contest, as has been often observed, has been such, as to irritate the whole people of this continent to the highest degree, and unite them together by the firm bond of necessity and common interest. In this respect they have served us in the most essential manner. I am firmly persuaded, that had the wisest heads in America met together to contrive what measures the ministry should follow to strengthen the American opposition and defeat their own designs, they could not have fallen upon a plan so effectual, as that which has been steadily pursued. One instance I cannot help mentioning, because

it was both of more importance, and less to be expected than any other. When a majority of the New York Assembly, to their eternal infamy, attempted to break the union of the colonies, by refusing to approve the proceedings of the Congress, and applying to Parliament by separate petition—because they presumed to make mention of the principal grievance of taxation, it was treated with ineffable contempt. I desire it may be observed, that all those who are called the friends of America in Parliament, pleaded strongly for receiving the New York petition; which plainly showed, that neither the one nor the other understood the state of affairs in America. Had the ministry been prudent, or the opposition successful, we had been ruined; but with what transport did every friend to American liberty hear, that these traitors to the common cause had met with the reception which they deserved.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON MATRIMONY.

["*Letters on Marriage.*" *From the Same.*]

IT is not by far of so much consequence, what are the talents, temper, turn of mind, character, or circumstances of both or either of the parties, as that there be a certain suitableness or correspondence of those of the one to those of the other.

Those essay writers, who have taken human nature and life as their great general subject, have many remarks on the causes of infelicity in the marriage union, as well as many beautiful and striking pictures of what would be just, generous, prudent, and dutiful conduct, or their contraries, in particular circumstances. Great pains have been taken also to point out what ought to be the motives of choice to both parties, if they expect happiness. Without entering into a full detail of what has been said upon this subject, I think the two chief competitors for preference have generally been—good nature and good sense. The advocates for the first say, that as the happiness of married people must arise from a continual interchange of kind offices, and from a number of small circumstances, that occur every hour, a gentle and easy disposition—a temper that is happy in itself—must be the cause of happiness to another. The advocates for good sense say, that the sweetness of good nature is only for the honey-moon; that it will either change its nature, and become sour by long-standing, or become wholly insipid; so that if it do not generate hatred, it will at least incur indifference or contempt; whereas good sense is a sterling quality, which cannot fail to produce and preserve esteem—the true foundation of rational love.

If I may, as I believe most people do, take the prevailing sentiments within the compass of my own reading and conversation, for the general opinion, I think it is in favor of good sense. And if we must determine between these two, and decide which of them is of the most importance when separated from the other, I have very little to say against the public judgment. But in this, as in many other cases, it is only imperfect and general, and often ill understood and falsely applied. There is hardly a more noted saying than that a man of sense will never use a woman ill, which is true or false according to the meaning that is put upon the phrase, using a woman ill. If it be meant, that he will not so probably beat his wife, as a fool; that he will not scold or curse her, or treat her with ill manners before company, or indeed that he will not so probably keep a continual wrangling, either in public or private, I admit that it is true. Good sense is the best security against indecorums of every kind. But if it be meant, that a man will not make his wife in any case truly miserable, I utterly deny it. On the contrary, there are many instances in which men make use of their sense itself, their judgment, penetration, and knowledge of human life, to make their wives more exquisitely unhappy. What shall we say of those, who can sting them with reflections so artfully guarded that it is impossible not to feel them, and yet almost as impossible with propriety to complain of them?

I must also observe, that a high degree of delicacy in sentiment, although this is the prevailing ingredient when men attempt to paint refined felicity in the married state, is one of the most dangerous qualities that can be mentioned. It is like certain medicines that are powerful in their operation, but at the same time require the utmost caution and prudence, as to the time and manner of their being applied.—A man or woman of extreme delicacy is a delightful companion for a visit or a day. But there are many characters which I would greatly prefer in a partner, or a child, or other near relation, in whose permanent happiness I felt myself deeply concerned. I hope nobody will think me so clownish as to exclude sentiment altogether. I have declared my opinion upon this subject, and also my desire that the woman should be the more refined of the two. But I adhere to it, that carrying this matter to an extreme is of the most dangerous consequence. Your high sentimentalists form expectations which it is impossible to gratify. The gallantry of courtship, and the *bienséance* of general conversation in the *beau-monde*, seem to promise what the downright reality of matrimony cannot afford.

I will here relate a case that fell within my observation. A person of noble birth had been some years married to a merchant's daughter of immense fortune, by which his estate had been saved from ruin. Her education had been as good as money could make it, from her infancy: so that she knew every mode of high life as well as he. They were

upon a visit to a family of equal rank, intimately connected with the author of this letter. The manner of the man was distinguished and exemplary. His behavior to his lady was with the most perfect delicacy. He spoke to her as often as to any other, and treated her not only with the same complacency, but with the same decency and reserve, that he did other ladies. To this he added the most tender solicitude about her not taking cold, about her place in the chamber, and her covering when going abroad, etc., etc. After their departure, the whole family they had left, excepting one, were two or three days expatiating on the beauty of his behavior. One lady in particular said at last, "Oh! how happy a married woman have I seen." The single dissenter, who was an elderly woman, then said, "Well; you may be right; but I am of a different opinion, I do not like so perfect and finished a ceremonial between persons who have been married five or six years at least. I observed that he did everything that he ought to have done, and likewise that she received his civilities with much dignity and good manners, but with great gravity. I would rather have seen him less punctual and her more cheerful. If, therefore, that lady is as happy in her heart as you suppose, I am mistaken; that is all. But if I were to make a bet upon it, I would bet as much upon the tradesman and his wife, according to the common description, walking to church, the one three or four yards before the other, and never looking back." What did time discover? That nobleman and his lady parted within two years, and never reunited.

Let me now establish my maxim, that it is not the fine qualities of both or either party that will insure happiness, but that the one be suitable to the other. By their being suitable, is not to be understood their being both of the same turn; but that the defects of the one be supplied or submitted to by some correspondent quality of the other. I think I have seen many instances, in which gravity, severity, and even moroseness in a husband, where there has been virtue at bottom, has been so tempered with meekness, gentleness and compliance in the wife, as has produced real and lasting comfort to both. I have also seen some instances, in which sourness, and want of female softness in a woman, has been so happily compensated by easiness and good humor in a husband, that no appearance of wrangling or hatred was to be seen in a whole life. I have seen multitudes of instances, in which vulgarity, and even liberal freedom, not far from brutality, in a husband, has been borne with perfect patience and serenity by a wife, who, by long custom, had become, as it were, insensible of the impropriety, and yet never inattentive to her own behavior.

Henry Laurens.

BORN in Charleston, S. C., 1724. DIED there, 1792.

A PATRIOT IN THE TOWER.

[*Laurens's Narrative of his Confinement in the Tower of London. Written* 1780–82.]

ABOUT 11 o'clock at night I was sent under a strong guard, up three pair of stairs in Scotland Yard, into a very small chamber. Two king's messengers were placed for the whole night at one door, and a subaltern's guard of soldiers at the other. As I was, and had been for some days, so ill as to be incapable of getting into or out of a carriage, or up or down stairs, without help, I looked upon all this parade to be calculated for intimidation. My spirits were good, and I smiled inwardly. The next morning, 6th October, from Scotland Yard, I was conducted again under guard to the secretary's office, White Hall, where were present Lord Hillsborough, Lord Stormont, Lord George Germain, Mr. Chamberlain, Solicitor of the Treasury, Mr. Knox, Under-Secretary, Mr. Justice Addington, and others. I was first asked, by Lord Stormont, "If my name was Henry Laurens." "Certainly, my Lord, that is my name." Capt. Keppel was asked, "If that was Mr. Laurens?" He answered in the affirmative.

His Lordship then said: "Mr. Laurens, we have a paper here" (holding the paper up), "purporting to be a commission from Congress to you, to borrow money in Europe for the use of Congress. It is signed Samuel Huntingdon, President, and attested by Charles Thomson, Secretary. We have already proved the handwriting of Charles Thomson." I replied: "My Lords, your Lordships are in possession of the paper, and will make such use of it as your Lordships shall judge proper." I had not destroyed this paper, as it would serve to establish the rank and character in which I was employed by the United States. Another question was asked me, which I did not rightly understand. I replied: "My Lords, I am determined to answer no questions, but with the strictest truth; wherefore, I trust, your Lordships will ask me no questions which might ensnare me, and which I cannot with safety and propriety answer." No farther questions were demanded. I was told by Lord Stormont, I was to be committed to the Tower of London on "suspicion of high treason." I asked, "If I had not a right to a copy of the commitment?" Lord Stormont, after a pause, said: "He hesitated on the word right," and the copy was not granted. Mr. Chamberlain then very kindly said to me: "Mr. Laurens, you are to be sent to the Tower of London, not to a prison; you must have no idea of a prison." I bowed thanks to the

gentlemen, and thought of the new hotel, which had been recommended by my friends in Newfoundland. A commitment was made out by Mr. Justice Addington, and a warrant by their Lordships to the Lieutenant of the Tower, to receive and confine me.

From White Hall, I was conducted in a close hackney coach, under the charge of Col. Williamson, a polite, genteel officer, and two of the illest-looking fellows I had ever seen. The coach was ordered to proceed by the most private ways to the Tower. It had been rumored that a rescue would be attempted. At the Tower the Colonel delivered me to Major Gore, the residing Governor, who, as I was afterward well informed, had previously concerted a plan for mortifying me. He ordered rooms for me in the most conspicuous part of the Tower (the parade). The people of the house, particularly the mistress, entreated the Governor not to burthen them with a prisoner. He replied, "It is necessary. I am determined to expose him." This was, however, a lucky determination for me. The people were respectful and kindly attentive to me, from the beginning of my confinement to the end; and I contrived, after being told of the Governor's humane declaration, so to garnish my windows by honeysuckles, and a grape-vine running under them, as to conceal myself entirely from the sight of starers, and at the same time to have myself a full view of them. Governor Gore conducted me to my apartments at a warder's house. As I was entering the house I heard some of the people say: "Poor old gentleman, bowed down with infirmities. He is come to lay his bones here." My reflection was, "I shall not leave a bone with you."

I was very sick, but my spirits were good, and my mind foreboding good from the event of being a prisoner in London. Their Lordships' orders were, "To confine me a close prisoner; to be locked up every night; to be in the custody of two wardens, who were not to suffer me to be out of their sight *one moment*, day or night; to allow me no liberty of speaking to any person, nor to permit any person to speak to me; to deprive me of the use of pen and ink; to suffer no letter to be brought to me, nor any to go from me," etc. As an apology, I presume for their first rigor, the wardens gave me their orders to peruse. . . . . .

And now I found myself a close prisoner, indeed; shut up in two small rooms, which together made about twenty feet square; a warder my constant companion; and a fixed bayonet under my window; not a friend to converse with, and no prospect of a correspondence.

Next morning, 7th October, Gov. Gore came into my room, with a workman, and fixed iron bars to my windows; altogether unnecessary. The various guards were enough to secure my person. It was done, as I was informed, either to shake my mind or to mortify me. It had neither effect. I only thought of Mr. Chamberlain's consolation. I asked Mr.

Gore, "What provision was to be made for my support?" He replied, "He had no directions." I said, "I can very well provide for myself, but I must be allowed means for obtaining money." He gave no answer.

In a word, I discovered I was to pay rent for my little rooms, find my own meat and drink, bedding, coals, candles, etc. This drew from me an observation to the gentleman jailer (the officer who locks up a prisoner every night), who would immediately report it to the Governor: "Whenever I caught a bird in America I found a cage and victuals for it."

What surprised me most was, although the Secretaries of State had seen the ill state of my health and must also have heard of my continuing ill by reports, daily made to them, they never ordered, or caused to be provided for me, any medical assistance. The people around me thought, for a considerable time, my life in imminent danger. I was of a different opinion. When the Governor had retired from his iron bars, neither my servant nor baggage being yet arrived, I asked the warder, "If he could lend me a book for amusement." He gravely asked: "Will your honor be pleased to have 'Drelincourt upon death?'" I quickly turned to his wife, who was passing from making up my bed: "Pray, Madam, can you recommend an honest goldsmith, who will put a new head to my cane; you see this old head is much worn?" "Yes, sir, I can." The people understood me, and nothing more was said of "Drelincourt." . .

The 8th, Governor Gore, hypocritically kind, came and told me I had leave to walk about the Tower (he had received the order from General Vernon); but advised, I would only walk the parade before the door; "if you go farther," said he, "there will be such a rabble after you." I treated his kindness with contempt, and refused to walk. The parade is the very place where he had predetermined to expose me. The order of General Vernon, received by him from the Secretaries of State, was, "that I should be permitted to walk the Tower grounds." Mr. Gore attempted to supersede both. The Governor grew uneasy, and asked the wardens why I had not walked? They answered that I was lame with the gout. Sunday, 12th November, hobbled out; a warder with a sword in his hand, at my back; the warder informed me Governor Gore had ordered that I should walk only on the parade; I returned immediately to my little prison. The 16th, the Governor, more uneasy, jealous and fearful of General Vernon, sent me notice I might walk the broad pavement (115 yards) before the great armory, and within the armory, all arbitrary on his part; but the walk within the building was very agreeable, it would afford sufficient exercise, and viewing the quantity and variety of military stores, etc., etc., was amusing. I visited the place almost every day, till the third December, when going there, Lord George Gordon, [who] was also a prisoner in the Tower, unluckily met, and asked me to walk with him. I declined it, and returned instantly to my apart-

ment. The Governor, being informed of this by one of his spies, although the warder explained and proved to him I was in no respect a transgressor, caught hold of the occasion, and locked me up. I remained thus closely confined by his arbitrary will, forty-seven days; if any, the fault was in Lord George, but the brutal Governor dared not lock him up. . . . .

Sunday, 18th, General Vernon, having been fully informed by a friend in the Tower of the Governor's arbitrary locking me up from the third December, called and very kindly enquired, if I took my walks abroad as usual. I replied in the negative, and candidly explained what had passed between the Governor and myself. He was exceedingly displeased and said aloud—the people below stairs heard him—"I'll take care to give orders that you may walk when you please and where you please!" He gave orders, not to the Governor, but to Mr. Kinghorn, an inferior officer. The 22d February, walked abroad, first time since third December. The Governor very angry, and much mortified, I must expect the effect of his ill nature in some other way; but I despise him. Monday, 26th February, Mr. Oswald having solicited the Secretaries of State for my enlargement upon parole, and offered to pledge "his whole fortune as surety for my good conduct," sent me the following message, in addition to the above by Mr. Kinghorn, the gentleman jailer: "Their Lordships say, if you will point out anything for the benefit of Great Britain, in the present dispute with the Colonies, you shall be enlarged." The first part of the message overwhelmed me with feelings of gratitude, the latter filled me with indignation. I snatched up my pencil, and upon a sudden impulse wrote a note to Mr. Oswald as follows, and sent it by the same Mr. Kinghorn:

"I perceive, my dear friend, from the message you have sent me by Mr. Kinghorn, that if I were a rascal, I might presently get out of the Tower—I am not. You have pledged your word and fortune for my integrity. I will never dishonor you, nor myself. Yes, I could point out, but is this the place? If I had nothing in view but my own interest or convenience, promises and pointings out would be very prompt; but this is not a proper place. I could point out a doctrine, known to every old woman in the kingdom, 'A spoonful of honey will catch more flies, than a ton of vinegar.' What I formerly predicted to you, came to pass. I can foresee, now, what will come to pass, *happen to me what may.* I fear no 'possible consequences.' I must have patience and submit to the will of God, I do not change with the times. My conduct has been consistent, and shall be so." . . . .

The 7th March, Mr. Oswald visited, and was left alone with me. It immediately occurred he had some extraordinary subject from White Hall for conversation, and so it appeared. Mr. Oswald began by saying,

"I converse with you this morning not particularly as your friend, but as a friend to Great Britain." I thanked him for his candor; he proceeded: "I have certain propositions to make for obtaining your liberty, which I advise you should take time to consider. I showed the note you lately sent me to Lord Germain, who was at first very angry. He exclaimed, 'Rascals! rascals!—we want no rascals! Honey! honey!! vinegar! They have had too much honey, and too little vinegar! They shall have less honey and more vinegar for the future!'" I said to Mr. Oswald, I should be glad to taste a little of his lordship's vinegar; his lordship's honey had been very unpleasant; but Mr. Oswald said, "That note was written without a moment's deliberation, intended only for myself, and not for the eye of a minister." Mr. Oswald smiled, and said, "It has done you no harm." I then replied, "I am as ready to give an answer to any proposition which you have to make to me at this moment as I shall be in any given time. An honest man requires no time to give an answer where his honor is concerned. If the Secretaries of State will enlarge me upon parole, as it seems they can enlarge me if they please, I will strictly conform to my engagement to do nothing, directly or indirectly, to the hurt of this kingdom. I will return to America, or remain in any part of England which may be assigned, and render myself, when demanded." Mr. Oswald answered, "No, you must stay in London, among your friends. The ministers will often have occasion to send for, and consult you; but observe, I say all this as from myself, not by particular direction or authority; but I know it will be so. You can write two or three lines to the ministers, and barely say, you are sorry for what is past. A pardon will be granted. Every man has been wrong, at some time or other of his life, and should not be ashamed to acknowledge it." I now understood Mr. Oswald, and could easily perceive my worthy friend was more than half ashamed of his mission. Without hesitation, I replied, "Sir, I will never subscribe to my own infamy, and to the dishonor of my children." Mr. Oswald then talked of long and painful confinement, which I should suffer, and repeated "possible consequences." "Permit me to repeat, Sir," said I, "I am afraid of no consequences but such as would flow from dishonorable acts." Mr. Oswald desired, "I would take time, weigh the matter properly in my mind, and let him hear from me." I concluded by assuring him, "he never would hear from me in terms of compliance; if I could be so base, I was sure I should incur his contempt." Mr. Oswald took leave with such expressions of regard and such a squeeze of the hand, as induced me to believe he was not displeased with my determination. In the course of this conversation, I asked, "Why ministers were so desirous of having me about their persons." Mr. Oswald said, "They thought I had great influence in America." I answered, "I once had

some influence in my own country; but it would be in me the highest degree of arrogance to pretend to have a general influence in America. I know but one man, of whom this can be said; I mean General Washington. I will suppose, for a moment, the General should come over to your ministers. What would be the effect? He would instantly lose all his influence, and be called a rascal." Mr. Duché dreamed that he had an influence even over the General. What was the consequence of his apostasy? Was the course of American proceedings interrupted? By no means. He was execrated, and the Americans went forward. . . . .

September 23d.—For some time past I have been frequently and strongly tempted to make my escape from the Tower, assured, "It was the advice and desire of all my friends, the thing might be easily effected, the face of American affairs was extremely gloomy. That I might have 18 hours start before I was missed; time enough to reach Margate and Ostend; that it was believed there would be no pursuit," etc., etc. I had always said: "I hate the name of a runaway." At length I put a stop to farther applications by saying, "I will not attempt an escape. The gates were opened for me to enter; they shall be opened for me to go out of the Tower. God Almighty sent me here for some purpose. I am determined to see the end of it." Where the project of an escape originated is uncertain; but I am fully convinced it was not the scheme of the person who spoke to me upon the subject. The ruin of that person and family would have been the consequence of my escape, unless there had been some previous assurance of indemnification.

James Otis.

BORN in West Barnstable, Mass., 1725. DIED at Andover, Mass., 1783.

LETTER TO A NOBLE LORD.

[*Considerations on behalf of the Colonists.* 1765.]

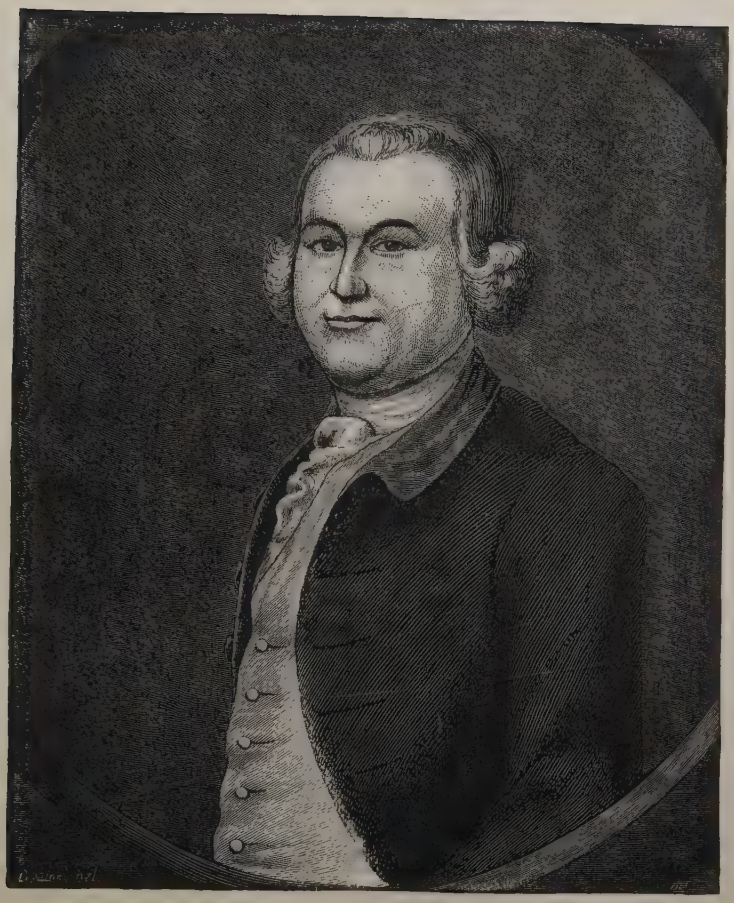
MY LORD,

I HAVE read the *opusculum* of the celebrated Mr. J——s, called "Objections to the Taxation of the Colonies by the Legislature of Great Britain briefly considered." In obedience to your Lordship's commands, I have thrown a few thoughts on paper; all, indeed, that I have patience on this melancholy occasion to collect. The gentleman thinks it "absurd and insolent" to question the expediency and utility of a public measure.

He seems to be an utter enemy to the freedom of inquiry after truth, justice, and equity. He is not only a zealous advocate for pusillanimous and passive obedience, but for the most implicit faith in the dictatorial mandates of power. . . . .

No good reason can, however, be given in any country why every man of a sound mind should not have his vote in the election of a representative. If a man has but little property to protect and defend, yet his life and liberty are things of some importance. Mr. J——s argues only from the vile abuses of power, to the continuance and increase of such abuses. This, it must be confessed, is the common logic of modern politicians and vote-sellers. To what purpose is it to ring everlasting changes to the colonists on the cases of Manchester, Birmingham, and Sheffield, which return no members? If those, now so considerable, places are not represented, they ought to be. Besides, the counties in which those respectable abodes of tinkers, tinmen, and pedlers lie, return members; so do all the neighboring cities and boroughs. In the choice of the former, if they have no vote, they must naturally and necessarily have a great influence. I believe every gentleman of a landed estate near a flourishing manufactory will be careful enough of its interests. Though the great India company, as such, returns no members, yet many of the company are returned, and their interests have been ever very carefully attended to. . . . .

Should the British empire one day be extended round the whole world, would it be reasonable that all mankind should have their concerns managed by the electors of Old Sarum and the "occupants of the Cornish barns and alehouses" we sometimes read of? We, who are in the colonies, are by common law, and by act of parliament, declared entitled to all the privileges of the subjects within the realm. Yet we are heavily taxed, without being, in fact, represented. In all trials here relating to the revenue, the admiralty courts have jurisdiction given them, and the subject may, at the pleasure of the informer, be deprived of a trial by his peers. To do as one would be done by is a divine rule. Remember, Britons, when you shall be taxed without your consent, and tried without a jury, and have an army quartered in private families, you will have little to hope or to fear! But I must not lose sight of any man who sagaciously asks "if the colonists are Englishmen when they solicit protection, but not Englishmen when taxes are required to enable this country to protect them?" I ask, in my turn: When did the colonies solicit protection? They have had no occasion to solicit for protection since the happy accession of our gracious sovereign's illustrious family to the British diadem. His majesty, the father of all his people, protects all his loyal subjects, of every complexion and language, without any particular solicitation. But before the ever-memorable Revolution, the



J. Otis.

northern colonists were so far from receiving protection from Britain that everything was done, from the throne to the footstool, to cramp, betray, and ruin them; yet against the combined power of France, Indian savages, and the corrupt administration of those times, they carried on their settlements, and under a mild government, for these eighty years past, have made them the wonder and envy of the world. . . . .

But Mr. J——s will scribble about "*our American colonies.*" Whose colonies can the creature mean? The ministers' colonies? No, surely. Whose then; his own? I never heard he had any colonies. *Nec gladio, nec arcu, nec astu vicerunt.* He must mean his majesty's American colonies. His majesty's colonies they are, and I hope and trust ever will be, and that the true native inhabitants, as they ever have been, will continue to be his majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects. Every garretteer, from the environs of Grub street to the purlieus of St. James's, has lately talked of *his* and *my* and *our* colonies, and of the *rascally colonists*, and of *yoking* and *curbing* the *cattle*, as they are by some politely called, at "this present now and very nascent crisis." I cannot see why the American peasants may not with as much propriety speak of their cities of London and Westminster, of their Isles of Britain, Ireland, Jersey, Guernsey, Sark, and the Orcades, and of the "rivulets and runlets thereof," and consider them all but as appendages to their sheep-cots and goose-pens. But land is land, and men should be men. The property of the farmer, God hath given to the possessor. These are either *sui juris*, or slaves and vassals; there neither is nor can be any medium. . . . .

The national debt is confessed on all hands to be a terrible evil, and may, in time, ruin the state. But it should be remembered that the colonists never occasioned its increase, nor ever reaped any of the sweet fruits of involving the finest kingdom in the world in the sad calamity of an enormous, overgrown mortgage, to state and stockjobbers. No places, nor pensions, of thousands and tens of thousands sterling have been laid out to purchase the votes and influence of the colonists. They have gone on with their settlements in spite of the most horrid difficulties and dangers; they have ever supported, to the utmost of their ability, his majesty's provincial government over them; and, I believe, are to a man, and ever will be, ready to make grants for so valuable a purpose. But we cannot see the equity of our being obliged to pay off a score that has been much enhanced by bribes and pensions to keep those to their duty who ought to have been bound by honor and conscience. We have ever been from principle attached to his majesty and his illustrious house. We never asked any pay; the heartfelt satisfaction of having served our King and country has been always enough for us. I cannot see why it would not be well enough to go a-nabob-hunting on this occasion. Why should not the great Mogul be obliged to contribute toward, if not to

pay, the national debt, as some have proposed? He is a pagan, an East Indian, and of a dark complexion, which are full as good reasons for laying him under contribution as any I have found abroad in the pamphlets and coffee-house conferences for taxing the colonists. . . . .

The gentleman has made himself quite merry with the modest proposal some have made, though I find it generally much disliked in the colonies, and thought impracticable, namely, an American representation in parliament. But, if he is now sober, I would humbly ask him if there be, really and naturally, any greater absurdity in this plan than in a Welsh and Scotch representation? I would by no means, at any time, be understood to intend by an American representation the return of half a score ignorant, worthless, persons, who, like some colony agents, might be induced to sell their country and their God for a golden calf. An American representation, in my sense of the terms, and as I ever used them, implies a thorough beneficial union of these colonies to the realm, or mother country, so that all the parts of the empire may be compacted and consolidated, and the constitution flourish with new vigor, and the national strength, power, and importance shine with far greater splendor than ever yet hath been seen by the sons of men. An American representation implies every real advantage to the subject abroad as well as at home. . . . .

It may perhaps sound strangely to some, but it is in my most humble opinion as good law, and as good sense too, to affirm that all the plebeians of Great Britain are in fact, or virtually, represented in the assembly of the Tuskaroras as that all the colonists are in fact or virtually represented in the honorable House of Commons of Great Britain, separately considered as one branch of the supreme and universal legislature of the whole empire. These considerations, I hope, will in due time have weight enough to induce your Lordship to use your great influence for the repeal of the Stamp Act.

Ezra Stiles.

Born in North Haven, Conn., 1727. Died at New Haven, Conn., 1795.

THE FRUITS OF THE CONTEST.

[*Sermon: The United States Elevated to Glory and Honour.* 1783.]

THIS war has decided, not by the *jus maritimum* of Rhodes, Oleron, or Britain, but on the principles of commercial utility and public

right, that the navigation of the Atlantic Ocean shall be free: and so probably will be that of all the oceans of the terraqueous globe. All the European powers will henceforth, from national and commercial interests, naturally become an united and combined guaranty for the free navigation of the Atlantic and free commerce with America. Interest will establish a free access for all nations to our shores, and for us to all nations. The armed neutrality will disarm even war itself of hostilities against trade; will form a new chapter in the laws of nations, and preserve a free commerce among powers at war. Fighting armies will decide the fate of empires by the sword without interrupting the civil, social, and commercial intercourse of subjects. The want of anything to take will prove a natural abolition of privateering when the property shall be covered with neutral protection. Even the navies will, within a century, become useless. A generous and truly liberal system of national connection, in the spirit of the plan conceived and nearly executed by the great Henry IV., of France, will almost annihilate war itself.

We shall have a communication with all nations in commerce, manners, and science, beyond anything heretofore known in the world. Manufacturers and artisans, and men of every description may, perhaps, come and settle among us. They will be few indeed in comparison with the annual thousands of our natural increase, and will be incorporated with the prevailing hereditary complexion of the first settlers. We shall not be assimilated to them, but they to us; especially in the second and third generations. This fermentation and communion of nations will doubtless produce something very new, singular, and glorious. Upon the conquest of Alexander the Great, statuary, painting, architecture, philosophy, and the other fine arts were transplanted in perfection from Athens to Tarsus, from Greece to Syria, where they immediately flourished in even greater perfection than in the parent state. Not in Greece herself are there to be found specimens of a sublimer or more magnificent architecture, even in the Grecian style, than in the ruins of Baalbec and Palmyra. So all the arts may be transplanted from Europe and Asia, and flourish in America with an augmented lustre; not to mention the augment of the sciences from American inventions and discoveries, of which there have been as capital ones here, the last half century, as in all Europe.

The rough, sonorous diction of the English language may here take its Athenian polish, and receive its Attic urbanity; as it will probably become the vernacular tongue of more numerous millions than ever yet spake one language on earth. It may continue for ages to be the prevailing and general language of North America. The intercommunion of the United States with all the world in travels, trade, and politics, and the infusion of letters into our infancy, will probably preserve us

from the provincial dialects risen into inexterminable habit before the invention of printing. The Greek never became the language of the Alexandrine, nor the Turkish of the Ottoman conquests, nor yet the Latin that of the Roman empire. The Saracenic conquests have already lost the pure and elegant Arabic of the Koreish tribe, or the family of Ishmael, in the corrupted dialects of Egypt, Syria, Persia, and Hindostan. Different from these, the English language will grow up with the present American population into great purity and elegance, unmutilated by the foreign dialects of foreign conquests.

ANECDOTES OF THE THREE JUDGES.

[*History of Three of the Judges of King Charles I.* 1794.]

AMONG the traditionary anecdotes and stories concerning the events which took place at and about the time the pursuers were at New Haven, are the following:

1. The day they were expected, the Judges walked out toward the neck-bridge, the road the pursuers must enter the town. At some distance, the Sheriff or Marshal, who then was Mr. Kimberly, overtook them with a warrant to apprehend them, and endeavored to take them. But the Judges stood upon their defence, and placing themselves behind a tree, and being expert at fencing, defended themselves with their cudgels, and repelled the officer; who went back to town to command help, and returned with aid, but found the Judges had escaped, having absconded into the woods with which the town was then surrounded.

2. That immediately after this, on the same day, the Judges hid themselves under the bridge, one mile from town, and lay there concealed under the bridge while the pursuivants rode over it and passed into town; and that the Judges returned that night into town, and lodged at Mr. Jones's. All this, tradition says, was a preconcerted and contrived business, to show that the magistrates at New Haven had used their endeavors to apprehend them before the arrival of the pursuers.

3. That on a time when the pursuers were searching the town, the Judges, when shifting their situations, happened, by accident or design, at the house of a Mrs. Eyers, a respectable and comely lady; she, seeing the pursuivants coming, ushered her guests out at the back door, who, walking out a little ways, instantly returned to the house, and were hid and concealed by her in her apartments. The pursuers coming in, inquired whether the regicides were at her house? She answered, they had been there, but were just gone away, and pointed out the way they went into

the fields and woods, and by her artful and polite address she diverted them, put them upon a false scent, and secured her friends. It is rather probable that this happened the next day after their coming to town; and that they then left the town, having shown themselves not to be concealed in Mr. Davenport's, and went into the woods to the mill, two miles off, whither they had retired on the 11th of May. . . . .

5. About the time the pursuers came to New Haven, and perhaps a little before, and to prepare the minds of the people for their reception, the Reverend Mr. Davenport preached publicly from this text (Isa. xvi. 3, 4,): "Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noonday; hide the outcasts, bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee; Moab, be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler."

This doubtless had its effect, and put the whole town upon their guard, and united them in caution and concealment. . . . .

6. To show the dexterity of the Judges at fencing, this story is told: That while at Boston, there appeared a gallant person there, some say a fencing-master, who, on a stage erected for the purpose, walked it for several days, challenging and defying any to play with him at swords. At length one of the Judges, disguised in a rustic dress, holding in one hand a cheese wrapped in a napkin, for a shield, with a broomstick whose mop he had besmeared with dirty puddle water as he passed along: thus equipped, he mounted the stage. The fencing-master railed at him for his impudence, asked what business he had there, and bid him be gone. The Judge stood his ground—upon which the gladiator made a pass at him with his sword, to drive him off—a rencounter ensued—the Judge received the sword into the cheese, and held it till he drew the mop of the broom over his mouth, and gave the gentleman a pair of whiskers.—The gentleman made another pass, and plunging his sword a second time, it was caught and held in the cheese till the broom was drawn over his eyes.—At a third lunge, the sword was caught again, till the mop of the broom was rubbed gently all over his face.—Upon this, the gentleman let fall, or laid aside his small sword, and took up the broad-sword, and came at him with that.—Upon which the Judge said, Stop, sir, hitherto you see I have only played with you, and not attempted to hurt you; but if you come at me now with the broad-sword, know that I will certainly take your life. The firmness and determinateness with which he spake struck the gentleman, who desisting, exclaimed, Who can you be? You are either Goffe, Whalley, or the Devil, for there was no other man in England that could beat me. And so the disguised Judge retired into obscurity, leaving the spectators to enjoy the diversion of the scene and the vanquishment of the boasting champion. Hence it is proverbial in some parts of New England, in speaking of a champion

at athletic and other exercises, to say that none can beat him but Goffe, Whalley, or the Devil.

I say nothing on a few variations in narrating this story—as that some say that the scene was at New York, where the fencer staked and offered a hat-crown full of silver to the man that should beat him. The place certainly was Boston, if anywhere, for they never were out of New England; and that the fencer discerned and recognized his master in the art of fencing, and desisted instantly, saying, You are my master, Colonel Goffe, who taught me fencing.—You, sir, and no other man can beat me. . . . .

To return: after lodging two nights at Hatchet Harbor, they went to the Cave. From Sperry's they ascended the west side of Providence Hill to this Cave. But why this Cave should be spoken of as being in "the side of the hill," I cannot conceive, unless it might so appear to the Judges, for the Cave is high up the hill, even on the very summit; although, being enveloped in woods, they might not, especially at first, consider it as on the summit; it is, however, on the very top of the West Rock, and about half or three-quarters of a mile from the southern extremity. This Cave, then, I shall consider as their first station or harbor, as they called all their residences Lodges, Harbors, or Ebenezers, without accounting their short lodgments of two nights each at the Mill and at Hatchet Harbor. In 1785 I visited aged Mr. Joseph Sperry, then living, aged seventy-six, a grandson of the first Richard, a son of Daniel Sperry, who died 1751, aged eighty-six, from whom Joseph received the whole family tradition. Daniel was the sixth son of Richard, and built a house at the south end of Sperry's farm, in which Joseph now lives, not half a mile west from the cave, which Joseph showed me. There is a notch in the mountain against Joseph's house, through which I ascended along a very steep acclivity up to the Cave. From the south end of the mountain, for three or four miles northward, there is no possible ascent or descent on the west side, but at this notch, so steep is the precipice of the rock. I found the Cave to be formed on a base of perhaps forty feet square, by an irregular clump or pile of rocks, or huge, broad pillars of stone, fifteen and twenty feet high, standing erect and elevated above the surrounding superficies of the mountain, and enveloped with trees and forest. These rocks coalescing or contiguous at top, furnished hollows or vacuities below, big enough to contain bedding and two or three persons. The apertures being closed with boughs of trees or otherwise, there might be found a well-covered and convenient lodgment. Here, Mr. Sperry told me, was the first lodgment of the Judges, and it has ever since gone and been known by the name of the Judges' Cave to this day. Goffe's Journal says, they entered this Cave the 15th of May, and continued in it till the 11th of June following.—Richard Sperry daily supplied them with

victuals from his house, about a mile off, sometimes carrying it himself, at other times sending it by one of his boys, tied up in a cloth, ordering him to lay it on a certain stump and leave it; and when the boy went for it at night he always found the basins emptied of the provisions, and brought them home. The boy wondered at it, and used to ask his father the design of it, and he saw nobody. His father only told him there was somebody at work in the woods that wanted it. The sons always remembered it, and often told it to persons now living,—and to Mr. Joseph Sperry particularly. They continued here till 11th of June. Mr. Joseph Sperry told me that the incident which broke them up from this cave was this, that this mountain being a haunt for wild animals, one night as the Judges lay in bed, a panther or catamount, putting his head into the door or aperture of the Cave, blazed his eyeballs in such a hideous manner upon them as greatly frightened them. One of them was so terrified by this grim and ferocious monster, her eyes and her squawling, that he took to his heels and fled down the mountain to Sperry's house for safety. They thereupon considered this situation too dangerous, and quitted it. All the Sperry families have this tradition.

Mr. Joseph Sperry also told me another anecdote.—That one day, the judges being at Mr. Richard Sperry's house, some persons appeared riding up toward the house through a causey over the meadows, so that they could be seen fifty or sixty rods off; who, by their apparel, and particularly their red coats, were by the family immediately taken to be, not our own people, but enemies. They were the English pursuivants, unexpectedly returned from New York, or Manhados. Upon which the guests absconded into the woods of the adjoining hill, and concealed themselves behind Savin Rock, twenty rods west of Sperry's house. When the pursuivants came to the house and inquired of the family for the two regicides, they said they knew not where they were; they had transiently been there, but had gone into the woods.

Mercy Warren.

Born in Barnstable, Mass., 1728. **Died** at Plymouth, Mass., 1814.

WOMAN'S TRIFLING NEEDS.

[*Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous.* 1790.]

AN inventory clear
Of all she needs Lamira offers here;

Nor does she fear a rigid Cato's frown
When she lays by the rich embroidered gown,
And modestly compounds for just enough—
Perhaps, some dozens of more flighty stuff;
With lawns and lustrings, blond, and Mechlin laces,
Fringes and jewels, fans and tweezer-cases;
Gay cloaks, and hats of every shape and size,
Scarfs, cardinals, and ribbons of all dyes;
With ruffles stamped, and aprons of tambour,
Tippets and handkerchiefs, at least three score;
With finest muslins that fair India boasts,
And the choice herbage from Chinesan coasts;
(But while the fragrant hyson leaf regales,
Who'll wear the homespun produce of the vales?
For if 'twould save the nation from the curse
Of standing troops; or—name a plague still worse—
Few can this choice, delicious draught give up,
Though all Medea's poisons fill the cup.)
Add feathers, furs, rich satins, and ducapes,
And head-dresses in pyramidial shapes;
Sideboards of plate and porcelain profuse,
With fifty dittos that the ladies use;
If my poor treach'rous memory has missed,
Ingenious T——l shall complete the list.
So weak Lamira, and her wants so few,
Who can refuse?—they're but the sex's due.
  In youth, indeed, an antiquated page
Taught us the threatenings of an Hebrew sage
'Gainst wimples, mantles, curls, and crisping-pins;
But rank not these among our modern sins;
For when our manners are well understood,
What in the scale is stomacher or hood?
  'Tis true, we love the courtly mien and air,
The pride of dress and all the debonair;
Yet Clara quits the more dressed negligee,
And substitutes the careless Polanee;
Until some fair one from Britannia's court,
Some jaunty dress or newer taste import;
This sweet temptation could not be withstood,
Though for the purchase paid her father's blood.

. . . . . .

Can the stern patriot Clara's suit deny?
'Tis Beauty asks, and Reason must comply.

Mercy Warren

THE DEATH OF PARSON CALDWELL'S WIFE.

[*History of the American Revolution.* 1805.]

THE outrage of innocence in instances too numerous to be recorded, of the wanton barbarity of the soldiers of the King of England, as they patrolled the defenceless villages of America, was evinced nowhere more remarkably than in the burnings and massacres that marked the footsteps of the British troops as they from time to time ravaged the State of New Jersey.

In their late excursion they had trod their deleterious path through a part of the country called the Connecticut Farms. It is needless to particularize many instances of their wanton rage and unprovoked devastation in and near Elizabethtown. The places dedicated to public worship did not escape their fury; these were destroyed more from licentious folly than any religious frenzy or bigotry, to which their nation had at times been liable. Yet through the barbarous transactions of this summer nothing excited more general resentment and compassion than the murder of the amiable and virtuous wife of a Presbyterian clergyman, attended with too many circumstances of grief on the one side and barbarism on the other to pass over in silence.

This lady was sitting in her own house with her little domestic circle around her and her infant in her arms, unapprehensive of danger, shrouded by the consciousness of her own innocence and virtue, when a British barbarian pointed his musket into the window of her room, and instantly shot her through the lungs. A hole was dug, the body thrown in, and the house of this excellent lady set on fire and consumed with all the property it contained.

Mr. Caldwell, her affectionate husband, was absent; nothing had ever been alleged against his character, even by his enemies, but his zeal for the rights, and his attachment to his native land. For this he had been persecuted, and for this he was robbed of all that he held dear in life, by the bloody hands of men in whose benevolence and politeness he had had much confidence until the fated day when this mistaken opinion led him to leave his beloved family, fearless of danger and certain of their security, from their innocence, virtue, and unoffending amiability.

Mr. Caldwell afterward published the proofs of this cruel affair, attested on oath before magistrates by sundry persons who were in the house with Mrs. Caldwell and saw her fall back and expire immediately after the report of the gun. "This was," as observed by Mr. Caldwell, "a violation of every tender feeling; without provocation, deliberately committed in open day; nor was it ever frowned on by the commander." The catastrophe of this unhappy family was completed

within two years by the murder of Mr. Caldwell himself by some ruffian hands.

His conscious integrity of heart had never suffered him to apprehend any personal danger, and the melancholy that pervaded all on the tragical death of his lady, who was distinguished for the excellence and respectability of her character, wrought up the resentment of that part of the country to so high a pitch that the most timid were aroused to deeds of desperate heroism. They were ready to swear, like Hannibal against the Romans, and to bind their sons to the oath of everlasting enmity to the name of Britain.

JOHN ADAMS'S MONARCHICAL IDEAS.

[*Correspondence of John Adams and Mercy Warren.* 1878.]

SIR:—, ... You complain that I have asserted that a partiality for monarchy appeared in your conduct. This fact you deny, and entreat me to bring forward the evidences which I suppose will warrant the assertion. The assertion was not founded on vague rumor, nor was it the result of any scattered and dubious expressions through your Defence of the American Constitutions that might warrant such a suspicion, but from my own judgment and observation soon after your return from Europe in the year 1788. There certainly was then an observable alteration in your whole deportment and conversation. Many of your best friends saw, felt, and regretted it. If time has not weakened your memory you will recollect many instances of yourself. I will remind you of a few. Do you not remember an interview at Cambridge soon after your return from England, when his lady and myself met you walking up to Mr. Gerry's? We stopped the carriage, and informed you that Mrs. Gerry and myself were engaged to take tea with Madam Winthrop. You returned and took tea with us at the house of that excellent lady. You will remember that Mr. Gerry's carriage was sent for me in the edge of the evening. You took a seat with me, and returned to Mr. Gerry's. Do you not recollect, sir, that in the course of conversation on the way you replied thus to something that I had observed?—"It does not signify, Mrs. Warren, to talk much of the virtue of Americans. We are like all other people, and shall do like other nations, where all well-regulated governments are monarchic." I well remember my own reply, "That a limited monarchy might be the best government, but that it would be long before Americans would be reconciled to the idea of a king." Do you not recollect that, a very short time after this, Mr. Warren and myself made you a visit at Braintree? The previous con-

versation, in the evening, I do not so distinctly remember; but in the morning, at breakfast at your own table, the conversation on the subject of monarchy was resumed. Your ideas appeared to be favorable to monarchy, and to an order of nobility in your own country. Mr. Warren replied, "I am thankful that I am a plebeian." You answered: "No, sir, you are one of the nobles. There has been a national aristocracy here ever since the country was settled,—your family at Plymouth, Mrs. Warren's at Barnstable, and many others in very many places that have kept up a distinction similar to nobility." This conversation subsided by a little mirth. Do you not remember that, after breakfast, you and Mr. Warren stood up by the window, and conversed on the situation of the country, on the Southern States, and some principal characters there? You, with a degree of passion, exclaimed, "They must have a master;" and added, by a stamp with your foot, "By God, they shall have a master." In the course of the same evening you observed that you "wished to see a monarchy in this country and an hereditary one too." To this you say I replied as quick as lightning, "And so do I too." If I did, which I do not remember, it must have been with some additional stroke which rendered it a sarcasm. You added with a considerable degree of emotion that you hated frequent elections, that they were the ruin of the morals of the people, that when a youth you had seen more iniquity practised at a town meeting for the purpose of electing officers, than you had ever seen in any of the courts in Europe.

These conversations were not disseminated by me,—we were too much hurt by the apparent change of sentiment and manner; they were concealed in our own bosoms until time should develop the result of such a change in such a man. Is not the above sufficient to warrant everything that I have said relative to your monarchic opinions? Had you recollected the conversations alluded to above, you would not have asserted on your faith and honor that every sentiment in a paragraph you refer to is "totally unfounded." On your return from Europe it was generally thought that you looked coldly on your Republican friends and their families, and that you united yourself with the party in Congress who were favorers of monarchy; that the old Tories, denominating themselves Federalists, gathered round you. And did not your administration while in the presidential chair evince that you had no aversion to the usages of monarchic governments? Sedition, stamp, and alien laws, a standing army, house and land taxes, and loans of money at an enormous interest, were alarming symptoms in the American Republic. Your removal from the chair by the free suffrages of a majority of the people of the United States sufficiently evinces that I was not mistaken when I asserted that "a large portion" of the inhabitants of America from New Hampshire to Georgia viewed your political opinions in the same point

of light in which I have exhibited them, and considered their liberties in imminent danger, without an immediate change of the Chief Magistrate. However, I never supposed that you had a wish to submit again to the monarchy of Great Britain, or to become subjugated to any foreign sovereign. An American monarchy with an American character at its head would, doubtless, have been more pleasing to yourself. The veracity of an historian is his strongest base; and I am sure I have recorded nothing but what I thought I had the highest reason to believe. If I have been mistaken I shall be forgiven; and, if there are errors, they will be candidly viewed by liberal-minded and generous readers.

PLYMOUTH, MASS., 28 *July*, 1807.

Joseph Galloway.

BORN in Maryland, about 1730. DIED in England, 1803.

THE COMMERCIAL ARGUMENT AGAINST SEPARATION.

[*Cool Thoughts on the Consequences to Great Britain of American Independence.* 1780.]

WHEN America shall have a separate and distinct interest of her own to pursue, her views will be enlarged, her policy will be exerted to her own benefit, and her interest, instead of being united with, will become not only different from but opposite to that of Great Britain. She will readily perceive that manufactures are the great foundation of commerce, that commerce is the great means of acquiring wealth, and that wealth is necessary to her own safety. With these interesting prospects before her, it is impossible to conceive that she will not exert her capacity to promote manufactures and commerce. She will see it to be clearly her interest, not only to manufacture for herself but others. Laws will be made granting bounties to encourage it, and duties will be laid to discourage or prohibit foreign importations. By these measures her manufactures will increase, her commerce will be extended, and, feeling the benefits of them as they rise, her industry will be exerted until she not only shall supply her own wants, but those of Great Britain itself with all the manufactures made with her own materials. Nor will this reasoning appear to be merely conjectural to those who will consider the roving and fluctuating nature of commerce. If we look into history, we shall there see her at different periods in the possession of the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Venetians. Germany and France lately enjoyed her, and supplied Great Britain with their manufactures. Great Britain at present folds her in its arms.

But the length of time which Great Britain shall sustain her importance among commercial nations entirely depends on the wisdom of the present measures. If she should give up her dominion over America, her commerce in a little time must perish; should she retain America, nothing can deprive her of it. For, although, should the ties of interest and policy be once severed by the violence of war, passion and resentment, which nothing but great length of time can efface, will succeed; and alliances with other nations, to the detriment of Great Britain, in the mean time will be made: yet should she again be united with us in the same common interest and policy, the task will not be difficult to induce her to pursue what is most profitable to herself, the cultivation of the earth, and the raising raw materials for the manufactures of Great Britain for ages to come. She will attend to and pursue that business, which, under this circumstance, will most naturally and profitably contribute to the common interest of both countries. She will find that she can raise raw materials and dispose of them to Great Britain for greater profits than she can manufacture them, and receive in return all the necessaries and luxuries of life cheaper than she can procure them from other nations. Here her true interest will coincide with and strengthen her political attachments, provided those attachments are formed and maintained on a broad, liberal, and just foundation; I mean, when the same measure of power shall be exercised over her people, and the same enjoyment of privileges shall be granted to them, as are exercised over and enjoyed by the subjects in Great Britain; for it does not require much knowledge of the principles upon which all societies are founded, and of the dispositions of men, to see that nothing short of this policy can shut the door of jealousies, discontents, and separation between the subjects of the same state.

BRITISH MISMANAGEMENT IN AMERICA.

[*Plain Truth; or a Letter to the Author of Dispassionate Thoughts on the American War.* 1780.]

THAT country, I affirm, and from the most perfect knowledge of the disposition of the people I am ready to prove by the most satisfactory testimony, contains a vast body of subjects faithful to the Crown; and that five out of six of its whole inhabitants sincerely wish for a perfect union in polity with this country, from a thorough conviction that their future interest and happiness depend entirely upon it. I will go farther, in affirming from my certain knowledge, that tens of thousands

are at this moment willing and desirous to assist Government in suppressing the rebellion and uniting with Great Britain against the power of the House of Bourbon. But, sir, that war has been hitherto conducted from the beginning by persons to whom the executive management of it has been given, on policy totally reverse to all the dictates of common sense.

When a general enters into an extensive country of numerous inhabitants, the first thing pointed out by common sense as necessary to his success is to know if the people are divided in opinions, if they are formed into parties, and if any of those parties are either disposed or can be persuaded to assist him; and, if any of them are friends to the measure he has undertaken, cordially to encourage, and with confidence to employ them. Now, it is known to every man who has endeavored to make himself acquainted with the true state of the Middle and Southern Colonies, that ever since the declaration of Independence there have been two determined parties formed in that country; one, by far the majority of the people, zealously attached to their Sovereign and the British Government. And yet it is also known to every man in America and to every American who is now in Britain and lately come from America, that until within a few months all the tenders of service, all the numerous offers of assistance from the Loyalists, have been rejected by our generals. That while the Congress left no severity unessayed to suppress their exertions in favor of Government, the British commanders, coadjutors of the Congress in the measure, treated them—and among them some men of the first weight and influence in America—with ineffable disregard and contempt. Thus was the spirit of loyalty and affection to their Sovereign: thus was the most laudable of all principles ground, as it were, between the upper and nether millstone. And yet, like the faith of the three holy children when thrown into the furnace, their loyalty has sustained the fiery trial, and remains inviolate to this moment.

Another instance of the folly and misconduct in the management of the American war was equally criminal with the one I have mentioned, and one of the causes of our want of success. I have ever thought that when a general marches out against his enemy it is with design to meet him, and if superior to him in force to give him battle; and if successful in battle, after defeat to pursue, in order to take or disperse his force; because every man of reflection knows that after the collected force of an enemy in a country without garrisons, as is the case generally in America, is once reduced, the country itself is conquered. This policy is so obvious, so consistent with military duty and the practice of great commanders, that it is difficult to account for a neglect of it. And yet we have seen our generals at the head of a force which has been six times

greater than that of the enemy they had to oppose, either sleeping or rioting in their quarters; or indolently following, or shamefully retreating before, and often besieged in their garrisons by, that enemy. . . . .

The British, like the Roman Colonies, have been, in a manner, lost by the erroneous polity in their settlement, and afterward by the inattention of the State to a reformation of that polity. Neither of them were settled upon those principles which reason and a small share of political knowledge clearly pointed out. The principles of their establishment were totally different from those of the Parent State, and consequently tended to break, in time, the uniformity of the State. Rome, though a free government, gave her colonies too little liberty and governed them for a time by her absolute power. Great Britain, though a mixed government, wisely and excellently composed out of the materials of the three simple forms, gave to her colonies too much liberty; by far more than accorded with her own established polity, and even more than consisted with true civil liberty itself. Her inferior colonial societies were either formed into principalities with little more than a shadow of dependence or subordination, or they were perfect democracies, in a manner independent. Thus Rome and Britain wandered from true wisdom and policy in the settlement of their acquired territories, in different and opposite extremes; extremes which naturally produced the same effects—the revolt of their colonies.

But had Rome settled her vacant territory with citizens, and not colonists; had she governed them by the same principles of polity, and given to them the same proportion of civil liberty, which governed and was enjoyed by the citizen at Rome, the cause of their revolt could never have happened, nor the revolt itself have taken place. And had Britain, in like manner, in the settlement of her colonies established their inferior governments on the same principles of mixed polity by which the people in Britain were ruled; and had she incorporated and united them with her legislature on the same principle upon which the people of Britain were united, they would not have thought of revolting without some violent acts of oppression to incite them to it. The seeds of disaffection sowed in the heterogeneous principles of polity, which are to be found in their colonial systems, could not have existed; because, as their general laws would in that case have flowed from the same fountain, and their particular codes would have been derived from polity of the same nature with that which governed the people of Britain, their political habits, manners, and attachments would have been the same. Those political bands, that cement of national union and harmony, founded in one legislative authority, and arising from the same laws, habits, customs, and manners, which ever did and ever will bind together the members of all societies, would have bound the subject in America as firmly to the State

as the subject in Britain. Educated in the same political and national creed, Britons and Americans would have possessed the same faith. They would have heard with the same ear, seen with the same eye, and judged with the same understanding. Their national pride and honor would have been one, and their respect and affections would have been invariably directed to the same supreme head, from whence they equally derived all their protection and happiness. All principle of revolt would have been excluded, and the State would have possessed the same political security for the obedience, fidelity, and attachment of the people in America which it has for those in Scotland, Wales, or any shire in the kingdom.

Thomas Jones.

BORN in Fort Neck, Queens County, New York, 1731. DIED at Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire, England, 1792.

HOW PRESIDENT MYLES COOPER RAN AWAY.

[*History of New York. First published from the MS., edited by E. F. de Lancey*, 1879.]

IN August, 1775, a mob, or rather a select party of Republicans, of which John Smith and Joshua Hett Smith were the two most forward, collected together in the evening at a public-house, and after swallowing a proper dose of Madeira, set off about midnight with a full design of seizing the Rev. Dr. Cooper, then President of Kings College, in his bed, of shaving his head, cutting off his ears, slitting his nose, stripping him naked, and turning him adrift (as the expression was). Luckily for the President, a student, who had been out that night, in returning to his chambers overtook these bravos on their way, and overhearing their conversation, instantly took to his heels, and by turning through alleys and taking a nearer course than the assassins, he arrived at the President's room just time enough to give him information of his danger. Rising from his bed, and huddling on some of his clothes, he jumped out of a back window, a few minutes before the rascals entered the front door of the college. Having luckily escaped the intended violence, he took refuge in the house of a friend, was concealed till the morning, and then safely conveyed on board one of his Majesty's ships in the harbor, from whence he sailed for England. Upon his arrival he had two livings given him, both good ones; the first in Berkshire, the second at Edinburgh, in Scotland, where he principally resided. One day in the summer of 1785 he went to dine with a gentleman, a par-

ticular friend and acquaintance of his, who not being at home, the Doctor repaired to a tavern, ordered a dinner, and while it was preparing dropped down dead.

Among his papers the following epitaph was found:

Here lies a priest of English blood,
Who living liked whate'er was good,
Good company, good wine, good name,
Yet never hunted after fame;
But as the first he still preferred,
So here he chose to be interred,
And, unobserved, from crowds withdrew,
To rest among a chosen few,
In humble hope that divine love
Will raise him to the bles't above.

His library sold for £5, the liquors in his cellar for £150. He was buried a few miles from Edinburgh, at the place of depositing the Episcopal ministers who die in that city; this accounts for the words in his epitaph, "to rest among a chosen few."

I knew him well. He was honest, just, learned, and liberal; judicious, sensible, friendly, and convivial; he loved good company, and good company loved him; he was by no means dissipated. He loved God, honored his King, esteemed his friends, and hated rebellion. This tribute is due to my deceased friend. I lived with him for several years in the utmost harmony, friendship, and familiarity. Though he was rather hasty in his temper, I scarcely ever saw him in a passion. Rebellion provoked him of all things. Through his means Kings College was raised in reputation, superior to all the colleges upon the continent, and, under his tuition, produced a number of young gentlemen superior in learning and abilities to what America had ever before seen.

THE WONDERFUL WINTER OF 1779.

[*From the Same.*]

THE winter of 1779 was the severest ever known in the middle colonies. It may not be amiss to take some notice of it. The snow began to fall about the 10th of November, and continued almost every day till the middle of the ensuing March. In the woods it lay at least four feet upon a level. It was with the utmost difficulty that the farmers got their wood. The towns in general were distressed for the want of fuel, the garrison in New York particularly so. . . . . All the wood upon New York Island was cut down. The forest trees planted in

gardens, in court-yards, in avenues, along lanes, and about the houses of gentlemen by way of ornament, shared the same fate. Quantities of apple trees, peach trees, plum trees, cherry trees, and pear trees were also cut down. The situation of the army and inhabitants in this distressful season was a sufficient justification for the proceeding; necessity required it. This the proprietors well knew, and as necessity has no law, they never complained, grumbled, or even murmured. They were, however, never paid. It was an emolument to the barrack-master. The Crown was charged. John Bull paid his debts.

This winter was intensely cold; the rivers, creeks, harbors, ports, and brooks were all frozen up. The bay of New York, and from thence up the North River to Albany, was mere terra firma. It was equally so in the East River for a long way up the Sound. It was so strong that deserters went upon the ice to Connecticut from Lloyd's Neck, upon Long Island, the distance more than 12 miles. The Sound at New Haven, which is 30 miles from Long Island, was frozen over, about two miles in the middle excepted, and these two miles were congealed and filled with particles of ice. A particular event is striking. From New York to Staten Island the distance is about ten miles. From Long Island to New Jersey the bay is about six miles wide.

The tide from Sandy Hook to New York, through the Narrows and the bay, is violently rapid. No man living ever before saw this bay frozen up. Yet so intense was the cold this winter, and the bay so hard frozen, that 200 sleighs laden with provisions, with two horses to each, escorted by 200 Light Horse, passed upon the ice from New York to Staten Island in a body. In many places large quantities of water-fowl were picked up by the inhabitants, so frozen as not to be able to take wing. A very remarkable story, if true, was told. I do not aver it as a fact; the report was current, and as the man bore a good character, it was generally believed. He was a substantial farmer upon Staten Island, his name Goosen Adriance. The case was this: He went out in the morning upon his farm, which adjoins the water, and going along the shore he observed a parcel of ducks sitting erect and in their proper posture. Not moving as he approached, it surprised him. He walked up to them, found them stiff, and, as he supposed, perfectly dead; he carried them home, threw them down upon the table in his kitchen, where a large wood fire was burning, and went into the next room to breakfast with his family. Scarce was the breakfast over when a great noise and fluttering was heard in the kitchen. Upon opening the door, how great the surprise! The supposed dead ducks were all flying about the room.

A gentleman who had been a prisoner in Connecticut, and returned from thence the very last of April, said that the snow on the north side

of the fences, from Middletown to New Haven, was more than a foot deep. This was never known in that part of America before, at least after the English settled there. The harbors, rivers, and waters about New York were frozen up. Not a ship could move. Had the rebels thought of an attack, now was their time. The ice was strong, hard, and firm. The rebel army, with their heaviest artillery, stores, provisions, and baggage, might have passed the Hudson with as much ease as they could have marched the same distance upon dry land.

HOW THE BRITISH TROOPS PROTECTED THE LOYALISTS.

[*From the Same.*]

SAMUEL PINTARD, Esq., a native of New York, of an opulent and reputable family, at the commencement of the war in 1755, obtained a pair of colors in Shirley's regiment. Upon the reduction of Oswego, in 1756, he was taken prisoner, and sent with the rest of the garrison to England, where he obtained a Lieutenancy, and went with his regiment to Germany, where he signalized himself as a brave and gallant officer in several actions. At Minden, he was desperately wounded, and lay twelve hours upon the field of battle before it was discovered he was alive. He recovered from his wounds and served the remainder of the war with honor to himself, and credit to his corps. Upon the conclusion of the war, the regiment was disbanded, upon which Mr. Pintard returned to New York, where he had a good estate, wealthy relations, and worthy connections. In a few years afterward, he married a young lady of character, and fortune, and being fond of a domestic and retired life, was enjoying himself upon a small country-seat at a delightful little village in the county of Westchester, called New Rochelle, situate upon the Sound, when the royal army landed upon Long Island. The county of Westchester being then covered with rebel troops, there was no possibility of his joining the British troops, or getting to Long Island, the whole coast being covered with rebel forces. As soon as General Howe landed upon Pell's Neck, in the vicinity of New Rochelle, Mr. Pintard clothed himself in his regimentals, put on his sword, and with his firelock upon his shoulder, joined the army, and served as a volunteer during its stay in that county. I am now sorry to relate a fact, so far beneath the dignity, the honor, the spirit, the virtue, and so degrading to the character of Englishmen, that I wish (from my soul I wish) a veil could be drawn over the felonious act, and the whole transaction hid in impenetrable darkness. But it is a fact, and a fact that can

be fully proved. It shall therefore be exposed to the view of the public. While Mr. Pintard was acting as a volunteer in the royal army, serving as a guide, and risking his life in the field, and in all the dangers incident to war; at this very time, I aver it as a fact, his house and farm were plundered of their most valuable effects by a party of that army in which he was exposing his life as a Loyalist, a volunteer, a conductor, and a guide. His household furniture was taken from him, he was robbed of his plate, they stole his horses, and they killed his cattle, hogs, and sheep, and carried off his poultry. When General Howe abandoned the county of Westchester, and returned to New York, Pintard was obliged to remove also. He had acted in the British army. This was well known to the rebels. It was dangerous staying behind. He might have been hanged, or at least, imprisoned during the war. He took the prudent part and went to New York with the army. He complained to the General of the robbery. He obtained no redress. Finding living in New York extravagant, and being fond of retirement, he purchased a genteel snug house, and neat little farm, at Hempstead, in Queens county, upon Long Island, a most delightful village about twenty miles from New York, to which with his family he retired, in expectation of living there unmolested, and in peace and quietness.

In this retreat he had not been long, before the 17th Regiment of Light Dragoons took up their quarters in the town. These gentry soon became very troublesome. They were expert at plunder, and being encouraged by Colonel Birch, their commanding officer, nothing escaped their hands, and in the course of six weeks not a lamb, nor a calf, a duck, nor a goose, a turkey, a pig, nor a dunghill fowl, was to be seen in the town; nor a potato, a turnip, nor a cabbage, in the fields. Mr. Pintard, tired with this disagreeable scene, removed his furniture to the Rev. Mr. Cutting's —a relation of his, and the parson of the parish—locked up his house, removed to New York, and embarked for Madeira, where he had relations of property, fully determined not to return to New York till the end of the war. Pintard being gone, the house and farm unoccupied, and Birch commanding at Hempstead, he soon fixed his eyes upon this place. How to get the possession was the difficulty. The house was locked up, the key was gone. Birch was not to be balked with small difficulties. He contrived to force open one of the windows, and creeping through, opened the doors, and took possession. This title was at best but a precarious one, a better was to be procured. Birch goes to New York, represents Pintard as a rebel, charges him with being in the service of Congress, and gone as an agent of theirs to Madeira, and applies for the house and farm as the property of a rebel. General Clinton never inquires into the truth of the matter, believes Birch, and gives him an order to take possession of the place, and hold it as rebel property for

his own benefit and emolument. Birch had now a double title, a title obtained by a forcible entry, and that entry confirmed by an illegal, arbitrary order of the Commander-in-Chief. Birch being thus established in the possession, sent his compliments to Mr. Cutting and begged the use of Mr. Pintard's furniture, for a few days, until his own could be brought from New York. Mr. Cutting, not willing to disoblige so powerful a neighbor, acquiesced and delivered up the furniture, which the Colonel afterward refused to return, claiming it as rebel property.

Mr. Pintard, after his purchase, erected the frame of a large barn, including stables and a coach-house, but had not laid the floors, boarded the sides, nor shingled the roof. It was, therefore, of no use to Birch. Where to get shingles and boards was the question. He made the proper inquiries and found that a Mr. Hulet, who lived about five miles off, had a quantity of boards and shingles laid in for building a house, which he had deferred on account of the times. This information gained, a number of wagons escorted by a party of horse were sent, and the materials brought away without leave or license, and the barn completed. Mr. Hulet, a noted Loyalist, applied for payment. He got none, was called a rebel, threatened with the provost, and turned out of doors. This was the situation of his Majesty's loyal subjects within the British lines during the war. Deprived of their property at the caprice of the military, their lives and liberty under the same arbitrary power, law, justice, and equity denied them, the civil authority abolished, and the courts of justice shut up. Such were the steps taken by the military to "conciliate" the affections of his Majesty's deluded subjects, to "reclaim" the disaffected, and "bring in" the rebellious.

Birch, thus settled to his wish at Hempstead, cast his eyes upon a small building in the town called "The Cage," erected by the inhabitants to confine persons convicted of drunkenness, swearing, and petty larcenies, of which the Justices of the Peace had cognizance. This "Cage" the Colonel thought would do for a washhouse; he accordingly sent a messenger to Samuel Clowes, a Justice of the Peace who lived in the town, a gentleman of strict honor, great integrity, and unbounded loyalty, for permission to take it away. The Justice told him it belonged to the town, and he could give no consent, without the approbation of the inhabitants, signified by a vote at a general town meeting. The messenger replied that Birch would have been glad of the Justice's consent, but whether he had it or not was very immaterial, "for the Cage he would have." He accordingly ordered it removed, fitted it up, and instead of its original use, converted it into a wash-house.

In the summer of 1779, the 17th Light Dragoons, of which Birch was the commander, were again in quarters at Hempstead. Three privates of the regiment committed a burglary (a crime of which, I am told, the

civil law ousts the criminal of his clergy), by breaking open a dwelling-house in the night, and plundering it of several valuable effects. The family at length being awakened by the noise of the robbers, a skirmish ensued, and one of the soldiers was killed, the others escaped. But being known, and sworn to, by the person robbed, they were taken up and committed by the General. Civil law there was none, but as if bent upon not punishing, or even trying, a soldier for a capital theft committed upon a loyal American, a sworn and steady subject of his Sovereign, and perhaps to insult and show the little regard he had for the country and its inhabitants, he discharged the criminals without the shadow of a trial. The dead man, however, was fairly tried, condemned, and sentenced to be hanged in chains. The sentence, I suppose, was confirmed by the Commander-in-Chief, as it was actually and really put in execution, Birch at the same time insultingly telling the country people to take notice, that the military had, in this case at least, done exemplary justice for a robbery committed by a soldier upon an inhabitant, and desired in future to be troubled with no further complaints.

In 1779, Birch sent a party to Secatogue, a village about twenty miles to the eastward of Hempstead, to pull down a Quaker meeting-house and bring away the materials. This was done, and the whole appropriated by Birch to his own use. The party, on their return, stopped at a house then belonging to Thomas Jones, Esq., at Fort Neck, called the refugee house, from his permitting several of these poor loyal people to live in it. As they were all men, they maintained, supported, and diverted themselves by fishing and fowling. The dragoons very deliberately entered the house, pillaged it of the little furniture the poor loyal wretches had, took out all the sash windows, and carried the whole off with the rest of their plunder. Mr. Jones getting full evidence of this black transaction, wrote several letters to the Colonel upon the subject, but never received an answer. He also called a number of times at his house, but never was let in. As Hempstead was Mr. Jones's parish church, he had every Sunday the mortification to see the windows of his house fixed in a barn, which Birch had converted into a barrack. Mr. Jones was noted for his loyalty.

The same year he had the Presbyterian meeting-house at Foster's Meadow pulled down, the materials brought away, and converted to his own use. This village is about four miles to the westward of Hempstead. This sacred edifice was built by the villagers for the sake of divine worship. Every inhabitant in the place was remarkably loyal. A minister who had, prior to the rebellion, occasionally preached in it, was a rebel. This Birch made a pretence for robbing the loyal inhabitants of their church.

Another anecdote of this gentleman shall be mentioned, and I have

done with him. A few weeks before the evacuation of New York, the Colonel sent out a party upon Hempstead Plains, an extensive common of sixteen miles in length, and six in width, belonging to the towns of Oyster Bay and Hempstead, and drove in about 2,000 sheep. He ordered them into a field, and had all their ears cut off. This done, he gave notice to the farmers to come in, prove their property, and each man to take away his own; that he had taken this step for their interest, and to prevent their sheep falling into the hands of the rebels. The farmers were pleased, looked upon it as an act of kindness, and flocked into the town. Birch showed them the sheep, and desired each man to select his own, but if any one took a sheep which he could not swear to, or prove to be his property, he should be severely punished. All the cattle and sheep in Hempstead and Oyster Bay were marked in the ears, and nowhere else. Every farmer has a mark of his own, and each mark is upon the records of the town. Birch having taken the ears off of the sheep, not a single man was able to prove his property. Birch, therefore, sold the sheep, and by this piece of wickedness pocketed above two thousand pounds.

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON'S BARONIAL HALL.

[*From the Same.*]

AFTER Sir William built Johnson Hall he lived in the style of an old English baron of former days, with the utmost ease, and the most unbounded hospitality. The Hall was open to all strangers, to all travellers. Strangers and travellers were ever at home when under his roof. Though a tenant of his kept an excellent inn at Johnstown, no strangers nor travellers were suffered to put up there; all were desired to repair to the Hall, and all were equally and hospitably entertained. As he was Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and had the improvement, the settlement, and cultivation of his estate so much at heart, a part of his time was naturally taken up with business. The mornings he devoted to this service. The Hall was always full. Travellers from all parts of America, from Europe, and from the West Indies, daily resorted to his house, in their respective tours through the country. All met with the same kind of treatment, the most unbounded hospitality. The Hall was a kind of open house. The gentlemen and ladies breakfasted in their respective rooms, and, at their option, had either tea, coffee, or chocolate, or if an old rugged veteran wanted a beefsteak, a mug of ale, a glass of brandy, or some grog, he called for it, and it always was at his service. The freer people made, the more happy was Sir William.

After breakfast, while Sir William was about his business, his guests entertained themselves as they pleased. Some rode out, some went out with guns, some with fishing-tackle, some sauntered about the town, some played cards, some back-gammon, some billiards, some pennies, and some even at ninepins. Thus was each day spent until the hour of four, when the bell punctually rang for dinner, and all assembled. He had, besides his own family, seldom less than ten, sometimes thirty. All were welcome. All sat down together. All was good cheer, mirth and festivity. Sometimes seven, eight, or ten, of the Indian Sachems joined the festive board. His dinners were plentiful. They consisted, however, of the produce of his estate, or what was procured from the woods and rivers, such as venison, bear, and fish of every kind, with wild turkeys, partridges, grouse, and quails in abundance. No jellies, creams, ragouts, or syllabubs graced his table. His liquors were Madeira, ale, strong beer, cider, and punch. Each guest chose what he liked, and drank as he pleased. The company, or at least a part of them, seldom broke up before three in the morning. Every one, however, Sir William included, retired when he pleased. There was no restraint.

J. Hector St. John de Crevecœur.

BORN in Caen, Normandy, 1731. DIED at Sarcelles, France, 1813.

THE HAPPY FARMER.

[*Letters from an American Farmer.* 1782.]

OFTEN when I plough my low ground, I place my little boy on a chair which screws to the beam of the plough—its motion and that of the horses please him, he is perfectly happy, and begins to chat. As I lean over the handle, various are the thoughts which crowd into my mind. I am now doing for him, I say, what my father formerly did for me; may God enable him to live that he may perform the same operations for the same purposes when I am worn out and old! I relieve his mother of some trouble while I have him with me, the odoriferous furrow exhilarates his spirits, and seems to do the child a great deal of good, for he looks more blooming since I have adopted that practice; can more pleasure, more dignity, be added to that primary occupation? The father thus ploughing with his child, and to feed his family, is inferior only to the emperor of China ploughing as an example to his kingdom. . . . .

My bees, above any other tenants of my farm, attract my attention and

respect; I am astonished to see that nothing exists but what has its enemy, one species pursue and live upon the other: unfortunately our kingbirds are the destroyers of those industrious insects; but on the other hand, these birds preserve our fields from the depredations of crows which they pursue on the wing with great vigilance and astonishing dexterity. Thus divided by two interested motives, I have long resisted the desire I had to kill them, until last year, when I thought they increased too much, and my indulgence had been carried too far; it was at the time of swarming when they all came and fixed themselves on the neighboring trees, from whence they catched those that returned loaded from the fields. This made me resolve to kill as many as I could, and I was just ready to fire, when a bunch of bees as big as my fist issued from one of the hives, rushed on one of the birds, and probably stung him, for he instantly screamed, and flew, not as before, in an irregular manner, but in a direct line. He was followed by the same bold phalanx, at a considerable distance, which unfortunately becoming too sure of victory, quitted their military array and disbanded themselves. By this inconsiderate step they lost all that aggregate of force which had made the bird fly off. Perceiving their disorder he immediately returned and snapped as many as he wanted; nay he had even the impudence to alight on the very twig from which the bees had drove him. I killed him and immediately opened his craw, from which I took 171 bees; I laid them all on a blanket in the sun, and to my great surprise 54 returned to life, licked themselves clean, and joyfully went back to the hive; where they probably informed their companions of such an adventure and escape, as I believe had never happened before to American bees! I draw a great fund of pleasure from the quails which inhabit my farm; they abundantly repay me, by their various notes and peculiar tameness, for the inviolable hospitality I constantly show them in the winter. Instead of perfidiously taking advantage of their great and affecting distress, when nature offers nothing but a barren universal bed of snow, when irresistible necessity forces them to my barn doors, I permit them to feed unmolested; and it is not the least agreeable spectacle which that dreary season presents, when I see those beautiful birds, tamed by hunger, intermingling with all my cattle and sheep, seeking in security for the poor scanty grain which but for them would be useless and lost. Often in the angles of the fences where the motion of the wind prevents the snow from settling, I carry them both chaff and grain; the one to feed them, the other to prevent their tender feet from freezing fast to the earth as I have frequently observed them to do. I do not know an instance in which the singular barbarity of man is so strongly delineated, as in the catching and murthering those harmless birds, at that cruel season of the year. Mr. ****, one of the most famous and extraordinary farmers that has

ever done honor to the province of Connecticut, by his timely and humane assistance in a hard winter, saved this species from being entirely destroyed. They perished all over the country, none of their delightful whistlings were heard the next spring, but upon this gentleman's farm; and to his humanity we owe the continuation of their music.

When the severities of that season have dispirited all my cattle, no farmer ever attends them with more pleasure than I do; it is one of those duties which is sweetened with the most rational satisfaction. I amuse myself in beholding their different tempers, actions, and the various effects of their instinct now powerfully impelled by the force of hunger. I trace their various inclinations, and the different effects of their passions, which are exactly the same as among men; the law is to us precisely what I am in my barn-yard, a bridle and check to prevent the strong and greedy from oppressing the timid and weak. Conscious of superiority they always strive to encroach on their neighbors; unsatisfied with their portion, they eagerly swallow it in order to have an opportunity of taking what is given to others, except they are prevented. Some I chide, others, unmindful of my admonitions, receive some blows. Could victuals thus be given to men without the assistance of any language, I am sure they would not behave better to one another, nor more philosophically than my cattle do. The same spirit prevails in the stable; but there I have to do with more generous animals, there my well known voice has immediate influence, and soon restores peace and tranquillity. Thus by superior knowledge I govern all my cattle as wise men are obliged to govern fools and the ignorant. . . . .

The astonishing art which all birds display in the construction of their nests, ill provided as we may suppose them with proper tools, their neatness, their convenience, always make me ashamed of the slovenliness of our houses; their love to their dame, their incessant careful attention, and the peculiar songs they address to her while she tediously incubates their eggs, remind me of my duty, could I ever forget it. Their affection to their helpless little ones, is a lively precept; and in short the whole economy of what we proudly call the brute creation, is admirable in every circumstance; and vain man, though adorned with the additional gift of reason, might learn from the perfection of instinct, how to regulate the follies, and how to temper the errors which this second gift often makes him commit. This is a subject, on which I have often bestowed the most serious thoughts; I have often blushed within myself, and been greatly astonished, when I have compared the unerring path they all follow, all just, all proper, all wise, up to the necessary degree of perfection, with the coarse, the imperfect systems of men, not merely as governors and kings, but as masters, as husbands, as fathers, as citizens. But this is a sanctuary in which an ignorant farmer must not presume to enter.

If ever man was permitted to receive and enjoy some blessings that might alleviate the many sorrows to which he is exposed, it is certainly in the country, when he attentively considers those ravishing scenes with which he is everywhere surrounded. This is the only time of the year in which I am avaricious of every moment. I therefore lose none that can add to this simple and inoffensive happiness. I roam early throughout all my fields; not the least operation do I perform, which is not accompanied with the most pleasing observations; were I to extend them as far as I have carried them, I should become tedious; you would think me guilty of affectation, and I should perhaps represent many things as pleasurable from which you might not perhaps receive the least agreeable emotions. But, believe me, what I write is all true and real.

Some time ago, as I sat smoking a contemplative pipe in my piazza, I saw with amazement a remarkable instance of selfishness displayed in a very small bird, which I had hitherto respected for its inoffensiveness. Three nests were placed almost contiguous to each other in my piazza: that of a swallow was affixed in the corner next to the house, that of a phebe in the other, a wren possessed a little box which I had made on purpose, and hung between. Be not surprised at their tameness, all my family had long been taught to respect them as well as myself. The wren had shown before signs of dislike to the box which I had given it, but I knew not on what account; at last it resolved, small as it was, to drive the swallow from its own habitation, and to my very great surprise it succeeded. Impudence often gets the better of modesty, and this exploit was no sooner performed, than it removed every material to its own box with the most admirable dexterity; the signs of triumph appeared very visible, it fluttered its wings with uncommon velocity, an universal joy was perceivable in all its movements. Where did this little bird learn that spirit of injustice? It was not endowed with what we term reason! Here then is a proof that both those gifts border very near on one another; for we see the perfection of the one mixing with the errors of the other! The peaceable swallow, like the passive Quaker, meekly sat at a small distance and never offered the least resistance; but no sooner was the plunder carried away, than the injured bird went to work with unabated ardor, and in a few days the depredations were repaired. To prevent, however, a repetition of the same violence, I removed the wren's box to another part of the house.

THE AMERICAN.

[*From the Same.*]

WHAT then is the American, this new man? He is either an European or the descendant of an European, hence that strange mixture of blood, which you will find in no other country. I could point out to you a family whose grandfather was an Englishman, whose wife was Dutch, whose son married a French woman, and whose present four sons have now four wives of different nations. *He* is an American, who leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced, the new government he obeys, and the new rank he holds. He becomes an American by being received in the broad lap of our great *Alma Mater*.

Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world. Americans are the western pilgrims, who are carrying along with them that great mass of arts, sciences, vigor, and industry which began long since in the East; they will finish the great circle. The Americans were once scattered all over Europe; here they are incorporated into one of the finest systems of population which has ever appeared, and which will hereafter become distinct by the power of the different climates they inhabit. The American ought therefore to love this country much better than that wherein either he or his forefathers were born. Here the rewards of his industry follow with equal steps the progress of his labor; his labor is founded on the basis of nature, *self-interest;* can it want a stronger allurement? Wives and children, who before in vain demanded of him a morsel of bread, now fat and frolicsome, gladly help their father to clear those fields whence exuberant crops are to arise to feed and to clothe them all; without any part being claimed, either by a despotic prince, a rich abbot, or a mighty lord. Here religion demands but little of him; a small voluntary salary to the minister, and gratitude to God; can he refuse these? The American is a new man, who acts upon new principles; he must therefore entertain new ideas, and form new opinions. From involuntary idleness, servile dependence, penury, and useless labor, he has passed to toils of a very different nature, rewarded by ample subsistence.—This is an American.

NANTUCKET CUSTOMS A CENTURY AGO.

[*From the Same.*]

THE manners of the Friends are entirely founded on that simplicity which is their boast, and their most distinguished characteristic; and those manners have acquired the authority of laws. Here they are strongly attached to plainness of dress, as well as to that of language; insomuch that though some part of it may be ungrammatical, yet should any person who was born and brought up here attempt to speak more correctly, he would be looked upon as a fop or an innovator. On the other hand, should a stranger come here and adopt their idiom in all its purity (as they deem it) this accomplishment would immediately procure him the most cordial reception; and they would cherish him like an ancient member of their society. So many impositions have they suffered on this account, that they begin now indeed to grow more cautious. They are so tenacious of their ancient habits of industry and frugality, that if any of them were to be seen with a long coat made of English cloth, on any other than the first-day (Sunday) he would be greatly ridiculed and censured; he would be looked upon as a careless spendthrift, whom it would be unsafe to trust, and in vain to relieve. A few years ago two single-horse chairs were imported from Boston, to the great offence of these prudent citizens; nothing appeared to them more culpable than the use of such gaudy painted vehicles, in contempt of the more useful and more simple single-horse carts of their fathers. This piece of extravagant and unknown luxury almost caused a schism, and set every tongue a-going; some predicted the approaching ruin of those families that had imported them; others feared the dangers of example: never since the foundation of the town had there happened anything which so much alarmed this primitive community. One of the possessors of these profane chairs, filled with repentance, wisely sent it back to the continent: the other, more obstinate and perverse, in defiance to all remonstrances, persisted in the use of his chair until by degrees they became more reconciled to it; though I observed that the wealthiest and the most respectable people still go to meeting or to their farms in a single-horse cart, with a decent awning fixed over it: indeed, if you consider their sandy soil, and the badness of their roads, these appear to be the best contrived vehicles for this island.

Idleness is the most heinous sin that can be committed in Nantucket: an idle man would soon be pointed out as an object of compassion: for idleness is considered as another word for want and hunger. This principle is so thoroughly well understood, and is become so universal, so prevailing a prejudice that literally speaking they are never idle. Even

if they go to the market-place, which is (if I may be allowed the expression) the coffee-house of the town, either to transact business, or to converse with their friends, they always have a piece of cedar in their hands, and while they are talking, they will, as it were instinctively, employ themselves in converting it into something useful, either in making bungs or spiles for their oil-casks, or other useful articles. I must confess, that I have never seen more ingenuity in the use of the knife; thus the most idle moments of their lives become usefully employed. In the many hours of leisure which their long cruises afford them, they cut and carve a variety of boxes and pretty toys, in wood, adapted to different uses; which they bring home as testimonies of remembrance to their wives or sweethearts. They have showed me a variety of little bowls and other implements, executed cooper-wise, with the greatest neatness and elegance. You will be pleased to remember they are all brought up to the trade of coopers, be their future intentions or fortunes what they may: therefore almost every man in this island has always two knives in his pocket, one much larger than the other; and though they hold everything that is called *fashion* in the utmost contempt, yet they are as difficult to please, and as extravagant in the choice and price of their knives, as any young buck in Boston would be about his hat, buckles, or coat. As soon as a knife is injured, or superseded by a more convenient one, it is carefully laid up in some corner of their desk. I once saw upward of fifty thus preserved at Mr. ——'s, one of the worthiest men on this island; and among the whole, there was not one that perfectly resembled another.

As the sea excursions are often very long, their wives in their absence are necessarily obliged to transact business, to settle accounts, and, in short, to rule and provide for their families. These circumstances, being often repeated, give women the abilities as well as a taste for that kind of superintendency to which, by their prudence and good management, they seem to be in general very equal. This employment ripens their judgment, and justly entitles them to a rank superior to that of other wives; and this is the principal reason why those of Nantucket as well as those of Montreal are so fond of society, so affable, and so conversant with the affairs of the world. The men at their return, weary with the fatigues of the sea, full of confidence and love, cheerfully give their consent to every transaction that has happened during their absence, and all is joy and peace. "Wife, thee hast done well," is the general approbation they receive, for their application and industry. What would the men do without the agency of these faithful mates?

The absence of so many of them at particular seasons leaves the town quite desolate; and this mournful situation disposes the women to go to each other's house much oftener than when their husbands are at home:

hence the custom of incessant visiting has infected every one, and even those whose husbands do not go abroad. The house is always cleaned before they set out, and with peculiar alacrity they pursue their intended visit, which consists of a social chat, a dish of tea, and an hearty supper. When the good man of the house returns from his labor, he peaceably goes after his wife and brings her home; meanwhile the young fellows, equally vigilant, easily find out which is the most convenient house, and there they assemble with the girls of the neighborhood. Instead of cards, musical instruments, or songs, they relate stories of their whaling voyages, their various sea adventures, and talk of the different coasts and people they have visited. "The island of Catharine, in the Brazils, says one, is a very droll island, it is inhabited by none but men; women are not permitted to come in sight of it; not a woman is there on the whole island. Who among us is not glad it is not so here? The Nantucket girls and boys beat the world." At this innocent sally the titter goes round, they whisper to one another their spontaneous reflections: puddings, pies, and custards never fail to be produced on such occasions; for I believe there never were any people in their circumstances, who live so well, even to superabundance. As inebriation is unknown, and music, singing, and dancing, are held in equal detestation, they never could fill all the vacant hours of their lives without the repast of the table. Thus these young people sit and talk, and divert themselves as well as they can; if any one has lately returned from a cruise, he is generally the speaker of the night; they often all laugh and talk together, but they are happy, and would not exchange their pleasures for those of the most brilliant assemblies in Europe. This lasts until the father and mother return; when all retire to their respective homes, the men reconducting the partners of their affections.

Thus they spend many of the youthful evenings of their lives; no wonder therefore, that they marry so early. But no sooner have they undergone this ceremony than they cease to be so cheerful and gay; the new rank they hold in the society impresses them with more serious ideas than were entertained before. The title of master of a family necessarily requires more solid behavior and deportment; the new wife follows in the trammels of Custom, which are as powerful as the tyranny of fashion; she gradually advises and directs; the new husband soon goes to sea, he leaves her to learn and exercise the new government, in which she is entered. Those who stay at home are full as passive in general, at least with regard to the inferior departments of the family. But you must not imagine from this account that the Nantucket wives are turbulent, of high temper, and difficult to be ruled; on the contrary, the wives of Sherburn, in so doing, comply only with the prevailing custom of the island: the husbands, equally submissive to the ancient and respectable

manners of their country, submit, without ever suspecting that there can be any impropriety. Were they to behave otherwise, they would be afraid of subverting the principles of their society by altering its ancient rules: thus both parties are perfectly satisfied, and all is peace and concord. The richest person now in the island owes all his present prosperity and success to the ingenuity of his wife: this is a known fact which is well recorded; for while he was performing his first cruises, she traded with pins and needles, and kept a school. Afterward she purchased more considerable articles, which she sold with so much judgment, that she laid the foundation of a system of business, that she has ever since prosecuted with equal dexterity and success. She wrote to London, formed connections, and, in short, became the only ostensible instrument of that house, both at home and abroad. Who is he in this country, and who is a citizen of Nantucket or Boston, who does not know *Aunt Kesiah?* I must tell you that she is the wife of Mr. C——n, a very respectable man, who, well pleased with all her schemes, trusts to her judgment, and relies on her sagacity, with so entire a confidence, as to be altogether passive to the concerns of his family. They have the best country seat on the island, at Quayes, where they live with hospitality, and in perfect union. He seems to be altogether the contemplative man.

George Washington.

BORN on Pope's Creek, Westmoreland Co., Va., 1732. DIED at Mount Vernon, Va., 1799.

ON HIS APPOINTMENT AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

[*Delivered in Congress, 16 June,* 1775.]

MR. PRESIDENT: Though I am truly sensible of the high honor done me, in this appointment, yet I feel great distress, from a consciousness that my abilities and military experience may not be equal to the extensive and important trust. However, as the Congress desire it, I will enter upon the momentous duty, and exert every power I possess in their service, and for the support of the glorious cause. I beg they will accept my most cordial thanks for this distinguished testimony of their approbation.

But, lest some unlucky event should happen, unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I, this day, declare with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with.

As to pay, Sir, I beg leave to assure the Congress, that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit from it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire.

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

[*Letter to Mrs. Martha Washington.—Philadelphia,* 18 *June,* 1775.]

MY DEAREST: I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased, when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress, that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny, that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures, as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence, which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg, that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own

pen. My earnest and ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content, and a tolerable degree of tranquillity; as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns, while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place (for I had not time to do it before I left home) got Colonel Pendleton to draft a will for me, by the directions I gave him, which will I now enclose. The provision made for you in case of my death will, I hope, be agreeable.

I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure you that I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy, your affectionate, etc.

AFTER THE FIGHT AT BUNKER'S HILL.

[*From a Letter to Joseph Reed.—Cambridge, 10 February,* 1776.]

DEAR SIR: If you conceive that I took anything wrong, or amiss that was conveyed in any of your former letters, you are really mistaken. I only meant to convince you, that nothing would give me more real satisfaction, than to know the sentiments, which are entertained of me by the public, whether they be favorable or otherwise; and I urged as a reason, that the man, who wished to steer clear of shelves and rocks, must know where they lie. I know the integrity of my own heart, but to declare it, unless to a friend, may be an argument of vanity; I know the unhappy predicament I stand in; I know that much is expected of me; I know, that without men, without arms, without ammunition, without anything fit for the accommodation of a soldier, little is to be done; and, what is mortifying, I know, that I cannot stand justified to the world without exposing my own weakness, and injuring the cause, by declaring my wants, which I am determined not to do, further than unavoidable necessity brings every man acquainted with them.

If, under these disadvantages, I am able to keep above water, in the esteem of mankind, I shall feel myself happy; but if, from the unknown peculiarity of my circumstances, I suffer in the opinion of the world, I shall not think you take the freedom of a friend, if you conceal the reflections that may be cast upon my conduct. My own situation is so irksome to me at times, that, if I did not consult the public good, more than my own tranquillity, I should long ere this have put everything on

the cast of a die. So far from my having an army of twenty thousand men well armed, I have been here with less than one-half of that number, including sick, furloughed, and on command, and those neither armed nor clothed, as they should be. In short, my situation has been such, that I have been obliged to use art to conceal it from my own officers.

The party sent to Bunker's Hill had some good and some bad men engaged in it. One or two courts have been held on the conduct of part of them. To be plain, these people are not to be depended upon if exposed; and any man will fight well if he thinks himself in no danger. I do not apply this only to these people. I suppose it to be the case with all raw and undisciplined troops. You may rely upon it, that transports left Boston six weeks ago with troops; where they are gone, unless driven to the West Indies, I know not. You may also rely upon General Clinton's sailing from Boston about three weeks ago, with about four or five hundred men; his destination I am also a stranger to. I am sorry to hear of the failures you speak of from France. But why will not Congress forward part of the powder made in your province? They seem to look upon this as the season for action, but will not furnish the means. I will not blame them. I dare say the demands upon them are greater than they can supply. The cause must be starved till our resources are greater, or more certain within ourselves.

With respect to myself, I have never entertained an idea of an accommodation, since I heard of the measures, which were adopted in consequence of the Bunker's Hill fight. The King's speech has confirmed the sentiments I entertained upon the news of that affair; and, if every man was of my mind, the ministers of Great Britain should know, in a few words, upon what issue the cause should be put. I would not be deceived by artful declarations, nor specious pretences; nor would I be amused by unmeaning propositions; but in open, undisguised, and manly terms proclaim our wrongs, and our resolution to be redressed. I would tell them, that we had borne much, that we had long and ardently sought for reconciliation upon honorable terms, that it had been denied us, that all our attempts after peace had proved abortive, and had been grossly misrepresented, that we had done everything which could be expected from the best of subjects, that the spirit of freedom rises too high in us to submit to slavery, and that, if nothing else would satisfy a tyrant and his diabolical ministry, we are determined to shake off all connections with a state so unjust and unnatural. This I would tell them, not under covert, but in words as clear as the sun in its meridian brightness.

THE RESTLESS ARMY AT VALLEY FORGE.

[*From a Letter to John Banister.—Valley Forge,* 21 *April,* 1778.]

THE spirit of resigning commissions has been long at an alarming height, and increases daily.

The Virginia line has sustained a violent shock in this instance. Not less than ninety have already resigned to me. The same conduct has prevailed among the officers from the other States, though not yet to so considerable a degree; and there are but too just grounds to fear, that it will shake the very existence of the army, unless a remedy is soon, very soon, applied. There is none, in my opinion, so effectual as the one pointed out. This, I trust, will satisfy the officers, and at the same time it will produce no present additional emission of money. They will not be persuaded to sacrifice all views of present interest, and encounter the numerous vicissitudes of war, in the defence of their country, unless she will be generous enough on her part to make a decent provision for their future support. I do not pronounce absolutely, that we shall have no army if the establishment fails, but the army which we may have will be without discipline, without energy, incapable of acting with vigor, and destitute of those cements necessary to promise success on the one hand, or to withstand the shocks of adversity on the other. It is indeed hard to say how extensive the evil may be, if the measure should be rejected, or much longer delayed. I find it a very arduous task to keep the officers in tolerable humor, and to protract such a combination for quitting the service, as might possibly undo us for ever.

The difference between our service and that of the enemy is very striking. With us, from the peculiar, unhappy situation of things, the officer, a few instances excepted, must break in upon his private fortune for present support, without a prospect of future relief. With them, even companies are esteemed so honorable and so valuable, that they have sold of late from fifteen to twenty-two hundred pounds sterling; and I am credibly informed, that four thousand guineas have been given for a troop of dragoons. You will readily determine how this difference will operate; what effects it must produce. Men may speculate as they will; they may talk of patriotism; they may draw a few examples from ancient story, of great achievements performed by its influence; but whoever builds upon them, as a sufficient basis for conducting a long and bloody war, will find himself deceived in the end. We must take the passions of men as nature has given them, and those principles as a guide, which are generally the rule of action. I do not mean to exclude altogether the idea of patriotism. I know it exists, and I know it has done much in the present contest. But I will venture to assert, that a

great and lasting war can never be supported on this principle alone. It must be aided by a prospect of interest, or some reward. For a time it may, of itself, push men to action, to bear much, to encounter difficulties; but it will not endure unassisted by interest.

THE APPEAL OF A PATRIOT.

[*From a Letter to Benjamin Harrison.—Philadelphia, 30 December, 1778.*]

DEAR SIR: I have seen nothing since I came here, on the 22d instant, to change my opinion of men or measures; but abundant reason to be convinced, that our affairs are in a more distressed, ruinous, and deplorable condition, than they have been since the commencement of the war. By a faithful laborer, then, in the cause; by a man, who is daily injuring his private estate, without even the smallest earthly advantage, not common to all in case of a favorable issue to the dispute; by one, who wishes the prosperity of America most devoutly, but sees it, or thinks he sees it, on the brink of ruin; you are besought most earnestly, my dear Colonel Harrison, to exert yourself in endeavoring to rescue your country, by sending your best and ablest men to Congress. These characters must not slumber nor sleep at home, in such a time of pressing danger. They must not content themselves with the enjoyment of places of honor or profit in their own State, while the common interests of America are mouldering and sinking into irretrievable ruin, if a remedy is not soon applied, and in which theirs also must ultimately be involved.

If I were to be called upon to draw a picture of the times and of men, from what I have seen, heard, and in part know, I should in one word say, that idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of most of them; that speculation, peculation, and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost of every order of men; that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day; whilst the momentous concerns of an empire, a great and accumulating debt, ruined finances, depreciated money, and want of credit, which in its consequences is the want of every thing, are but secondary considerations, and postponed from day to day, from week to week, as if our affairs wore the most promising aspect. After drawing this picture, which from my soul I believe to be a true one, I need not repeat to you, that I am alarmed, and wish to see my countrymen roused.

A MILITARY DINNER-PARTY.

[*Letter to Dr. John Cochran.—West Point, 16 August, 1779.*]

DEAR DOCTOR: I have asked Mrs. Cochran and Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honor bound to apprise them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned, I will. It is needless to premise, that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, sometimes a shoulder of bacon, to grace the head of the table; a piece of roast beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans, or greens, almost imperceptible, decorates the centre. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, which I presume will be the case to-morrow, we have two beef-steak pies, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side of the centre dish, dividing the space and reducing the distance between dish and dish to about six feet, which without them would be near twelve feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover, that apples will make pies; and it is a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of beef-steaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit to partake of it on plates, once tin but now iron (not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear Doctor, yours, etc.

A REPUBLICAN NO.

[*Letter to Colonel Lewis Nicola.—Newburgh, 22 May, 1782. In answer to a suggestion of an American Monarchy of which he should be the head.*]

SIR: With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, Sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations, than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

I am much at a loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the

greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and, as far as my powers and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be any occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant.

ADVICE TO A FAVORITE NEPHEW.

[*From a Letter to Bushrod Washington.—Newburgh, 15 January,* 1783.]

REMEMBER, that it is not the mere study of the law, but to become eminent in the profession of it, that is to yield honor and profit. The first was your choice; let the second be your ambition. Dissipation is incompatible with both; the company, in which you will improve most, will be least expensive to you; and yet I am not such a stoic as to suppose that you will, or to think it right that you should, always be in company with senators and philosophers; but of the juvenile kind let me advise you to be choice. It is easy to make acquaintances, but very difficult to shake them off, however irksome and unprofitable they are found, after we have once committed ourselves to them. The indiscretions, which very often they involuntarily lead one into, prove equally distressing and disgraceful.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; and let those few be well tried before you give them your confidence. True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse; remembering always the estimation of the widow's mite, but, that it is not every one who asketh, that deserveth charity; all, however, are worthy of the inquiry, or the deserving may suffer.

Do not conceive that fine clothes make fine men, any more than fine feathers make fine birds. A plain, genteel dress is more admired, and obtains more credit, than lace and embroidery, in the eyes of the judicious and sensible.

The last thing, which I shall mention, is first in importance; and that

is, to avoid gaming. This is a vice, which is productive of every possible evil; equally injurious to the morals and health of its votaries. It is the child of avarice, the brother of iniquity, and the father of mischief. It has been the ruin of many worthy families, the loss of many a man's honor, and the cause of suicide. To all those who enter the lists, it is equally fascinating. The successful gamester pushes his good fortune, till it is overtaken by a reverse. The losing gamester, in hopes of retrieving past misfortunes, goes on from bad to worse, till grown desperate he pushes at everything and loses his all. In a word, few gain by this abominable practice, while thousands are injured.

Perhaps you will say, "My conduct has anticipated the advice," and "Not one of the cases applies to me." I shall be heartily glad of it. It will add not a little to my happiness, to find those to whom I am so nearly connected pursuing the right walk of life. It will be the sure road to my favor, and to those honors and places of profit, which their country can bestow; as merit rarely goes unrewarded. I am, dear Bushrod, your affectionate uncle.

ON WOMEN AND MATRIMONY.

[*Letter to Lund Washington.—Rocky Hill, 20 September,* 1783.]

DEAR LUND: Mrs. Custis has never suggested in any of her letters to Mrs. Washington (unless ardent wishes for her return, that she might then disclose it to her, can be so construed) the most distant attachment to D. S.; but, if this should be the case, and she wants advice upon it, a father and mother, who are at hand and competent to give it, are at the same time the most proper to be consulted on so interesting an event. For my own part, I never did, nor do I believe I ever shall, give advice to a woman, who is setting out on a matrimonial voyage; first, because I never could advise one to marry without her own consent; and, secondly, because I know it is to no purpose to advise her to refrain, when she has obtained it. A woman very rarely asks an opinion or requires advice on such an occasion, till her resolution is formed; and then it is with the hope and expectation of obtaining a sanction, not that she means to be governed by your disapprobation, that she applies. In a word, the plain English of the application may be summed up in these words; "I wish you to think as I do; but, if unhappily you differ from me in opinion, my heart, I must confess, is fixed, and I have gone too far *now* to retract."

If Mrs. Custis should ever suggest anything of this kind to me, I will

give her my opinion of the *measure*, not of the *man*, with candor, and to the following effect. "I never expected you would spend the residue of your days in widowhood; but in a matter so important, and so interesting to yourself, children, and connections, I wish you would make a prudent choice. To do which, many considerations are necessary; such as the family and connections of the man, his fortune (which is not the *most* essential in my eye), the line of conduct he has observed, and the disposition and frame of his mind. You should consider what prospect there is of his proving kind and affectionate to you; just, generous, and attentive to your children; and how far his connections will be agreeable to you; for when they are once formed, agreeable or not, the die being cast, your fate is fixed." Thus far, and no farther, I shall go in my opinions. I am, dear Lund, etc.

TO THE WIFE OF HIS FRIEND.

[*Letter to the Marquise de Lafayette.—Mount Vernon, 4 April,* 1784.]

MADAM: It is now more than ever I want words to express the sensibility and gratitude, with which the honor of your felicitations of the 26th of December has inspired me. If my expression was equal to the feelings of my heart, the homage I am about to render you would appear in a more favorable point of view, than my most sanguine expectations will encourage me to hope for. I am more inclined, therefore, to rely upon the continuance of your indulgent sentiments towards me, and that innate goodness for which you are remarkable, than upon any merit I possess, or any assurances I could give of my sense of the obligation I am under for the honor you have conferred upon me by your correspondence.

Great as your claim is, as a French or American woman, or as the wife of my amiable friend, to my affectionate regards, you have others to which the palm must be yielded. The charms of your person, and the beauties of your mind, have a more powerful operation. These, Madam, have endeared you to me, and everything, which partakes of your nature, will have a claim to my affections. George and Virginia, the offspring of your love, whose names do honor to my country and to myself, have a double claim, and will be the objects of my vows.

Freed from the clangor of arms and the bustle of a camp, from the cares of public employment and the responsibility of office, I am now enjoying domestic ease under the shadow of my own vine and my own fig-tree; and in a small villa, with the implements of husbandry and

lambkins around me, I expect to glide gently down the stream of life, till I am entombed in the mansion of my fathers.

Mrs. Washington is highly honored by your participations, and feels very sensibly the force of your polite invitation to Paris; but she is too far advanced in life, and is too much immersed in the care of her little progeny, to cross the Atlantic. This, my dear Marchioness (indulge the freedom), is not the case with you. You have youth (and, if you should not incline to bring your children, can leave them with all the advantages of education), and must have a curiosity to see the country, young, rude, and uncultivated as it is, for the liberties of which your husband has fought, bled, and acquired much glory, where everybody admires, everybody loves him. Come, then, let me entreat you, and call my cottage your home; for your own doors do not open to you with more readiness than mine would. You will see the plain manner in which we live, and meet with rustic civility; and you shall taste the simplicity of rural life. It will diversify the scene, and may give you a higher relish for the gayeties of the court, when you return to Versailles. In these wishes, and in most respectful compliments, Mrs. Washington joins me. With sentiments of strong attachment, and very great regard, I have the honor to be, Madam, etc.

TO A HAPPY BRIDEGROOM.

[*Letter to the Marquis de Chastellux.—Mount Vernon, 25 April,* 1788.]

MY DEAR MARQUIS: In reading your very friendly and acceptable letter, which came to hand by the last mail, I was, as you may well suppose, not less delighted than surprised to meet the plain American words, "my wife." A wife! Well, my dear Marquis, I can hardly refrain from smiling to find you are caught at last. I saw, by the eulogium you often made on the happiness of domestic life in America, that you had swallowed the bait, and that you would as surely be taken, one day or another, as that you were a philosopher and a soldier. So your day has at length come. I am glad of it, with all my heart and soul. It is quite good enough for you. Now you are well served for coming to fight in favor of the American rebels, all the way across the Atlantic Ocean, by catching that terrible contagion, domestic felicity, which, like the small-pox or the plague, a man can have only once in his life, because it commonly lasts him (at least with us in America; I know not how you manage these matters in France), for his whole lifetime. And yet, after all, the worst wish which I can find in

my heart to make against Madame de Chastellux and yourself, is, that you may neither of you ever get the better of this same domestic felicity, during the entire course of your mortal existence.

If so wonderful an event should have occasioned me, my dear Marquis, to write in a strange style, you will understand me as clearly as if I had said, what in plain English is the simple truth, "Do me the justice to believe, that I take a heart-felt interest in whatsoever concerns your happiness." And, in this view, I sincerely congratulate you on your auspicious matrimonial connection. I am happy to find that Madame de Chastellux is so intimately connected with the Duchess of Orleans; as I have always understood that this noble lady was an illustrious example of connubial love, as well as an excellent pattern of virtue in general.

While you have been making love under the banner of Hymen, the great personages in the north have been making war under the inspiration, or rather under the infatuation, of Mars. Now, for my part, I humbly conceive that you have acted much the best and wisest part; for certainly it is more consonant to all the principles of reason and religion, natural and revealed, to replenish the earth with inhabitants, than to depopulate it by killing those already in existence. Besides, it is time for the age of knight-errantry and mad heroism to be at an end. Your young military men, who want to reap the harvest of laurels, do not care, I suppose, how many seeds of war are sown; but for the sake of humanity it is devoutly to be wished, that the manly employment of agriculture, and the humanizing benefits of commerce, would supersede the waste of war and the rage of conquest; that the swords might be turned into ploughshares, the spears into pruning-hooks, and, as the Scriptures express it, the "the nations learn war no more."

Now I will give you a little news from this side of the water, and then finish. As for us, we are plodding on in the dull road of peace and politics. We, who live in these ends of the earth, only hear of the rumors of war like the roar of distant thunder. It is to be hoped that our remote local situation will prevent us from being swept into its vortex.

The constitution, which was proposed by the federal convention, has been adopted by the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Georgia. No State has rejected it. The convention of Maryland is now sitting, and will probably adopt it; as that of South Carolina is expected to do in May. The other conventions will assemble early in the summer. Hitherto there has been much greater unanimity in favor of the proposed government, than could have reasonably been expected. Should it be adopted, and I think it will be, America will lift up her head again, and in a few years become respectable among the nations. It is a flattering and consolatory reflection, that our rising republics have the good wishes of all the philosophers, patriots,

and virtuous men in all nations; and that they look upon them as a kind of asylum for mankind. God grant that we may not disappoint their honest expectations by our folly or perverseness.

With sentiments of the purest attachment and esteem, I have the honor to be, my dear Marquis, etc.

P. S. If the Duc de Lauzun is still with you, I beg you will thank him, in my name, for his kind remembrance of me, and make my compliments to him.

May 1st.—Since writing the above, I have been favored with a duplicate of your letter in the handwriting of a lady, and cannot close this without acknowledging my obligations for the flattering postscript of the fair transcriber. In effect, my dear Marquis, the characters of this interpreter of your sentiments are so much fairer than those, through which I have been accustomed to decipher them, that I already consider myself as no small gainer by your matrimonial connection; especially as I hope your amiable amanuensis will not forget sometimes to add a few annotations of her own to your original text.

THE APPROACH OF THE PRESIDENCY.

[*From a Letter to Henry Lee.—Mount Vernon, 22 September,* 1788.]

YOU are among the small number of those, who know my invincible attachment to domestic life, and that my sincerest wish is to continue in the enjoyment of it solely until my final hour. But the world would be neither so well instructed, nor so candidly disposed, as to believe me uninfluenced by sinister motives, in case any circumstance should render a deviation from the line of conduct I had prescribed to myself indispensable.

Should the contingency you suggest take place, and (for argument's sake alone let me say it) should my unfeigned reluctance to accept the office be overcome by a deference for the reasons and opinions of my friends, might I not, after the declarations I have made (and Heaven knows they were made in the sincerity of my heart), in the judgment of the impartial world and of posterity, be chargeable with levity and inconsistency, if not with rashness and ambition? Nay farther, would there not be some apparent foundation for the two former charges? Now justice to myself and tranquillity of conscience require, that I should act a part, if not above imputation, at least capable of vindication. Nor will you conceive me to be too solicitous for reputation. Though I prize as I ought the good opinion of my fellow citizens, yet, if I know myself,

I would not seek or retain popularity at the expense of one social duty or moral virtue.

While doing what my conscience informed me was right, as it respected my God, my country, and myself, I could despise all the party clamor and unjust censure, which might be expected from some, whose personal enmity might be occasioned by their hostility to the government. I am conscious, that I fear alone to give any real occasion for obloquy, and that I do not dread to meet with unmerited reproach. And certain I am, whensoever I shall be convinced the good of my country requires my reputation to be put in risk, regard for my own fame will not come in competition with an object of so much magnitude. If I declined the task, it would lie upon quite another principle. Notwithstanding my advanced season of life, my increasing fondness for agricultural amusements, and my growing love of retirement, augment and confirm my decided predilection for the character of a private citizen, yet it would be no one of these motives, nor the hazard to which my former reputation might be exposed, nor the terror of encountering new fatigues and troubles, that would deter me from an acceptance; but a belief, that some other person, who had less pretence and less inclination to be excused, could execute all the duties full as satisfactorily as myself.

A GREAT EXPERIMENT.

[*From a Letter to Catharine Macaulay Graham—New York, 9 January,* 1790.]

IN the first place I thank you for your congratulatory sentiments on the event, which has placed me at the head of the American government, as well as for the indulgent partiality, which it is to be feared may have warped your judgment too much in my favor. But you do me no more than justice in supposing, that, if I had been permitted to indulge my first and fondest wish, I should have remained in a private station.

Although neither the present age nor posterity may possibly give me full credit for the feelings, which I have experienced on this subject, yet I have a consciousness that nothing short of an absolute conviction of duty could ever have brought me upon the scenes of public life again. The establishment of our new government seemed to be the last great experiment for promoting human happiness by a reasonable compact in civil society. It was to be in the first instance, in a considerable degree, a government of accommodation as well as a government of laws. Much was to be done by prudence, much by conciliation, much by firmness. Few, who are not philosophical spectators, can realize the difficult and

delicate part, which a man in my situation had to act. All see, and most admire, the glare which hovers round the external happiness of elevated office. To me there is nothing in it beyond the lustre, which may be reflected from its connection with a power of promoting human felicity.

In our progress toward political happiness my station is new, and, if I may use the expression, I walk on untrodden ground. There is scarcely an action, the motive of which may not be subject to a double interpretation. There is scarcely any part of my conduct, which may not hereafter be drawn into precedent. Under such a view of the duties inherent in my arduous office, I could not but feel a diffidence in myself on the one hand, and an anxiety for the community, that every new arrangement should be made in the best possible manner, on the other. If, after all my humble but faithful endeavors to advance the felicity of my country and mankind, I may indulge a hope, that my labors have not been altogether without success, it will be the only real compensation I can receive in the closing scenes of life.

AN ADMONITION TO HIS NIECE.

[*Letter to Harriot Washington.—Philadelphia, 30 October,* 1791.]

DEAR HARRIOT: I have received your letter of the 21st instant, and shall always be glad to hear from you. When my business will permit, inclination will not be wanting in me to acknowledge the receipt of your letters; and this I shall do the more cheerfully, as it will afford me opportunities at those times of giving you such occasional advice, as your situation may require.

At present I could plead a better excuse for curtailing my letter to you, than you had for shortening yours to me, having a multitude of occupations before me, while you have nothing to do; consequently you might with as much convenience to yourself have sat down to write your letter an hour or two or even a day sooner, as have delayed it until your cousin was on the point of sending to the post-office. I make this remark for no other reason, than to show you it is better to offer no excuse than a bad one, if at any time you should happen to fall into an error.

Occupied as my time now is, and must be during the sitting of Congress, I nevertheless will endeavor to inculcate upon your mind the delicacy and danger of that period, to which you are now arrived under peculiar circumstances. You are just entering into the state of womanhood, without the watchful eye of a mother to admonish, or the protect-

ing aid of a father to advise and defend you; you may not be sensible, that you are at this moment about to be stamped with that character, which will adhere to you through life; the consequences of which you have not perhaps attended to, but be assured it is of the utmost importance that you should.

Your cousins, with whom you live, are well qualified to give you advice; and I am sure they will, if you are disposed to receive it. But, if you are disobliging, self-willed, and untowardly, it is hardly to be expected that they will engage themselves in unpleasant disputes with you, especially Fanny, whose mild and placid temper will not permit her to exceed the limits of wholesome admonition or gentle rebuke. Think, then, to what dangers a giddy girl of fifteen or sixteen must be exposed in circumstances like these. To be under but little or no control may be pleasing to a mind that does not reflect, but this pleasure cannot be of long duration; and reason, too late perhaps, may convince you of the folly of misspending time. You are not to learn, I am certain, that your fortune is small. Supply the want of it, then, with a well cultivated mind, with dispositions to industry and frugality, with gentleness of manners, an obliging temper, and such qualifications as will attract notice, and recommend you to a happy establishment for life.

You might, instead of associating with those from whom you can derive nothing that is good, but may have observed everything that is deceitful, lying, and bad, become the intimate companion of, and aid to, your cousin in the domestic concerns of the family. Many girls, before they have arrived at your age, have been found so trustworthy as to take the whole trouble of a family from their mothers; but it is by a steady and rigid attention to the rules of propriety, that such confidence is obtained, and nothing would give me more pleasure than to hear that you had acquired it. The merits and benefits of it would redound more to your advantage in your progress through life, and to the person with whom you may in due time form a matrimonial connection, than to any others; but to none would such a circumstance afford more real satisfaction, than to your affectionate uncle.

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

[*Text obtained from "The Writings of George Washington. By Jared Sparks.* 1837." *Revised by comparison with the Reprint made by James Lenox,* 1850.—*In the preparation of this Address, Washington asked and received the critical aid of Hamilton and Jay.*]

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: The period for a new election of a Citizen, to administer the Executive Government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived, when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person, who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those, out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation, which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives, which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement, from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign Nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice, that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty, or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions, with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say, that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of

which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more, that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied, that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment, which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude, which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the Passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to the grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation, which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a People. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warn-

ings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsels. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The Unity of Government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main Pillar in the Edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty, which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion, that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our Country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same Religion, Manners, Habits, and political Principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint councils, and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those, which apply more immediately to your Interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the Union of the whole.

The *North*, in an unrestrained intercourse with the *South*, protected by the equal Laws of a common government, finds, in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enter-

prise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The *South*, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the *North*, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the *North*, it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The *East*, in a like intercourse with the *West*, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water, will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The *West* derives from the *East* supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the *secure* enjoyment of indispensable *outlets* for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as *one Nation*. Any other tenure by which the *West* can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign Power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our Country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in Union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their Peace by foreign Nations; and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from Union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same government, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown Military establishments, which, under any form of Government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to Republican Liberty. In this sense it is, that your Union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the UNION as a primary object of Patriotic desire. Is there a doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope, that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. 'Tis well worth a fair and full

experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to Union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes, which may disturb our Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by *Geographical* discriminations, *Northern* and *Southern*, *Atlantic* and *Western;* whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief, that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of Party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart-burnings, which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those, who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our Western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have seen, in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the Treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event, throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the General Government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the MISSISSIPPI; they have been witnesses to the formation of two Treaties, that with G. Britain, and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they could desire, in respect to our Foreign Relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the UNION by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their Brethren, and connect them with Aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions, which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government better calculated than your former for an intimate Union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its Laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is

the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, 'til changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole People, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the People to establish Government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

All obstructions to the execution of the Laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put, in the place of the delegated will of the Nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the Power of the People, and to usurp for themselves the reins of Government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your Government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations, which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of Governments, as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard, by which to test the real tendency of the existing Constitution of a Country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that, for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a Government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of Liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a Government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest Guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the Gov-

ernment is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the Society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of Parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on Geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the Spirit of Party, generally.

This Spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all Governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but, in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries, which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an Individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of Public Liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of Party are sufficient to make it the interest and the duty of a wise People to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the Public Councils, and enfeeble the Public administration. It agitates the Community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another, foments occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the Government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the Administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the Spirit of Liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in Governments of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in Governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And, there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public

opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution, in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the Guardian of the Public Weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the People, the distribution or modification of the Constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way, which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, Religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great Pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

'Tis substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of Free Government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is, to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of Peace to discharge the debts, which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen, which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your Representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be Revenue; that to have Revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised, which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant; that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the Government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining Revenue, which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt, that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential, than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The Nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its

duty and its interest. Antipathy in one Nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The Nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to War the Government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The Government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the Nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the Liberty, of Nations has been the victim.

So likewise, a passionate attachment of one Nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite Nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the Nation making the concessions; by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained; and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite Nation), facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding, with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent Patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake; since history and experience prove, that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of an-

other, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real Patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign Nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *Political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one People, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectably defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all Nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things;

diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with Powers so disposed, in order to give to trade a stable course, to define the rights of our Merchants, and to enable the Government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that 'tis folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from Nation to Nation. 'Tis an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my Countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our Nation from running the course, which has hitherto marked the destiny of Nations. But, if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party-spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public Records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to You and to the World. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting War in Europe, my Proclamation of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index to my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of Your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a Neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it, with moderation, perseverance, and firmness.

The considerations, which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is

not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the Belligerent Powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every Nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of Peace and Amity towards other Nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my Administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope, that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man, who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations; I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good Laws under a free Government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

G°. WASHINGTON.

UNITED STATES, 19 *September*, 1796.

John Dickinson.

BORN in Maryland, 1732. DIED at Chantilly, Va., 1794.

A WARNING TO THE COLONIES.

[*The Political Writings of John Dickinson, Esq.* 1804.]

THOUGH I always reflect with a high pleasure on the integrity and understanding of my countrymen, which, joined with a pure and humble devotion to the great and gracious Author of every blessing they enjoy, will, I hope, insure to them and their posterity all temporal and eternal happiness; yet when I consider that in every age and country there have been bad men, my heart at this threatening period is so full of apprehension as not to permit me to believe, but that there may be some on this continent against whom you ought to be upon your guard. Men, who either hold, or expect to hold certain advantages by setting examples of servility to their countrymen. Men, who trained to the employment, or self-taught by a natural versatility of genius serve as decoys for drawing the innocent and unwary into snares. It is not to be doubted but that such men will diligently bestir themselves on this and every like occasion to spread the infection of their meanness as far as they can. On the plans they have adopted, this is their course. This is the method to recommend themselves to their patrons. They act consistently in a bad cause. They run well in a mean race.

From them we shall learn how pleasant and profitable a thing it is to be for our submissive behavior well spoken of at St. James's or St. Stephen's; at Guildhall or the Royal Exchange. Specious fallacies will be dressed up with all the arts of delusion to persuade one colony to distinguish herself from another by unbecoming condescensions, which will serve the ambitious purposes of great men at home, and therefore will be thought by them to entitle their assistants in obtaining them to considerable rewards.

Our fears will be excited. Our hopes will be awakened. It will be insinuated to us, with a plausible affectation of wisdom and concern, how prudent it is to please the powerful—how dangerous to provoke them—and then comes in the perpetual incantation that freezes up every generous purpose of the soul in cold, inactive expectation—"that if there is any request to be made, compliance will obtain a favorable attention."

Our vigilance and our union are success and safety. Our negligence and our division are distress and death. They are worse—they are shame and slavery. Let us equally shun the benumbing stillness of overweening sloth, and the feverish activity of that ill-informed zeal which busies itself in maintaining little, mean and narrow opinions. Let

us, with a truly wise generosity and charity, banish and discourage all illiberal distinctions which may arise from differences in situation, forms of government, or modes of religion. Let us consider ourselves as men —freemen—Christian freemen—separated from the rest of the world and firmly bound together by the same rights, interests and dangers. Let these keep our attention inflexibly fixed on the great objects which we must continually regard in order to preserve those rights, to promote those interests, and to avert those dangers.

Let these truths be indelibly impressed on our minds—that we cannot be happy without being free—that we cannot be free without being secure in our property—that we cannot be secure in our property, if, without our consent others may, as by right, take it away—that taxes imposed on us by parliament do thus take it away—that duties laid for the sole purpose of raising money are taxes—that attempts to lay such duties should be instantly and firmly opposed—that this opposition can never be effectual unless it is the united effort of these provinces—that therefore benevolence of temper towards each other and unanimity of counsels are essential to the welfare of the whole—and lastly, that for this reason every man amongst us who in any manner would encourage either dissension, diffidence, or indifference between these colonies, is an enemy to himself, and to his country.

OF THE RIGHT TO FREEDOM; AND OF TRAITORS.

[*From the Same.*]

KINGS or parliaments could not give the rights essential to happiness, as you confess those invaded by the Stamp Act to be. We claim them from a higher source—from the King of kings, and Lord of all the earth. They are not annexed to us by parchments and seals. They are created in us by the decrees of Providence which establish the laws of our nature. They are born with us; exist with us; and cannot be taken from us by any human power, without taking our lives. In short, they are founded on the immutable maxims of reason and justice. It would be an insult on the divine Majesty to say, that he has given or allowed any man or body of men a right to make me miserable. If no man or body of men has such a right, I have a right to be happy. If there can be no happiness without freedom, I have a right to be free. If I cannot enjoy freedom without security of property, I have a right to be thus secured. If my property cannot be secure, in case others over whom I have no kind of influence may take it from me by taxes under pretence of the public good, and, for enforcing their demands, may subject me to arbitrary, expensive, and remote jurisdictions, I have an exclusive right

to lay taxes on my own property either by myself or those I can trust; of necessity to judge in such instances of the public good; and to be exempt from such jurisdictions. . . . .

Every man must remember, how, immediately after the tempest of the late war was laid, another storm began to gather over North America. Every wind that blew across the Atlantic brought with it additional darkness. Every act of the administration seemed calculated to produce distress and to excite terror. We were alarmed—we were afflicted. Many of our colonies sent home petitions; others ordered their agents to make proper applications on their behalf. What was the effect? They were rejected without reading. They could not be presented, "without breaking through a rule of the house." They insisted upon a right, that, it "was previously determined should not be admitted." The language of the ministry was "that they would teach the insolent North Americans the respect due to the laws of their mother country." They moved for a resolution "that the parliament could legally tax us." It was made. For a bill; it was framed. For its despatch; it was passed. The badges of our shame were prepared, too gross, too odious—even in the opinion of that administration—to be fastened upon us by any but Americans. Strange delusion! to imagine that treachery could reconcile us to slavery. They looked around; they found Americans—O Virtue! they found Americans to whom the confidence of their country had committed the guardianship of her rights—on whom her bounty had bestowed all the wreck of her fortunes could afford—ready to rivet on their native land, the nurse of their infancy, the protectrix of their youth, the honorer of their manhood, the fatal fetters which their information had helped to forge. They were to be gratified with part of the plunder in oppressive offices for themselves and their creatures. By these, that they might reap the rewards of their corruption, were we advised—by these, that they might return masters who went out servants, were we desired—to put on the chains, and then with shackled hands to drudge in the dark, as well as we could, forgetting the light we had lost. "*If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning—if I do not remember thee, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.*"

A DUTY TO POSTERITY.

[*From the Same.*]

HONOR, justice and humanity call upon us to hold and to transmit to our posterity, that liberty, which we received from our ancestors. It is not our duty to leave wealth to our children; but it is our duty to leave liberty to them. No infamy, iniquity, or cruelty can exceed our

own if we, born and educated in a country of freedom, entitled to its blessings and knowing their value, pusillanimously deserting the post assigned us by Divine Providence, surrender succeeding generations to a condition of wretchedness from which no human efforts, in all probability, will be sufficient to extricate them; the experience of all states mournfully demonstrating to us that when arbitrary power has been established over them, even the wisest and bravest nations that ever flourished have, in a few years, degenerated into abject and wretched vassals.

THE DECLARATION OF THE REPRESENTATIVES IN 1775.

[*From the Same.*]

OUR forefathers, inhabitants of the island of Great Britain, left their native land, to seek on these shores a residence for civil and religious freedom. At the expense of their blood, at the hazard of their fortunes, without the least charge to the country from which they removed, by unceasing labor and an unconquerable spirit they effected settlements in the distant and inhospitable wilds of America, then filled with numerous and warlike nations of barbarians. Societies or governments vested with perfect legislatures were formed under charters from the crown, and an harmonious intercourse was established between the colonies and the kingdom from which they derived their origin. The mutual benefits of this union became in a short time so extraordinary, as to excite astonishment. It is universally confessed, that the amazing increase of the wealth, strength, and navigation of the realm, arose from this source; and the minister who so wisely and successfully directed the measures of Great Britain in the late war, publicly declared that these colonies enabled her to triumph over her enemies. Towards the conclusion of that war, it pleased our sovereign to make a change in his counsels. From that fatal moment the affairs of the British Empire began to fall into confusion, and gradually sliding from the summit of glorious prosperity to which they had been advanced by the virtues and abilities of one man, are at length distracted by the convulsions that now shake it to its deepest foundations. The new ministry, finding the brave foes of Britain though frequently defeated yet still contending, took up the unfortunate idea of granting them a hasty peace, and of then subduing her faithful friends.

These devoted colonies were judged to be in such a state, as to present victories without bloodshed, and all the easy emoluments of statutable plunder. The uninterrupted tenor of their peaceable and respectful behavior from the beginning of colonization, their dutiful, zealous, and

useful services during the war, though so recently and amply acknowledged in the most honorable manner by his majesty, by the late king, and by parliament, could not save them from the meditated innovations. Parliament was influenced to adopt the pernicious project, and assuming a new power over them, have in the course of eleven years given such decisive specimens of the spirit and consequences attending this power, as to leave no doubt concerning the effects of acquiescence under it. They have undertaken to give and grant our money without our consent, though we have ever exercised an exclusive right to dispose of our own property; statutes have been passed for extending the jurisdiction of courts of admiralty and vice admiralty beyond their ancient limits; for depriving us of the accustomed and inestimable privilege of trial by jury in cases affecting both life and property; for suspending the legislature of one of the colonies; for interdicting all commerce to the capital of another; and for altering fundamentally the form of government established by charter, and secured by acts of its own legislature solemnly confirmed by the crown; for exempting the murderers of colonists from legal trial, and in effect, from punishment; for erecting in a neighboring province, acquired by the joint arms of Great Britain and America, a despotism dangerous to our very existence; and for quartering soldiers upon the colonists in time of profound peace. It has also been resolved in parliament, that colonists charged with committing certain offences, shall be transported to England to be tried.

But why should we enumerate our injuries in detail? By one statute it is declared, that parliament can "of right make laws to bind us in all cases whatsoever." What is to defend us against so enormous, so unlimited a power? Not a single man of those who assume it is chosen by us; or is subject to our control or influence; but on the contrary, they are all of them exempt from the operation of such laws, and an American revenue, if not diverted from the ostensible purposes for which it is raised, would actually lighten their own burdens in proportion as they increase ours. We saw the misery to which such despotism would reduce us. We for ten years incessantly and ineffectually besieged the throne as supplicants; we reasoned, we remonstrated with parliament in the most mild and decent language.

Administration, sensible that we should regard these oppressive measures as freemen ought to do, sent over fleets and armies to enforce them. The indignation of the Americans was roused, it is true; but it was the indignation of a virtuous, loyal, and affectionate people. A Congress of delegates from the United Colonies was assembled at Philadelphia, on the fifth day of last September. We resolved again to offer an humble and dutiful petition to the king, and also addressed our fellow-subjects of Great Britain. We have pursued every temperate, every respectful

measure; we have even proceeded to break off our commercial intercourse with our fellow-subjects as the last peaceable admonition that our attachment to no nation upon earth should supplant our attachment to liberty. This, we flattered ourselves, was the ultimate step of the controversy: but subsequent events have shown how vain was this hope of finding moderation in our enemies. . . . .

In brief, a part of these colonies now feel, and all of them are sure of feeling, as far as the vengeance of administration can inflict them, the complicated calamities of fire, sword and famine. We are reduced to the alternative of choosing an unconditional submission to the tyranny of irritated ministers, or resistance by force.—The latter is our choice. *We have counted the cost of this contest, and find nothing so dreadful as voluntary slavery.* Honor, justice and humanity forbid us tamely to surrender that freedom which we received from our gallant ancestors, and which our innocent posterity have a right to receive from us. We cannot endure the infamy and guilt of resigning succeeding generations to that wretchedness which inevitably awaits them, if we basely entail hereditary bondage upon them.

Our cause is just. Our union is perfect. Our internal resources are great, and, if necessary, foreign assistance is undoubtedly attainable. We gratefully acknowledge, as signal instances of the Divine favor toward us, that his providence would not permit us to be called into this severe controversy until we were grown up to our present strength, had been previously exercised in warlike operations, and possessed the means of defending ourselves. With hearts fortified by these animating reflections, we most solemnly, before God and the world, declare that, exerting the utmost energy of those powers which our beneficent Creator hath graciously bestowed upon us, the arms we have been compelled by our enemies to assume, we will in defiance of every hazard, with unabating firmness and perseverance, employ for the preservation of our liberties; being with one mind resolved to die freemen rather than to live slaves.

Joseph Stansbury.

A Native of England, and a Resident of Philadelphia and New York during the Revolution.

A SONG.

[*The Loyal Verses of Joseph Stansbury and Doctor Jonathan Odell. Now first edited by Winthrop Sargent.* 1860.]

I'VE heard in old times that a sage used to say
The seasons were nothing—December or May—
The heat or the cold never entered his plan;
That all should be happy whenever they can.

No matter what power directed the state,
He looked upon such things as ordered by fate.
Whether governed by many, or ruled by one man,
His rule was—be happy whenever you can.

He happened to enter this world the same day
With the supple, complying, famed Vicar of Bray.
Through both of their lives the same principle ran:
My boys, we'll be happy as long as we can.

Time-serving I hate, yet I see no good reason
A leaf from their book should be thought out of season.
When kicked like a foot-ball from Sheba to Dan,
Egad, let's be happy as long as we can.

Since no one can tell what to-morrow may bring,
Or which side shall triumph, the Congress or King;
Since Fate must o'errule us and carry her plan,
Why, let us be happy as long as we can.

To-night let's enjoy this good wine and a song,
And relish the hour which we cannot prolong.
If evil will come, we'll adhere to our plan
And baffle misfortune as long as we can.

TO HIS WIFE.

[*From the Same.*]

BELIEVE me, Love, this vagrant life
O'er Nova Scotia's wilds to roam,
While far from children, friends, or wife,
Or place that I can call a home,
Delights not me;—another way
My treasures, pleasures, wishes lay.

In piercing, wet, and wintry skies,
Where man would seem in vain to toil,
I see, where'er I turn my eyes,
Luxuriant pasture, trees, and soil.
Uncharmed I see:—another way
My fondest hopes and wishes lay.

Oh, could I through the future see
Enough to form a settled plan,
To feed my infant train and thee
And fill the rank and style of man:
I'd cheerful be the livelong day;
Since all my wishes point that way.

But when I see a sordid shed
  Of birchen bark, procured with care,
Designed to shield the aged head
  Which British mercy placed there—
'Tis too, too much: I cannot stay,
But turn with streaming eyes away.

Oh, how your heart would bleed to view
  Six pretty prattlers like your own,
Exposed to every wind that blew,
  Condemned in such a hut to moan.
Could this be borne, Cordelia, say?
Contented in your cottage stay.

'Tis true, that in this climate rude,
  The mind resolved may happy be;
And may with toil and solitude,
  Live independent and be free.
So the lone hermit yields to slow decay:
Unfriended lives—unheeded glides away.

If so far humbled that no pride remains,
  But moot indifference which way flows the stream;
Resigned to penury, its cares and pains;
  And hope has left you like a painted dream;
Then here, Cordelia, bend your pensive way,
And close the evening of Life's wretched day.

Richard Henry Lee.

BORN in Stratford, Va., 1732. DIED at Chantilly, Va., 1794.

THE COLONIES TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

[*From the Address adopted by Congress, July* 8, 1775.]

AFTER the most valuable right of legislation was infringed; when the powers assumed by your Parliament, in which we are not represented, and from our local and other circumstances cannot properly be represented, rendered our property precarious; after being denied that mode of trial to which we have long been indebted for the safety of our persons and the preservation of our liberties; after being in many instances divested of those laws which were transmitted to us by our common ancestors, and subjected to an arbitrary code, compiled under the auspices of Roman tyrants; after those charters, which encouraged

our predecessors to brave death and danger in every shape, on unknown seas, in deserts unexplored, amidst barbarous and inhospitable nations, were annulled; when, without the form of trial, without a public accusation, whole colonies were condemned, their trade destroyed, their inhabitants impoverished; when soldiers were encouraged to imbrue their hands in the blood of Americans, by offers of impunity; when new modes of trial were instituted for the ruin of the accused, where the charge carried with it the horrors of conviction; when a despotic government was established in a neighboring province, and its limits extended to every part of our frontiers; we little imagined that anything could be added to this black catalogue of unprovoked injuries: but we have unhappily been deceived, and the late measures of the British ministry fully convince us, that their object is the reduction of these colonies to slavery and ruin. . . . .

If still you retain those sentiments of compassion by which Britons have ever been distinguished; if the humanity which tempered the valor of our common ancestors has not degenerated into cruelty, you will lament the miseries of their descendants.

To what are we to attribute this treatment? If to any secret principle of the constitution, let it be mentioned; let us learn that the government we have long revered is not without its defects, and that while it gives freedom to a part, it necessarily enslaves the remainder of the empire. If such a principle exists, why for ages has it ceased to operate? Why at this time is it called into action? Can no reason be assigned for this conduct? or must it be resolved into the wanton exercise of arbitrary power? And shall the descendants of Britons tamely submit to this? No, sirs! We never will; while we revere the memory of our gallant and virtuous ancestors, we never can surrender those glorious privileges for which they fought, bled, and conquered. Admit that your fleets could destroy our towns, and ravage our sea-coasts; these are inconsiderable objects, things of no moment to men whose bosoms glow with the ardor of liberty. We can retire beyond the reach of your navy, and, without any sensible diminution of the necessaries of life, enjoy a luxury, which from that period you will want—the luxury of being free.

We know the force of your arms, and was it called forth in the cause of justice and your country, we might dread the exertion; but will Britons fight under the banners of tyranny? Will they counteract the labors, and disgrace the victories of their ancestors? Will they forge chains for their posterity? If they descend to this unworthy task, will their swords retain their edge, their arms their accustomed vigor? Britons can never become the instruments of oppression, till they lose the spirit of freedom, by which alone they are invincible.

Our enemies charge us with sedition. In what does it consist? In

our refusal to submit to unwarrantable acts of injustice and cruelty? If so, show us a period in your history in which you have not been equally seditious. We are accused of aiming at independence; but how is this accusation supported? By the allegations of your ministers—not by our actions. Abused, insulted, and contemned, what steps have we pursued to obtain redress? We have carried our dutiful petitions to the throne. We have applied to your justice for relief. We have retrenched our luxury, and withheld our trade. . . . .

The great bulwarks of our constitution we have desired to maintain by every temperate, by every peaceable means; but your ministers (equal foes to British and American freedom) have added to their former oppressions an attempt to reduce us, by the sword, to a base and abject submission. On the sword, therefore, we are compelled to rely for protection. Should victory declare in your favor, yet men trained to arms from their infancy, and animated by the love of liberty, will afford neither a cheap nor easy conquest. Of this, at least, we are assured, that our struggle will be glorious, our success certain; since even in death we shall find that freedom which in life you forbid us to enjoy.

Let us now ask, What advantages are to attend our reduction? The trade of a ruined and desolate country is always inconsiderable, its revenue trifling; the expense of subjecting and retaining it in subjection, certain and inevitable. What then remains but the gratification of an ill-judged pride, or the hope of rendering us subservient to designs on your liberty?

Soldiers who have sheathed their swords in the bowels of their American brethren, will not draw them with more reluctance against you. When too late, you may lament the loss of that freedom which we exhort you, while still in your power, to preserve.

On the other hand, should you prove unsuccessful; should that connection which we most ardently wish to maintain, be dissolved; should your ministers exhaust your treasures, and waste the blood of your countrymen in vain attempts on our liberty, do they not deliver you, weak and defenceless, to your natural enemies?

Since, then, your liberty must be the price of your victories, your ruin of your defeat—what blind fatality can urge you to a pursuit destructive of all that Britons hold dear?

If you have no regard to the connection which has for ages subsisted between us; if you have forgot the wounds we have received fighting by your side for the extension of the empire; if our commerce is not an object below your consideration; if justice and humanity have lost their influence on your hearts, still motives are not wanting to excite your indignation at the measures now pursued. Your wealth, your honor, your liberty are at stake.

Notwithstanding the distress to which we are reduced, we sometimes forget our own afflictions, to anticipate and sympathize in yours. We grieve that rash and inconsiderate counsels should precipitate the destruction of an empire, which has been the envy and admiration of ages; and call God to witness! that we would part with our property, endanger our lives, and sacrifice everything but liberty, to redeem you from ruin.

A cloud hangs over your heads and ours: ere this reaches you, it may probably burst upon us; let us, then (before the remembrance of former kindness is obliterated) once more repeat those appellations which are ever grateful in our ears; let us entreat Heaven to avert our ruin, and the destruction that threatens our friends, brethren, and countrymen on the other side of the Atlantic.

Benjamin Church.

Born in Newport, R. I., 1734. Lost at sea, 1776.

TO THE HEIRS OF THE PILGRIMS.

[*The Times: a Poem, by an American.* 1765.]

FAIR liberty, our soul's most darling prize,
A bleeding victim flits before our eyes:
Was it for this our great forefathers rode
O'er a vast ocean to this bleak abode!
When liberty was into contest brought,
And loss of life was but a second thought;
By pious violence rejected thence,
To try the utmost stretch of providence;
The deep, unconscious of the furrowing keel,
Essayed the tempest to rebuke their zeal;
The tawny natives and inclement sky
Put on their terrors, and command to fly;
They mock at danger; what can those appall?
To whom fair liberty is all in all.
See the new world their purchase, blest domain,
Where lordly tyrants never forged the chain;
The prize of valor, and the gift of prayer,
Hear this and redden, each degenerate heir!
Is it for you their honor to betray,
And give the harvest of their blood away?
Look back with reverence, awed to just esteem,
Preserve the blessings handed down from them;
If not, look forward, look with deep despair,
And dread the curses of your beggared heir;
What bosom beats not, when such themes excite?
Be men, be gods, be stubborn in the right.

John Adams.

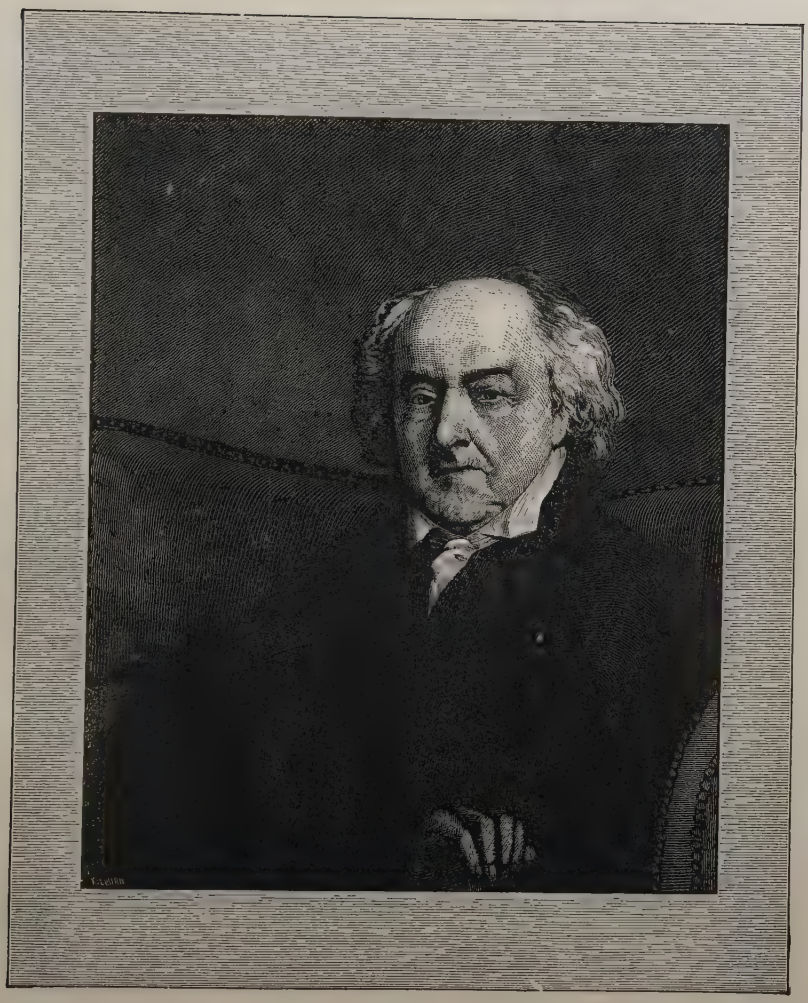
BORN in Braintree, Mass., 1735. DIED at Quincy, Mass., 1826.

CHARACTERISTIC ENTRIES IN HIS DIARY.

[*The Works of John Adams. Edited by his Grandson, Charles Francis Adams.* 1856.]

SOME YOUTHFUL RESOLUTIONS.

GOOD-sense will make us remember that others have as good a right to think for themselves, and to speak their own opinions, as we have; that another man's making a silly speech does not warrant my ill-nature and pride in grasping the opportunity to ridicule him and show my wit; a puffy, vain, conceited conversation never fails to bring a man into contempt, although his natural endowments be ever so great, and his application and industry ever so intense; no accomplishments, no virtues, are a sufficient atonement for vanity and a haughty overbearing temper in conversation; and such is the humor of the world, the greater a man's parts, and the nobler his virtues in other respects, the more derision and ridicule does this one vice and folly throw him into. Good-sense is generally attended with a very lively sense and delight in applause; the love of fame in such men is generally much stronger than in other people, and this passion, it must be confessed, is apt to betray men into impertinent exertions of their talents, sometimes into censorious remarks upon others, often into little meannesses to sound the opinions of others, and, oftenest of all, into a childish affectation of wit and gayety. I must own myself to have been, to a very heinous degree, guilty in this respect; when in company with persons much superior to myself in years and place, I have talked to show my learning; I have been too bold with great men, which boldness will, no doubt, be called self-conceit; I have made ill-natured remarks upon the intellectuals, manners, practice, etc., of other people; I have foolishly aimed at wit and spirit, at making a shining figure in gay company; but, instead of shining brighter, I only clouded the few rays that before rendered me visible. Such has been my unhappy fate. I now resolve, for the future, never to say an ill-natured thing concerning ministers or the ministerial profession; never to say an envious thing concerning governors, judges, ministers, clerks, sheriffs, lawyers, or any other honorable or lucrative offices or officers; never to affect wit upon laced waistcoats, or large estates, or their possessors; never to show my own importance or superiority by remarking the foibles, vices, or inferiority of others. But I now resolve, as far as lies in me, to take notice chiefly of the amiable



John Adams

qualities of other people; to put the most favorable construction upon the weaknesses, bigotry, and errors of others, etc.; and to labor more for an inoffensive and amiable, than for a shining and invidious character. . . . .

OBSERVATIONS OF THE FAIR.

Pretensions to wisdom and virtue, superior to all the world, will not be supported by words only. If I tell a man I am wiser and better than he or any other man, he will either despise, or hate, or pity me, perhaps all three. I have not conversed enough with the world to behave rightly. I talk to Paine about Greek; that makes him laugh. I talk to Samuel Quincy about resolution, and being a great man, and study, and improving time; which makes him laugh. I talk to Ned about the folly of affecting to be a heretic; which makes him mad. I talk to Hannah and Esther about the folly of love; about despising it; about being above it; pretend to be insensible of tender passions; which makes them laugh. I talk to Mr. Wibird about the decline of learning; tell him I know no young fellow, who promises to make a figure; cast sneers on Dr. Marsh, for not knowing the value of old Greek and Roman authors; ask when will a genius rise that will shave his beard, or let it grow rather, and sink himself in a cell in order to make a figure? I talked to Parson Smith, about despising gay dress, grand buildings and estates, fame, etc., and being contented with what will satisfy the real wants of nature.

All this is affectation and ostentation. It is affectation of learning, and virtue, and wisdom, which I have not; and it is a weak fondness to show all that I have, and to be thought to have more than I have. Besides this, I have insensibly fallen into a habit of affecting wit and humor; of shrugging my shoulders and moving and distorting the muscles of my face; my motions are stiff and uneasy, ungraceful; and my attention is unsteady and irregular. These are reflections on myself, that I make; they are faults, defects, fopperies, and follies, and disadvantages. Can I mend these faults and supply these defects?

O—— makes observations on actions, characters, events in Pope's Homer, Milton, Pope's Poems, any plays, romances, etc., that she reads; and asks questions about them in company—"What do you think of Helen? what do you think of Hector, etc.? what character do you like best? did you wish the plot had not been discovered in Venice Preserved?" These are questions that prove a thinking mind. E—— asks none such.

Thus, in a wild campaign, a dissipating party of pleasure, observations

and improvements may be made; some foppery, and folly, and vice, may be discerned in one's self, and motives and methods may be collected to subdue it; some virtue or agreeable quality may be observed in one's self, and improved and cherished; or in another, and transplanted into one's self.

Though O—— knows and can practise the art of pleasing, yet she fails sometimes; she lets us see a face of ridicule and spying sometimes, inadvertently, though she looks familiarly and pleasantly for the most part. She is apparently frank, but really reserved; seemingly pleased and almost charmed, when she is really laughing with contempt; her face and heart have no correspondence.

Hannah checks Parson Wibird with irony. "It was very saucy to disturb you, very saucy, I'm sure," etc.

I am very thankful for these checks. Good treatment makes me think I am admired, beloved, and my own vanity will be indulged in me; so I dismiss my guard, and grow weak, silly, vain, conceited, ostentatious. But a check, a frown, a sneer, a sarcasm, rouses my spirits, makes me more careful and considerate. It may, in short, be made a question, whether good treatment or bad is the best for me; that is, whether smiles, kind words, respectful actions, do not betray me into weaknesses and littlenesses that frowns, satirical speeches, and contemptuous behavior, make me avoid.

Popularity, next to virtue and wisdom, ought to be aimed at; for it is the dictate of wisdom, and is necessary to the practice of virtue in most. . . . .

THE YOUNG LAWYER'S REFLECTIONS.

Reputation ought to be the perpetual subject of my thoughts, and aim of my behavior. How shall I gain a reputation? how shall I spread an opinion of myself as a lawyer of distinguished genius, learning, and virtue? Shall I make frequent visits in the neighborhood, and converse familiarly with men, women, and children, in their own style, on the common tittle-tattle of the town and the ordinary concerns of a family, and so take every fair opportunity of showing my knowledge in the law? But this will require much thought and time, and a very particular knowledge of the province law and common matters, of which I know much less than I do of the Roman law. Shall I endeavor to renew my acquaintance with those young gentlemen in Boston who were at college with me, and to extend my acquaintance among merchants, shopkeepers, tradesmen, etc., and mingle with the crowd upon Change, and traipse the town-house floor with one and another, in order to get a character in town? But this, too, will be a lingering method and will

require more art, and address, and patience, too, than I am master of. Shall I, by making remarks and proposing questions to the lawyers at the bar, endeavor to get a great character for understanding and learning with them? But this is slow and tedious, and will be ineffectual; for envy, jealousy, and self-interest, will not suffer them to give a young fellow a free, generous character, especially me. Neither of these projects will bear examination, will avail. Shall I look out for a cause to speak to, and exert all the soul and all the body I own, to cut a flash, strike amazement, to catch the vulgar; in short, shall I walk a lingering, heavy pace, or shall I take one bold determined leap into the midst of fame, cash, and business? That is the question;—a bold push, a resolute attempt, a determined enterprise, or a slow, silent, imperceptible creeping; shall I creep or fly?

I feel vexed, fretted, chafed; the thought of no business mortifies, stings me. But let me banish these fears; let me assume a fortitude, a greatness of mind.

In such a slow, gradual ascent to fame and fortune and business, the pleasure that they give will be imperceptible; but by a bold, sudden rise, I shall feel all the joys of each at once. Have I genius and resolution and health enough for such an achievement? . . . .

A NEW ENGLAND COUPLE IN 1771.

Spent this week at Ipswich, in the usual labors and drudgery of attendance upon court. Boarded at Treadwell's; have had no time to write. Landlord and landlady are some of the grandest people alive; landlady is the great-granddaughter of Governor Endicott, and has all the great notions of high family that you find in Winslows, Hutchinsons, Quincys, Saltonstalls, Chandlers, Leonards, Otises, and as you might find with more propriety in the Winthrops. Yet she is cautious and modest about discovering it. She is a new light; continually canting and whining in a religious strain. The Governor was uncommonly strict and devout, eminently so in his day; and his great, great-granddaughter hopes to keep up the honor of the family in hers, and distinguish herself among her contemporaries as much. "Terrible things sin causes," sighs and groans, "the pangs of the new birth. The death of Christ shows above all things the heinous nature of sin! How awfully Mr. Kent talks about death! how lightly and carelessly! I am sure a man of his years, who can talk so about death, must be brought to feel the pangs of the new birth here, or made to repent of it forever. How dreadful it seems to me to hear him, I that am so afraid of death, and so concerned lest I an't fit and prepared for it! What a dreadful thing it was that Mr. Gridley died so!—too great, too big, too proud to learn

anything; would not let any minister pray with him; said he knew more than they could tell him; asked the news, and said he was going where he should hear no news," etc.

Thus far landlady. As to landlord, he is as happy, and as big, as proud, as conceited as any nobleman in England; always calm and good-natured and lazy; but the contemplation of his farm and his sons and his house and pasture and cows, his sound judgment, as he thinks, and his great holiness, as well as that of his wife, keep him as erect in his thoughts as a noble or a prince. Indeed, the more I consider of mankind, the more I see that every man seriously and in his conscience believes himself the wisest, brightest, best, happiest, etc., of all mankind. . . . .

THE NOMINATION OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Accordingly, when Congress had assembled, I rose in my place, and in as short a speech as the subject would admit, represented the state of the Colonies, the uncertainty in the minds of the people, their great expectation and anxiety, the distresses of the army, the danger of its dissolution, the difficulty of collecting another, and the probability that the British army would take advantage of our delays, march out of Boston, and spread desolation as far as they could go. I concluded with a motion, in form, that Congress would adopt the army at Cambridge, and appoint a General; that though this was not the proper time to nominate a General, yet, as I had reason to believe this was a point of the greatest difficulty, I had no hesitation to declare that I had but one gentleman in my mind for that important command, and that was a gentleman from Virginia who was among us and very well known to all of us, a gentleman whose skill and experience as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents, and excellent universal character, would command the approbation of all America, and unite the cordial exertions of all the Colonies better than any other person in the Union. Mr. Washington, who happened to sit near the door, as soon as he heard me allude to him, from his usual modesty, darted into the library-room. Mr. Hancock,—who was our President, which gave me an opportunity to observe his countenance while I was speaking on the state of the Colonies, the army at Cambridge, and the enemy,—heard me with visible pleasure; but when I came to describe Washington for the commander, I never remarked a more sudden and striking change of countenance. Mortification and resentment were expressed as forcibly as his face could exhibit them. Mr. Samuel Adams seconded the motion, and that did not soften the President's physiognomy at all. The subject came under debate, and several gentlemen declared themselves against the appointment of Mr. Washington, not on account of any personal

objection against him, but because the army were all from New England, had a General of their own, appeared to be satisfied with him, and had proved themselves able to imprison the British army in Boston, which was all they expected or desired at that time. Mr. Pendleton, of Virginia, Mr. Sherman, of Connecticut, were very explicit in declaring this opinion; Mr. Cushing and several others more faintly expressed their opposition, and their fears of discontents in the army and in New England. Mr. Paine expressed a great opinion of General Ward and a strong friendship for him, having been his classmate at college, or at least his contemporary; but gave no opinion upon the question. The subject was postponed to a future day. In the mean time, pains were taken out-of-doors to obtain a unanimity, and the voices were generally so clearly in favor of Washington, that the dissentient members were persuaded to withdraw their opposition, and Mr. Washington was nominated, I believe by Mr. Thomas Johnson of Maryland, unanimously elected, and the army adopted. . . . .

ON THE WAY TO FRANCE IN 1778.

One evening when we were approaching the French coast, I was sitting in the cabin, when Captain McIntosh, our prisoner, came down to me, and addressed me with great solemnity. "Mr. Adams, this ship will be captured by my countrymen in less than half an hour. Two large British men-of-war are bearing directly down upon us, and are just by. You will hear from them, I warrant you, in six minutes. Let me take the liberty to say to you that I feel for you more than for any one else. I have always liked you since I came on board, and have always ascribed to you, chiefly, the good treatment I have received, as well as my people; and you may depend upon it, all the good service I can render you with my countrymen, shall be done with pleasure."

I saw by his countenance, gestures, air, language, and everything, that he believed what he said; that he most heartily rejoiced in his own prospect of deliverance, and that he heartily pitied me. I smiled, however, at his offers of kind offices to me, knowing full well, that his prayers and tears would be as unavailing as my own, if he should be generous and I weak enough to employ them with British officers, ministers, judges, or king, in the then circumstances of things and temper of the Britons. I made him a bow, expressive of my sense of his politeness, but said nothing. Determined to see my danger, before I would be intimidated at it, I took my hat, and marched up to the quarter-deck. I had before heard an uncommon trampling upon deck, and perceived signs of some alarm and confusion, but when upon deck I saw the two

ships indeed. They both appeared larger than our frigate, and were already within musket-shot of us. The air was clear, and the moon very bright. We could see everything, even the men on board. We all expected every moment to be hailed, and, possibly, saluted with a broadside. But the two ships passed by us, without speaking a word, and I stood upon deck till they had got so far off as to remove all apprehensions of danger from them. Whether they were two American frigates, which had been about that time in France, we never knew. We had no inclination to inquire about their business or destination, and were very happy that they discovered so little curiosity about ours. . . .

A PLACE FOR KINGS.

Franklin told us one of his characteristic stories. "A Spanish writer of certain visions of Hell, relates that a certain devil, who was civil and well-bred, showed him all the apartments in the place, among others, that of deceased kings. The Spaniard was much pleased at so illustrious a sight, and after viewing them for some time, said he should be glad to see the rest of them. 'The rest?' said the demon. 'Here are all the kings that ever reigned upon earth, from the creation of it to this day. What the devil would the man have?' This was not so charitable as Dr. Watts, who, in his View of Heaven, says, 'Here and there I see a king.'" This seems to imply that kings are as good as other men, since it is but here and there that we see a king upon earth.

The truth is, that neither then, nor at any former time, since I had attained any maturity in age, reading, and reflection, had I imbibed any general prejudice against, or in favor of kings. It appeared to me then, as it has done ever since, that there is a state of society in which a republican government is the best, and, in America, the only one which ought to be adopted or thought of, because the morals of the people, and circumstances of the country, not only can bear it, but require it. But, in several of the great nations of Europe, kings appeared to me to be as necessary as any government at all. Nor had I ever seen any reason to believe that kings were, in general, worse than other men. . . . .

ADAMS AT THE FRENCH COURT.

Went to Versailles, in company with Mr. Lee, Mr. Izard and his lady, Mr. Lloyd and his lady, and Mr. François. Saw the grand procession of the Knights *du Saint-Esprit*, or *du cordon bleu*. At nine o'clock at night, went to the *grand couvert*, and saw the king, queen, and

royal family, at supper; had a fine seat and situation close by the royal family, and had a distinct, and full view, of the royal pair.

Our objects were to see the ceremonies of the knights, and, in the evening, the public supper of the royal family. The kneelings, the bows, and the courtesies of the knights, the dresses and decorations, the king seated on his throne, his investiture of a new created knight with the badges and ornaments of the order, and his majesty's profound and reverential bow before the altar as he retired, were novelties and curiosities to me, but surprised me much less than the patience and perseverance with which they all kneeled, for two hours together, upon the hard marble of which the floor of the chapel was made. The distinction of the blue ribbon was very dearly purchased at the price of enduring this painful operation four times in a year. The Count de Vergennes confessed to me that he was almost dead with the pain of it. And the only insinuation I ever heard, that the King was in any degree touched by the philosophy of the age, was, that he never discovered so much impatience, under any of the occurrences of his life, as in going through those tedious ceremonies of religion, to which so many hours of his life were condemned by the Catholic Church.

The queen was attended by her ladies to the gallery opposite to the altar, placed in the centre of the seat, and there left alone by the other ladies, who all retired. She was an object too sublime and beautiful for my dull pen to describe. I leave this enterprise to Mr. Burke. But, in his description, there is more of the orator than of the philosopher. Her dress was everything that art and wealth could make it. One of the maids of honor told me she had diamonds upon her person to the value of eighteen millions of livres; and I always thought her majesty much beholden to her dress. Mr. Burke saw her probably but once. I have seen her fifty times perhaps, and in all the varieties of her dresses. She had a fine complexion, indicating perfect health, and was a handsome woman in her face and figure. But I have seen beauties much superior, both in countenance and form, in France, England, and America.

After the ceremonies of this institution are over, there is a collection for the poor; and that this closing scene may be as elegant as any of the former, a young lady of some of the first families in France is appointed to present the box to the knights. Her dress must be as rich and elegant, in proportion, as the queen's, and her air, motions, and courtesies, must have as much dignity and grace as those of the knights. It was a curious entertainment to observe the easy air, the graceful bow, and the conscious dignity of the knight, in presenting his contribution; and the corresponding ease, grace, and dignity of the lady, in receiving it, were not less charming. Every muscle, nerve, and fibre, of both, seemed per-

fectly disciplined to perform its functions. The elevation of the arm, the bend of the elbow, and every finger in the hand of the knight, in putting his louis d'ors into the box, appeared to be perfectly studied, because it was perfectly natural. How much devotion there was in all this I know not, but it was a consummate school to teach the rising generation the perfection of the French air, and external politeness and good-breeding. I have seen nothing to be compared to it in any other country. . . . .

At nine o'clock we went and saw the king, queen, and royal family, at the *grand couvert*. Whether M. François, a gentleman who undertook upon this occasion to conduct us, had contrived a plot to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, or whether the royal family had a fancy to see the raw American at their leisure, or whether they were willing to gratify him with a convenient seat, in which he might see all the royal family, and all the splendors of the place, I know not; but the scheme could not have been carried into execution, certainly, without the orders of the king. I was selected, and summoned indeed, from all my company, and ordered to a seat close beside the royal family. The seats on both sides of the hall, arranged like the seats in a theatre, were all full of ladies of the first rank and fashion in the kingdom, and there was no room or place for me but in the midst of them. It was not easy to make room for one more person. However, room was made, and I was situated between two ladies, with rows and ranks of ladies above and below me, and on the right hand and on the left, and ladies only. My dress was a decent French dress, becoming the station I held, but not to be compared with the gold, and diamonds, and embroidery, about me. I could neither speak, nor understand the language in a manner to support a conversation, but I had soon the satisfaction to find it was a silent meeting, and that nobody spoke a word, but the royal family, to each other, and they said very little. The eyes of all the assembly were turned upon me, and I felt sufficiently humble and mortified, for I was not a proper object for the criticisms of such a company. I found myself gazed at, as we in America used to gaze at the sachems who came to make speeches to us in Congress, but I thought it very hard if I could not command as much power of face as one of the chiefs of the Six Nations, and, therefore, determined that I would assume a cheerful countenance, enjoy the scene around me, and observe it as coolly as an astronomer contemplates the stars. Inscriptions of *Fructus Belli* were seen on the ceiling and all about the walls of the room, among paintings of the trophies of war, probably done by the order of Louis XIV. who confessed, in his dying hour, as his successor and exemplar Napoleon will probably do, that he had been too fond of war. The king was the royal carver for himself and all his family. His majesty ate like a king, and made a royal sup-

per of solid beef, and other things in proportion. The queen took a large spoonful of soup, and displayed her fine person and graceful manners, in alternately looking at the company in various parts of the hall, and ordering several kinds of seasoning to be brought to her, by which she fitted her supper to her taste. When this was accomplished, her majesty exhibited to the admiring spectators, the magnificent spectacle of a great queen swallowing her royal supper in a single spoonful all at once. This was all performed like perfect clock-work; not a feature of her face, nor a motion of any part of her person, especially her arm and her hand, could be criticised as out of order. A little, and but a little, conversation seemed to pass among the royal personages of both sexes, but in so low a voice, that nothing could be understood by any of the audience.

The officers about the king's person brought him many letters and papers, from time to time, while he was at table. He looked at these. Some of them he read, or seemed to read, and returned them to the same officers who brought them, or some others.

These ceremonies and shows may be condemned by philosophy, and ridiculed by comedy, with great reason. Yet the common-sense of mankind has never adopted the rigid decrees of the former, nor ever sincerely laughed with the latter. Nor has the religion of nations, in any age, approved of the dogmas or the satires. On the contrary, it has always overborne them all, and carried its inventions of such exhibitions to a degree of sublimity and pathos, which has frequently transported the greatest infidels out of themselves. Something of the kind every government and every religion has, and must have; and the business and duty of law-givers and philosophers is to endeavor to prevent them from being carried too far.

A BALANCED GOVERNMENT.

[*"Discourses on Davila,"* 1789–90. *From the Same.*]

AMIDST all their exultations, Americans and Frenchmen should remember that the perfectibility of man is only human and terrestrial perfectibility. Cold will still freeze, and fire will never cease to burn; disease and vice will continue to disorder, and death to terrify mankind. Emulation next to self-preservation will forever be the great spring of human actions, and the balance of a well-ordered government will alone be able to prevent that emulation from degenerating into dangerous ambition, irregular rivalries, destructive factions, wasting seditions, and bloody, civil wars.

The great question will forever remain, *who shall work?* Our species

cannot all be idle. Leisure for study must ever be the portion of a few. The number employed in government must forever be very small. Food, raiment, and habitations, the indispensable wants of all, are not to be obtained without the continual toil of ninety-nine in a hundred of mankind. As rest is rapture to the weary man, those who labor little will always be envied by those who labor much, though the latter in reality be probably the most enviable. With all the encouragements, public and private, which can ever be given to general education, and it is scarcely possible they should be too many or too great, the laboring part of the people can never be learned. The controversy between the rich and the poor, the laborious and the idle, the learned and the ignorant, distinctions as old as the creation, and as extensive as the globe, distinctions which no art or policy, no degree of virtue or philosophy can ever wholly destroy, will continue, and rivalries will spring out of them. These parties will be represented in the legislature, and must be balanced, or one will oppress the other. There will never probably be found any other mode of establishing such an equilibrium, than by constituting the representation of each an independent branch of the legislature, and an independent executive authority, such as that in our government, to be a third branch and a mediator or an arbitrator between them. Property must be secured, or liberty cannot exist. But if unlimited or unbalanced power of disposing property, be put into the hands of those who have no property, France will find, as we have found, the lamb committed to the custody of the wolf. In such a case, all the pathetic exhortations and addresses of the national assembly to the people, to respect property, will be regarded no more than the warbles of the songsters of the forest. The great art of law-giving consists in balancing the poor against the rich in the legislature, and in constituting the legislative a perfect balance against the executive power, at the same time that no individual or party can become its rival. The essence of a free government consists in an effectual control of rivalries. The executive and the legislative powers are natural rivals; and if each has not an effectual control over the other, the weaker will ever be the lamb in the paws of the wolf. The nation which will not adopt an equilibrium of power must adopt a despotism. There is no other alternative. Rivalries must be controlled, or they will throw all things into confusion; and there is nothing but despotism or a balance of power which can control them. Even in the simple monarchies, the nobility and the judicatures constitute a balance, though a very imperfect one, against the royalties.

Let us conclude with one reflection more which shall barely be hinted at, as delicacy, if not prudence, may require, in this place, some degree of reserve. Is there a possibility that the government of nations may fall into the hands of men who teach the most disconsolate of all creeds,

that men are but fireflies, and that this *all* is without a father? Is this the way to make man, as man, an object of respect? Or is it to make murder itself as indifferent as shooting a plover, and the extermination of the Rohilla nation as innocent as the swallowing of mites on a morsel of cheese? If such a case should happen, would not one of these, the most credulous of all believers, have reason to pray to his eternal nature or his almighty chance (the more absurdity there is in this address the more in character) *give us again the gods of the Greeks; give us again the more intelligible as well as more comfortable systems of Athanasius and Calvin; nay, give us again our popes and hierarchies, Benedictines and Jesuits, with all their superstition and fanaticism, impostures and tyranny.* A certain duchess, of venerable years and masculine understanding, said of some of the philosophers of the eighteenth century, admirably well,—"*On ne croit pas dans le Christianisme, mais on croit toutes les sottises possibles.*"

A CHARACTER OF FRANKLIN.

[*Letter to the Boston Patriot.*—15 *May*, 1811. *From the Same.*]

FRANKLIN had a great genius, original, sagacious, and inventive, capable of discoveries in science no less than of improvements in the fine arts and the mechanic arts. He had a vast imagination, equal to the comprehension of the greatest objects, and capable of a steady and cool comprehension of them. He had wit at will. He had humor that, when he pleased, was delicate and delightful. He had a satire that was good-natured or caustic, Horace or Juvenal, Swift or Rabelais, at his pleasure. He had talents for irony, allegory, and fable, that he could adapt with great skill to the promotion of moral and political truth. He was master of that infantine simplicity which the French call *naïveté*, which never fails to charm, in Phædrus and La Fontaine, from the cradle to the grave. Had he been blessed with the same advantages of scholastic education in his early youth, and pursued a course of studies as unembarrassed with occupations of public and private life, as Sir Isaac Newton, he might have emulated the first philosopher. Although I am not ignorant that most of his positions and hypotheses have been controverted, I cannot but think he has added much to the mass of natural knowledge, and contributed largely to the progress of the human mind, both by his own writings and by the controversies and experiments he has excited in all parts of Europe. He had abilities for investigating statistical questions, and in some parts of his life has written pamphlets and essays upon public topics with great ingenuity and success; but

after my acquaintance with him, which commenced in Congress in 1775, his excellence as a legislator, a politician, or a negotiator most certainly never appeared. No sentiment more weak and superficial was ever avowed by the most absurd philosopher than some of his, particularly one that he procured to be inserted in the first constitution of Pennsylvania, and for which he had such a fondness as to insert it in his will. I call it weak, for so it must have been, or hypocritical; unless he meant by one satiric touch to ridicule his own republic, or throw it into everlasting contempt.

I must acknowledge, after all, that nothing in life has mortified or grieved me more than the necessity which compelled me to oppose him so often as I have. He was a man with whom I always wished to live in friendship, and for that purpose omitted no demonstration of respect, esteem, and veneration in my power, until I had unequivocal proofs of his hatred, for no other reason under the sun, but because I gave my judgment in opposition to his, in many points which materially affected the interests of our country, and in many more which essentially concerned our happiness, safety, and well-being. I could not and would not sacrifice the clearest dictates of my understanding and the purest principles of morals and policy in compliance to Dr. Franklin.

SELECTIONS FROM ADAMS'S CORRESPONDENCE.

[*From the Same.*]

TO NATHAN WEBB, WITH A STRANGE PREDICTION.

SOON after the Reformation, a few people came over into this new world for conscience' sake. Perhaps this apparently trivial incident may transfer the great seat of empire into America. It looks likely to me: for if we can remove the turbulent Gallicks, our people, according to the exactest computations, will in another century become more numerous than England itself. Should this be the case, since we have, I may say, all the naval stores of the nation in our hands, it will be easy to obtain the mastery of the seas; and then the united force of all Europe will not be able to subdue us. The only way to keep us from setting up for ourselves is to disunite us. *Divide et impera.* Keep us in distinct colonies, and then, some great men in each colony desiring the monarchy of the whole, they will destroy each others' influence and keep the country *in equilibrio.*

Be not surprised that I am turned politician. This whole town is

immersed in politics. The interests of nations, and all the *dira* of war, make the subject of every conversation. I sit and hear, and after having been led through a maze of sage observations, I sometimes retire, and by laying things together, form some reflections pleasing to myself. The produce of one of these reveries you have read above. Different employments and different objects may have drawn your thoughts other ways. I shall think myself happy, if in your turn you communicate your lucubrations to me.

I wrote you some time since, and have waited with impatience for an answer, but have been disappointed.

I hope that the lady at Barnstable has not made you forget your friend. Friendship, I take it, is one of the distinguishing glories of man; and the creature that is insensible of its charms, though he may wear the shape of a man, is unworthy of the character. In this, perhaps, we bear a nearer resemblance to unembodied intelligences than in anything else. From this I expect to receive the chief happiness of my future life; and am sorry that fortune has thrown me at such a distance from those of my friends who have the highest place in my affections. But thus it is, and I must submit. But I hope ere long to return, and live in that familiarity that has from earliest infancy subsisted between yourself and affectionate friend,

JOHN ADAMS.

WORCESTER, 12 *October*, 1755.

TO JAMES SULLIVAN, ON POPULAR SUFFRAGE.

IT is certain, in theory, that the only moral foundation of government is, the consent of the people. But to what an extent shall we carry this principle? Shall we say that every individual of the community, old and young, male and female, as well as rich and poor, must consent, expressly, to every act of legislation? No, you will say, this is impossible. How, then, does the right arise in the majority to govern the minority, against their will? Whence arises the right of the men to govern the women, without their consent? Whence the right of the old to bind the young, without theirs?

But let us first suppose that the whole community, of every age, rank, sex, and condition, has a right to vote. This community is assembled. A motion is made, and carried by a majority of one voice. The minority will not agree to this. Whence arises the right of the majority to govern, and the obligation of the minority to obey?

From necessity, you will say, because there can be no other rule.

But why exclude women?

You will say, because their delicacy renders them unfit for practice and experience in the great businesses of life, and the hardy enterprises of war, as well as the arduous cares of state. Besides, their attention is so much engaged with the necessary nurture of their children, that nature has made them fittest for domestic cares. And children have not judgment or will of their own. True. But will not these reasons apply to others? Is it not equally true, that men in general, in every society, who are wholly destitute of property, are also too little acquainted with public affairs to form a right judgment, and too dependent upon other men to have a will of their own? If this is a fact, if you give to every man who has no property, a vote, will you not make a fine encouraging provision for corruption, by your fundamental law? Such is the frailty of the human heart, that very few men who have no property, have any judgment of their own. They talk and vote as they are directed by some man of property, who has attached their minds to his interest.

Upon my word, Sir, I have long thought an army a piece of clockwork, and to be governed only by principles and maxims, as fixed as any in mechanics; and, by all that I have read in the history of mankind, and in authors who have speculated upon society and government, I am much inclined to think a government must manage a society in the same manner; and that this is machinery too.

Harrington has shown that power always follows property. This I believe to be as infallible a maxim in politics, as that action and reaction are equal, is in mechanics. Nay, I believe we may advance one step farther, and affirm that the balance of power in a society, accompanies the balance of property in land. The only possible way, then, of preserving the balance of power on the side of equal liberty and public virtue, is to make the acquisition of land easy to every member of society; to make a division of the land into small quantities, so that the multitude may be possessed of landed estates. If the multitude is possessed of the balance of real estate, the multitude will have the balance of power, and in that case the multitude will take care of the liberty, virtue, and interest of the multitude, in all acts of government.

I believe these principles have been felt, if not understood, in the Massachusetts Bay, from the beginning; and therefore I should think that wisdom and policy would dictate in these times to be very cautious of making alterations. Our people have never been very rigid in scrutinizing into the qualifications of voters, and I presume they will not now begin to be so. But I would not advise them to make any alteration in the laws, at present, respecting the qualifications of voters.

Your idea that those laws which affect the lives and personal liberty of all, or which inflict corporal punishment, affect those who are not qualified to vote, as well as those who are, is just. But so they do

women, as well as men; children, as well as adults. What reason should there be for excluding a man of twenty years eleven months and twenty-seven days old, from a vote, when you admit one who is twenty-one? The reason is, you must fix upon some period in life, when the understanding and will of men in general, is fit to be trusted by the public. Will not the same reason justify the state in fixing upon some certain quantity of property, as a qualification?

The same reasoning which will induce you to admit all men who have no property, to vote, with those who have, for those laws which affect the person, will prove that you ought to admit women and children; for, generally speaking, women and children have as good judgments, and as independent minds, as those men who are wholly destitute of property; these last being to all intents and purposes as much dependent upon others, who will please to feed, clothe, and employ them, as women are upon their husbands, or children on their parents. . . . .

PHILADELPHIA, 26 *May*, 1776.

TO HIS WIFE, ON THE BIRTH OF THE NEW NATION.

YESTERDAY, the greatest question was decided, which ever was debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor will be decided among men. A resolution was passed without one dissenting colony, "that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States, and as such they have, and of right ought to have, full power to make war, conclude peace, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which other States may rightfully do." You will see in a few days a Declaration setting forth the causes which have impelled us to this mighty revolution, and the reasons which will justify it in the sight of God and man. A plan of confederation will be taken up in a few days.

When I look back to the year 1761, and recollect the argument concerning writs of assistance in the superior court, which I have hitherto considered as the commencement of this controversy between Great Britain and America, and run through the whole period, from that time to this, and recollect the series of political events, the chain of causes and effects, I am surprised at the suddenness as well as greatness of this revolution. Britain has been filled with folly, and America with wisdom. At least, this is my judgment. Time must determine. It is the will of Heaven that the two countries should be sundered forever. It may be the will of Heaven that America shall suffer calamities still more wasting, and distresses yet more dreadful. If this is to be the case, it

will have this good effect at least. It will inspire us with many virtues, which we have not, and correct many errors, follies and vices which threaten to disturb, dishonor, and destroy us. The furnace of affliction produces refinement, in States as well as individuals. And the new governments we are assuming in every part will require a purification from our vices, and an augmentation of our virtues, or they will be no blessings. The people will have unbounded power, and the people are extremely addicted to corruption and venality, as well as the great. But I must submit all my hopes and fears to an overruling Providence, in which, unfashionable as the faith may be, I firmly believe.

Had a Declaration of Independency been made seven months ago, it would have been attended with many great and glorious effects. We might, before this hour, have formed alliances with foreign States. We should have mastered Quebec, and been in possession of Canada. You will perhaps wonder how such a declaration would have influenced our affairs in Canada, but if I could write with freedom, I could easily convince you that it would, and explain to you the manner how. Many gentlemen in high stations and of great influence have been duped by the ministerial bubble of commissioners to treat. And in real, sincere expectation of this event, which they so fondly wished, they have been slow and languid in promoting measures for the reduction of that province. Others there are in the colonies who really wished that our enterprise in Canada would be defeated, that the colonies might be brought into danger and distress between two fires, and be thus induced to submit. Others really wished to defeat the expedition to Canada, lest the conquest of it should elevate the minds of the people too much to hearken to those terms of reconciliation, which, they believed, would be offered us. These jarring views, wishes, and designs, occasioned an opposition to many salutary measures, which were proposed for the support of that expedition, and caused obstructions, embarrassments, and studied delays, which have finally lost us the province.

All these causes, however, in conjunction, would not have disappointed us, if it had not been for a misfortune which could not be foreseen, and, perhaps, could not have been prevented—I mean the prevalence of the small-pox among our troops. This fatal pestilence completed our destruction. It is a frown of Providence upon us, which we ought to lay to heart.

But, on the other hand, the delay of this declaration to this time has many great advantages attending it. The hopes of reconciliation, which were fondly entertained by multitudes of honest and well-meaning, though weak and mistaken people, have been gradually and, at last, totally extinguished. Time has been given for the whole people maturely to consider the great question of independence, and to ripen their judgment, dissipate their fears, and allure their hopes, by discussing it in

newspapers and pamphlets, by debating it in assemblies, conventions, committees of safety and inspection, in town and county meetings, as well as in private conversations, so that the whole people, in every colony of the thirteen, have now adopted it as their own act. This will cement the union, and avoid those heats, and perhaps convulsions, which might have been occasioned by such a declaration six months ago.

But the day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore.

You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost us to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not.

PHILADELPHIA, 3 *July*, 1776.

TO BENJAMIN RUSH, ON MRS. ADAMS'S PATRIOTISM.

WHEN I went home to my family in May, 1770, from the town meeting in Boston, which was the first I had ever attended, and where I had been chosen in my absence, without any solicitation, one of their representatives, I said to my wife, "I have accepted a seat in the House of Representatives, and thereby have consented to my own ruin, to your ruin, and the ruin of our children. I give you this warning, that you may prepare your mind for your fate." She burst into tears, but instantly cried out in a transport of magnanimity, "Well, I am willing in this cause to run all risks with you, and be ruined with you, if you are ruined." These were times, my friend, in Boston, which tried women's souls as well as men's. . . . .

QUINCY, 12 *April*, 1809.

TO TIMOTHY PICKERING, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF A FAMOUS DOCUMENT.

YOU inquire why so young a man as Mr. Jefferson was placed at the head of the Committee for preparing a Declaration of Independence? I answer: It was the Frankfort advice, to place Virginia at the head of everything. Mr. Richard Henry Lee might be gone to Virginia, to his sick family, for aught I know, but that was not the reason of Mr. Jefferson's appointment. There were three committees appointed at the same time. One for the Declaration of Independence, another for preparing articles of Confederation, and another for preparing a treaty to be proposed to France. Mr. Lee was chosen for the Committee of Confederation, and it was not thought convenient that the same person should be upon both. Mr. Jefferson came into Congress, in June, 1775, and brought with him a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent of composition. Writings of his were handed about, remarkable for the peculiar felicity of expression. Though a silent member in Congress, he was so prompt, frank, explicit, and decisive upon committees and in conversation, not even Samuel Adams was more so, that he soon seized upon my heart; and upon this occasion I gave him my vote, and did all in my power to procure the votes of others. I think he had one more vote than any other, and that placed him at the head of the committee. I had the next highest number, and that placed me the second. The committee met, discussed the subject, and then appointed Mr. Jefferson and me to make the draft, I suppose because we were the two first on the list.

The sub-committee met. Jefferson proposed to me to make the draft. I said, "I will not." "You should do it." "Oh! no." "Why will you not? You ought to do it." "I will not." "Why?" "Reasons enough." "What can be your reasons?" "Reason first—You are a Virginian, and a Virginian ought to appear at the head of this business. Reason second—I am obnoxious, suspected, and unpopular. You are very much otherwise. Reason third—You can write ten times better than I can." "Well," said Jefferson, "if you are decided, I will do as well as I can." "Very well. When you have drawn it up, we will have a meeting."

A meeting we accordingly had, and conned the paper over. I was delighted with its high tone and the flights of oratory with which it abounded, especially that concerning negro slavery, which, though I knew his Southern brethren would never suffer to pass in Congress, I certainly never would oppose. There were other expressions which I would not have inserted, if I had drawn it up, particularly that which called the King tyrant. I thought this too personal; for I never believed George to be a tyrant in disposition and in nature; I always believed

him to be deceived by his courtiers on both sides of the Atlantic, and in his official capacity only, cruel. I thought the expression too passionate, and too much like scolding, for so grave and solemn a document; but as Franklin and Sherman were to inspect it afterwards, I thought it would not become me to strike it out. I consented to report it, and do not now remember that I made or suggested a single alteration.

We reported it to the committee of five. It was read, and I do not remember that Franklin or Sherman criticised anything. We were all in haste. Congress was impatient, and the instrument was reported, as I believe, in Jefferson's handwriting, as he first drew it. Congress cut off about a quarter of it, as I expected they would; but they obliterated some of the best of it, and left all that was exceptionable, if anything in it was. I have long wondered that the original draft has not been published. I suppose the reason is, the vehement philippic against negro slavery.

As you justly observe, there is not an idea in it but what had been hackneyed in Congress for two years before. The substance of it is contained in the declaration of rights and the violation of those rights, in the Journals of Congress, in 1774. Indeed, the essence of it is contained in a pamphlet, voted and printed by the town of Boston, before the first Congress met, composed by James Otis, as I suppose, in one of his lucid intervals, and pruned and polished by Samuel Adams.

Your friend and humble servant.

6 *August*, 1822.

TO JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, ON HIS ELECTION TO THE PRESIDENCY.

MY DEAR SON: I have received your letter of the 9th. Never did I feel so much solemnity as upon this occasion. The multitude of my thoughts, and the intensity of my feelings are too much for a mind like mine, in its ninetieth year. May the blessing of God Almighty continue to protect you to the end of your life, as it has heretofore protected you in so remarkable a manner from your cradle! I offer the same prayer for your lady and your family, and am your affectionate father,

JOHN ADAMS.

QUINCY, 18 *February*, 1825.

Samuel Peters.

BORN in Hebron, Conn., 1735. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1826.

THE FROGS OF WINDHAM.

[*A General History of Connecticut.* 1781.]

STRANGERS are very much terrified at the hideous noise made on summer evenings by the vast number of frogs in the brooks and ponds. There are about thirty different voices among them; some of which resemble the bellowing of a bull. The owls and whippoorwills complete the rough concert, which may be heard several miles. Persons accustomed to such serenades are not disturbed by them at their proper stations; but one night, in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond, three miles square, and about five from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched, or rather hopped, towards Winnomantic river. They were under the necessity of taking the road and going through the town, which they entered about midnight.

The bull frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled a road 40 yards wide for four miles in length, and were for several hours in passing through the town, unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened: some expected to find an army of French and Indians; others feared an earthquake, and dissolution of nature. The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds with worse shriekings than those of the frogs. The event was fatal to several women. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt, and summoned resolution enough to venture back to their wives and children; when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words, "Wight, Helderken, Dier, Tètè." This last they thought meant treaty; and plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the General; but it being dark, and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear; at length, however, they discovered that the dreaded inimical army was an army of thirsty frogs, going to the river for a little water.

STORIES OF CONNECTICUT TOWNS.

[*From the Same.*]

WEATHERSFIELD is four miles from Hertford, and more compact than any town in the colony. The meeting-house is of brick, with a steeple, bell, and clock. The inhabitants say it is much larger than Solomon's Temple. The township ten miles square; parishes four. The people are more gay than polite, and more superstitious than religious.

This town raises more onions than are consumed in all New-England. It is a rule with parents to buy annually a silk gown for each daughter above seven years old, till she is married. The young beauty is obliged in return, to weed a patch of onions with her own hands; which she performs in the cool of the morning, before she dresses for her breakfast. This laudable and healthy custom is ridiculed by the ladies in other towns, who idle away their mornings in bed, or in gathering the pink, or catching the butterfly, to ornament their toilets; while the gentlemen far and near, forget not the Weathersfield ladies' silken industry. . . .

Simsbury, with its meadows and surrounding hills, forms a beautiful landscape, much like Maidstone in Kent. The township is twenty miles square, and consists of nine parishes, four of which are episcopal. Here are copper mines. In working one many years ago, the miners bored half a mile through a mountain, making large cells forty yards below the surface, which now serve as a prison, by order of the General Assembly, for such offenders as they choose not to hang. The prisoners are let down on a windlass into this dismal cavern, through a hole, which answers the triple purpose of conveying them food, air, and——I was going to say light, but it scarcely reaches them. In a few months the prisoners are released by death and the colony rejoices in her great *humanity*, and the *mildness* of her laws. This conclave of spirits imprisoned may be called, with great propriety, the catacomb of Connecticut. The light of the sun and the light of the gospel are alike shut out from the martyrs, whose resurrection-state will eclipse the wonder of that of Lazarus. It has been remarked by the candid part of this religious colony, that the General Assembly and the Consociation have never allowed any prisoners in the whole province a chaplain, though they have spent much of their time and the public money in spreading the gospel in the neighboring colonies among the Indians, quakers, and episcopalians, and though, at the same time, those religionists preach damnation to all people who neglect to attend public worship twice every Sabbath, fasting and thanksgiving day, provided they are appointed by themselves, and not by the King and Parliament of Great Britain. This well founded

remark has been treated by the zealots as springing more from malice than policy.

I beg leave to give the following instances of the *humanity* and *mildness* the province has always manifested for the episcopal clergy.

About 1746, the Rev. Mr. Gibbs, of Symsbury, refusing to pay a rate imposed for the salary of Mr. Mills, a dissenting minister in the same town, was, by the collector, thrown across a horse, lashed hands and feet under the creature's belly, and carried many miles in that *humane* manner to jail. Mr. Gibbs was half dead when he got there; and, though he was released by his church wardens, who, to save his life, paid the assessment, yet, having taken cold in addition to his bruises, he became delirious, and has remained in a state of insanity ever since.

In 1772, the Rev. Mr. Mozley, a missionary from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, at Litchfield, was presented by the grand jury for marrying a couple belonging to his parish after the banns were duly published, and consent of parents obtained. The Court *mildly* fined Mr. Mozley 20*l.* because he could not show any other license to officiate as a clergyman, than what he had received from the Bishop of London, whose authority the Court determined did not extend to Connecticut, which was a chartered government. One of the Judges said, "It is high time to put a stop to the usurpations of the Bishop of London, and to let him know, that though his license be lawful, and may empower one of his *curates* to marry in England, yet it is not so in America; and if fines would not curb them in this point, imprisonment should." . . . .

The true character of Davenport and Eaton, the leaders of the first settlers of New Haven, may be learnt from the following fact:—An English gentleman, of the name of Grigson, coming, on his travels, to New Haven, about the year 1644, was greatly pleased with its pleasant situation; and, after purchasing a large settlement, sent to London for his wife and family. But before their arrival, he found that a charming situation, without the blessing of religious and civil liberty, would not render him and his family happy: he resolved, therefore, to quit the country, and return to England, as soon as his family should arrive, and accordingly advertised his property for sale; when lo! agreeable to one of the Blue Laws, no one would buy, because he had not, and could not obtain liberty of the selectmen to sell it. The patriotic virtue of the selectmen thus becoming an insurmountable bar to the sale of his New Haven estate, Mr. Grigson made his will, and bequeathed part of his lands towards the support of an episcopal clergyman, who should reside in that town, and the residue to his own heirs. Having deposited his will in the hands of a friend, he set sail, with his family, for England, but died on his passage. This friend proved the will, and had it re-

corded, but died also soon after. The record was dexterously concealed by gluing two leaves together; and, after some years, the selectmen sold the whole estate to pay taxes, though the rent of Mr. Grigson's house alone in one year would pay the taxes for ten. Some persons, hardy enough to exclaim against this glaring injustice, were soon silenced, and expelled the town. In 1750, an episcopal clergyman was settled in New Haven; and, having been informed of Grigson's will, applied to the town clerk for a copy, who told him there was no such will on record, and withal refused him the liberty of searching. In 1768, Peter Harrison, Esq., from Nottinghamshire, in England, the King's collector of New Haven, claimed his right of searching public records; and being a stranger, and not supposed to have any knowledge of Grigson's will, obtained his demand. The alphabet contained Grigson's name, and referred to a page which was not to be found in the book. Mr. Harrison supposed it to have been torn out; but, on a closer examination, discovered one leaf much thicker than the others. He put a corner of the thick leaf in his mouth, and soon found it was composed of two leaves, which with much difficulty having separated, he found Grigson's will! To make sure of the work, he took a copy of it himself, and then called the clerk to draw and attest another; which was done. Thus furnished, Mr. Harrison instantly applied to the selectmen, and demanded a surrender of the land which belonged to the church, but which they as promptly refused; whereupon Mr. Harrison took out writs of ejectment against the possessors. As might be expected, Mr. Harrison, from a good man, became, in ten days, the worst man in the world; but, being a generous and brave Englishman, he valued not their clamors and curses, though they terrified the gentlemen of the law. Harrison was obliged to be his own lawyer, and boldly declared he expected to lose his cause in New England; but after that he would appeal, and try it, at his own expense, in Old England, where justice reigned. The good people, knowing Harrison did not get his bread by their votes, and that they could not baffle him, resigned the lands to the church on that gentleman's own terms; which in a few years will support a clergyman in a very genteel manner. The honest selectmen yet possess the other lands, though report says Mr. Grigson has an heir of his own name, residing near Holborn, in London, who inherits the virtues of his ancestor, and ought to inherit his estate.

The sad and awful discovery of Mr. Grigson's will, after having been concealed above one hundred years, would have confounded any people but those of New Haven, who study nothing but religion and liberty. Those pious souls consoled themselves by comparison: "We are no worse," said they, "than the people of Boston and Windham county." The following fact will explain this justification of the saints of New Haven.

In 1740, Mrs. Cursette, an English lady, travelling from New York to Boston, was obliged to stay some days at Hebron; where, seeing the church not finished, and the people suffering great persecutions, she told them to persevere in their good work, and she would send them a present when she got to Boston. Soon after her arrival there, Mrs. Cursette fell sick and died. In her will she gave a legacy of 300*l.* old tenor (then equal to 100*l.* sterling), to the church of England in Hebron; and appointed John Hancock, Esq. and Nathaniel Glover, her executors. Glover was also her residuary legatee. The will was obliged to be recorded in Windham county, because some of Mrs. Cursette's lands lay there. Glover sent the will by Deacon S. H——, of Canterbury, ordering him to get it recorded, and keep it private, lest the legacy should build up the church. The Deacon and Register were faithful to their trust, and kept Glover's secret *twenty-five* years. At length the Deacon was taken ill, and his life was supposed in great danger. Among his penitential confessions, he told of his having concealed Mrs. Cursette's will. His confidant went to Hebron, and informed the wardens, that for one guinea he would discover a secret of 300*l.* old tenor consequence to the Church. The guinea was paid and the secret disclosed. A demand of the legacy ensued. Mr. Hancock referred to Glover, and Glover said he was neither obliged to publish the will, nor pay the legacy: it had lapsed to the heir at law. It being difficult for a Connecticut man to recover a debt in the Massachusetts Bay, and *vice versa*, the wardens were obliged to accept from Mr. Glover 30*l.* instead of 300*l.* sterling; which sum, allowing 200*l.* as lawful simple interest at six per cent. for twenty-five years, ought in equity to have been paid. This matter, however, Mr. Glover is to settle with Mrs. Cursette in the other world.

New Haven is celebrated for having given the name of "pumpkin heads" to all the New-Englanders. It originated from the Blue Laws, which enjoin every male to have his hair cut round by a cap. When caps were not to be had, they substituted the hard shell of a pumpkin, which being put on the head every Saturday, the hair is cut by the shell all round the head. Whatever religious virtue is supposed to be derived from this custom, I know not; but there is much prudence in it: first, it prevents the hair from snarling;—secondly, it saves the use of combs, bags, and ribbons;—thirdly, the hair cannot incommode the eyes by falling over them;—and, fourthly, such persons as have lost their ears for heresy, and other wickedness, cannot conceal their misfortune and disgrace. . . . .

Yale College exceeds in the number, and perhaps in the learning, of its scholars, all others in British America.

This seminary was, in 1717, removed from Saybrook to New Haven; the extraordinary cause of which transition, I shall here lay before the reader.

Saybrook dominion had been settled by Puritans of some moderation and decency. They had not joined with Massachusetts Bay, Hertford, and New Haven, in sending home agents to assist in the murder of Charles I. and the subversion of the Lords and Bishops :—they had received Hooker's heretics, and sheltered the apostates from Davenport's millenarian system :—they had shown an inclination to be dependent on the mother country, and had not wholly anathematized the church of England. In short, the people of Hertford and New Haven suspected that Saybrook was not truly protestant; that it had a passion for the leeks and onions of Egypt; and that the youth belonging to them in the *Schola Illustris* were in great danger of imbibing its lukewarmness. A vote, therefore, passed at Hertford, to remove the college to Weathersfield, where the leeks and onions of Egypt would not be thought of; and another at New Haven, that it should be removed to that town, where Christ had established his dominion from sea to sea, and where he was to begin his millenarian reign. About 1715, Hertford, in order to carry its vote into execution, prepared teams, boats, and a mob, and privately set off for Saybrook, and seized upon the college apparatus, library, and students, and carried all to Weathersfield. This redoubled the jealousy of the saints at New Haven, who thereupon determined to fulfil their vote; and, accordingly, having collected a mob sufficient for their enterprise, they set out for Weathersfield, where they seized by surprise the students, library, etc., etc. But on the road to New Haven they were overtaken by the Hertford mob, who, however, after an unhappy battle, were obliged to retire with only part of the library and part of the students, Hence sprung two colleges out of one. The quarrel increased daily. everybody expecting a war more bloody than that of Sassacus; and, no doubt, such would have been the case, had not the peace-makers of Massachusetts Bay interposed with their usual friendship, and advised their dear friends of Hertford to give up the college to New Haven. This was accordingly done in 1717, to the great joy of the crafty Massachusetts, who always greedily seek their own prosperity, though it ruin their best neighbors. The college being thus fixed forty miles farther west from Boston than it was before, tended greatly to the interest of Harvard College: for Saybrook and Hertford, out of pure grief (pure grief means, in New England, anger and revenge), sent their sons to Harvard, instead of the college at New Haven. This quarrel continued till 1764, when it subsided in a grand continental consociation of ministers, which met at New Haven to consult the spiritual good of the Mohawks and other Indian tribes, the best method of preserving the American vine, and the protestant, independent liberty of America :—a good preparatory to rebellion against Great Britain.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF CONNECTICUT IN THE LAST CENTURY.

[*From the Same.*]

GRAVITY and a serious deportment, together with shyness and bashfulness, generally attend the first communications with the inhabitants of Connecticut; but, after a short acquaintance, they become very familiar and inquisitive about news. "Who are you, whence come you, where going, what is your business, and what your religion?" They do not consider these and similar questions as impertinent, and consequently expect a civil answer. When the stranger has satisfied their curiosity, they will treat him with all the hospitality in their power, and great caution must be observed to get quit of them and their houses without giving them offence.

If the stranger has cross and difficult roads to travel, they will go with him till all danger is past, without fee or reward. The stranger has nothing to do but civilly to say, "Sir, I thank you, and will call upon you when I return." He must not say, "God bless you, I shall be glad to see you at my house," unless he is a minister; because they hold, that the words "God bless you" should not be spoken by common people; and, "I shall be glad to see you at my house," they look upon as an insincere compliment paid them for what they do out of duty to the stranger. Their hospitality is highly exemplary; they are sincere in it, and reap great pleasure by reflecting that perhaps they have entertained angels. The Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, in one of his sermons, gave them the following character: "I have found," said he, "the people of Connecticut the wisest of any upon the continent—they are the best friends and the worst enemies—they are hair-brained bigots on all sides —and they may be compared to the horse and mule without bit and bridle. In other colonies I have paid for my food and lodging; but could never spend one penny in fruitful Connecticut, whose banks flow with milk and honey, and whose sons and daughters never fail to feed and refresh the weary traveller without money and without price."

On Saturday evenings the people look sour and sad: on the Sabbath they appear to have lost their dearest friends, and are almost speechless, and walk softly; they even observe it with more exactness than ever did the Jews. A quaker preacher told them, with much truth, that they worshipped the Sabbath, and not the God of the Sabbath. Those hospitable people without charity condemned the quaker as a blasphemer of the holy Sabbath, fined, tarred and feathered him, put a rope about his neck, and plunged him into the sea: but he escaped with life, though he was above seventy years of age. In 1750, an episcopal clergyman, born and educated in England, who had been in holy orders above twenty

years, once broke their sabbatical law, by combing a discomposed lock of hair on the top of his wig; at another time by making a humming noise, which they called a whistling; at a third time, by walking too fast from church; at a fourth by running into church when it rained; at a fifth by walking in his garden, and picking a bunch of grapes: for which several crimes he was complained of by the grand jury, had warrants granted against him, was seized, brought to trial, and paid a considerable sum of money. At last, overwhelmed with persecution and vexation, he cried out, "No Briton, nay no Jew, should assume any public character in Connecticut, till he has served an apprenticeship of ten years in it; for I have been here seven years, and strictly observed the Jewish law concerning the Sabbath, yet find myself remiss in respect to the *perfect law of liberty!*"

The people are extremely fond of strangers passing through the colony, but very averse to foreigners settling among them; which few have done without ruin to their characters and fortunes by detraction and lawsuits, unless recommended as men of grace by some known and revered republican protestant in Europe. . . . .

Estates in Connecticut pass from generation to generation by gavelkind; so that there are few persons, except of the laboring class, who have not freeholds of their own to cultivate. A general mediocrity of station being thus constitutionally promoted, it is no wonder that the rich man is despised, and the poor man's blessing is his poverty. In no part of the world are *les petits* and *les grands* so much upon a par as here, where none of the people are destitute of the conveniences of life, and the spirit of independence. From infancy, their education as citizens points out no distinction between licentiousness and liberty; and their religion is so muffled with superstition, self-love, and provincial enmity, as not yet to have taught them that humility and respect for others, which from others they demand. Notwithstanding these effects of the levelling plan, there are many exceptions to be found in the province, of gentlemen of large estates and generous principles.

The people commonly travel on horseback; and the ladies are capable of teaching their neighbors the art of horsemanship. There are few coaches in the colony: but many chaises and whiskeys. In winter, the sleigh is used; a vehicle drawn by two horses, and carrying six persons in its box, which hangs on four posts standing on two steel sliders, or large skates.

Dancing, fishing, hunting, skating, and riding in sleighs on the ice, are all the amusements allowed in this colony. . . . .

The women of Connecticut are strictly virtuous, and to be compared to the prude rather than the European polite lady. They are not permitted to read plays; cannot converse about whist, quadrille, or

operas; but will freely talk upon the subjects of history, geography, and the mathematics. They are great casuists, and polemical divines; and I have known not a few of them so well skilled in Greek and Latin, as often to put to the blush learned gentlemen.

Patrick Henry.

Born in Studley, Hanover Co., Va., 1736. Died at Red Hill, Charlotte Co., Va., 1799.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

[*Speech in the Virginia Convention*, 1775. *From Wirt's Life of Henry.* 1818.]

MR. PRESIDENT: it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that syren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us:

they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! —I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the

plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God!—I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

OF THE RETURN OF THE REFUGEES.

[*Speech in the Virginia Legislature. Quoted by Wirt.*]

WE have, sir, an extensive country, without population—what can be a more obvious policy than that this country ought to be peopled?—people, sir, form the strength and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these States rapidly ascending to that rank which their natural advantages authorize them to hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes, sir, over this extensive country—observe the salubrity of your climate; the variety and fertility of your soil—and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold, navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth. Sir, you are destined, at some time or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations, and at some distant period—lingering on through a long and sickly minority—subjected, meanwhile, to the machinations, insults, and oppressions of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to resist and chastise them—or whether you choose rather to rush at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single-handed, with the proudest oppressor of the old world. If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration—encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world, to come and settle in this land of promise—make it the home of the skilful, the industrious, the fortunate and happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed—fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which

Heaven hath placed in your power—and I venture to prophesy there are those now living who will see this favored land amongst the most powerful on earth—able, sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, sir—they will see her great in arts and in arms—her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent—her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boasts of those who now proudly affect to rule the waves.

But, sir, you must have men—you cannot get along without them—those heavy forests of valuable timber, under which your lands are groaning, must be cleared away—those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and enterprise of men—your timber, sir, must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared—then, you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions, and find the best markets for them abroad—your great want, sir, is the want of men; and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise. Do you ask how you are to get them?—Open your doors, sir, and they will come in—the population of the old world is full to overflowing—that population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe upon their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and longing eye. They see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages which are not equalled by those of any other country upon earth—a land on which a gracious Providence hath emptied the horn of abundance—a land over which Peace hath now stretched forth her white wings, and where Content and Plenty lie down at every door! Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this—they see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode—that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets—they see her here a real divinity—her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy States—her glories chanted by three millions of tongues—and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Sir, let but this our celestial goddess, Liberty, stretch forth her fair hand toward the people of the old world—tell them to come, and bid them welcome—and you will see them pouring in from the north, from the south, from the east, and from the west; your wildernesses will be cleared and settled—your deserts will smile—your ranks will be filled—and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary.

But gentlemen object to any accession from Great Britain—and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel no objection

to the return of those deluded people; they have, to be sure, mistaken their own interests most wofully, and most wofully have they suffered the punishment due to their offences. But the relations which we bear to them and to their native country are now changed; their king hath acknowledged our independence—the quarrel is over—peace hath returned, and found us a free people. Let us have the magnanimity, sir, to lay aside our antipathies and prejudices, and consider the subject in a political light; those are an enterprising, moneyed people; they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of our lands, and supplying us with necessaries, during the infant state of our manufactures. Even if they be inimical to us in point of feeling and principle, I can see no objection, in a political view, in making them tributary to our advantage. And as I have no prejudices to prevent my making this use of them, so, sir, I have no fear of any mischief that they can do us. Afraid of *them!*—what, sir, shall *we*, who have laid the proud British lion at our feet, now be afraid of his *whelps?*

Jonathan Odell.

BORN in Newark, N. J., 1737. DIED at Fredericton, N. B., 1818.

DEMOCRACY.

[*"The American Times."* *From "The Loyalist Poetry of the Revolution."* 1857.]

BLESS me! what formidable figure's this
That interrupts my words with saucy hiss?
She seems at least a woman by her face,
With harlot smiles adorned and winning grace.
A glittering gorget on her breast she wears;
The shining silver two inscriptions bears:
"Servant of Servants," in a laurel wreath,
But "Lord of Lords" is written underneath.
A flowing robe, that reaches to her heels,
From sight the foulness of her shape conceals,
She holds with poisoned darts a quiver stored,
Circean potions, and a flaming sword.
This is Democracy—the case is plain;
See comes attended by a motley train:
Addresses to the people some unfold;
Rods, scourges, fetters, axes, others hold;
The sorceress waves her magic wand about,
And models at her will the rabble rout;

Here Violence puts on a close disguise
And Public Spirit's character belies.
The dress of Policy see Cunning steal,
And Persecution wear the coat of Zeal;
Hypocrisy Religion's garb assume,
Fraud Virtue strip, and figure in her room;
With other changes tedious to relate,
All emblematic of our present state.
She calls the nations—Lo! in crowds they sup
Intoxication from her golden cup.
Joy to my heart, and pleasure to my eye,
A chosen phalanx her attempts defy:
In rage she rises and her arrows throws;
O all ye saints and angels interpose!

Thomas Paine.

BORN in Thetford, Norfolk Co., England, 1737. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1809.

OF THE SEPARATION OF BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

[*Common Sense.* 1776.]

EVERYTHING that is right or natural pleads for separation. The blood of the slain, the weeping voice of nature cries, "'tis time to part." Even the distance at which the Almighty hath placed England and America, is a strong and natural proof that the authority of the one over the other was never the design of heaven. The time, likewise, at which the continent was discovered, adds weight to the argument, and the manner in which it was peopled, increases the force of it. The Reformation was preceded by the discovery of America, as if the Almighty graciously meant to open a sanctuary to the persecuted in future years, when home should afford neither friendship nor safety.

The authority of Great Britain over this continent is a form of government which sooner or later must have an end: and a serious mind can draw no true pleasure by looking forward, under the painful and positive conviction, that what he calls "the present constitution" is merely temporary. As parents, we can have no joy, knowing that this government is not sufficiently lasting to insure anything which we may bequeath to posterity; and by a plain method of argument, as we are running the next generation into debt, we ought to do the work of it, otherwise we use them meanly and pitifully. In order to discover the line of our duty rightly, we should take our children in our hand, and

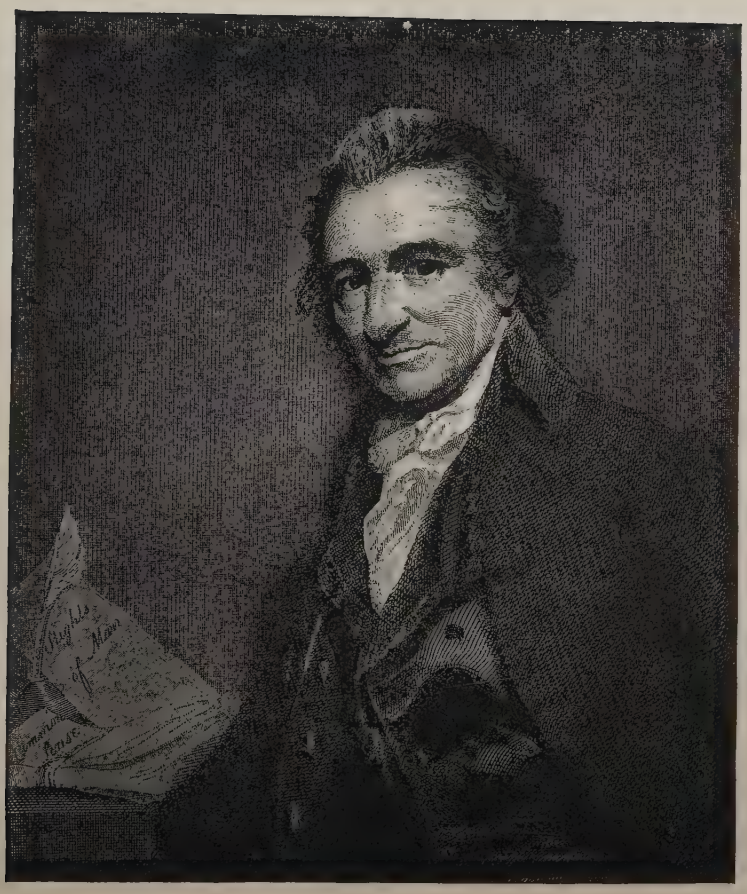
fix our station a few years farther into life; that eminence will present a prospect which a few present fears and prejudices conceal from our sight.

Though I would carefully avoid giving unnecessary offence, yet I am inclined to believe that all those who espouse the doctrine of reconciliation may be included within the following descriptions:

Interested men, who are not to be trusted; weak men, who cannot see; prejudiced men, who will not see; and a certain set of moderate men, who think better of the European world than it deserves: and this last class, by an ill-judged deliberation, will be the cause of more calamities to this continent than all the other three.

It is the good fortune of many to live distant from the scene of sorrow; the evil is not sufficiently brought to their doors to make them feel the precariousness with which all American property is possessed. But let our imaginations transport us a few moments to Boston; that seat of wretchedness will teach us wisdom, and instruct us forever to renounce a power in whom we can have no trust. The inhabitants of that unfortunate city, who but a few months ago were in ease and affluence, have now no other alternative than to stay and starve, or turn out to beg. Endangered by the fire of their friends if they continue within the city, and plundered by the soldiery if they leave it. In their present situation they are prisoners without the hope of redemption, and in a general attack for their relief they would be exposed to the fury of both armies.

Men of passive tempers look somewhat lightly over the offences of Britain, and, still hoping for the best, are apt to call out, "Come, come, we shall be friends again for all this." But examine the passions and feelings of mankind, bring the doctrine of reconciliation to the touchstone of nature, and then tell me whether you can hereafter love, honor, and faithfully serve the power that hath carried fire and sword into your land? If you cannot do all these, then are you only deceiving yourselves, and by your delay bringing ruin upon your posterity. Your future connection with Britain, whom you can neither love nor honor, will be forced and unnatural, and being formed only on the plan of present convenience, will in a little time fall into a relapse more wretched than the first. But if you say you can still pass the violations over, then I ask, hath your house been burnt? Hath your property been destroyed before your face? Are your wife and children destitute of a bed to lie on, or bread to live on? Have you lost a parent or a child by their hands, and yourself the ruined and wretched survivor? If you have not, then are you not a judge of those who have. But if you have, and can still shake hands with the murderers, then are you unworthy the name of husband, father, friend, or lover, and, whatever



Thomas Paine

may be your rank or title in life, you have the heart of a coward and the spirit of a sycophant.

THE DAY OF FREEDOM.

[*The Crisis. No. I.* 1776.]

THESE are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right (not only to tax) but "to bind us in all cases whatsoever," and if being bound in that manner is not slavery, then is there not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious, for so unlimited a power can belong only to God. . . . .

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: a common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker has as good a pretence as he. . . . .

I once felt all that kind of anger, which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the tories: a noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as I ever saw, and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression, "Well! give me peace in my day." Not a man lives on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, "If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace;" and this single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as

America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish in himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident, as I am that God governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire. . . . .

The heart that feels not now, is dead: the blood of his children will curse his cowardice, who shrinks back at a time when a little might have saved the whole, and made them happy. I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder; but if a thief breaks into my house, burns and destroys my property, and kills or threatens to kill me, or those that are in it, and to "bind me in all cases whatsoever" to his absolute will, am I to suffer it? What signifies it to me, whether he who does it is a king or a common man; my countryman or not my countryman; whether it be done by an individual villain, or an army of them? If we reason to the root of things we shall find no difference; neither can any just cause be assigned why we should punish in the one case and pardon in the other.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[*The Crisis. No. XV.* 1783.]

"THE times that tried men's souls" are over—and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew gloriously and happily accomplished.

But to pass from the extremes of danger to safety—from the tumult of war to the tranquillity of peace, though sweet in contemplation, requires a gradual composure of the senses to receive it. Even calmness has the power of stunning, when it opens too instantly upon us. The long and raging hurricane that should cease in a moment would leave us in a state rather of wonder than enjoyment; and some moments of recollection must pass before we could be capable of tasting the felicity of repose. There are but few instances in which the mind is fitted for sudden

transitions: it takes in its pleasures by reflection and comparison, and those must have time to act before the relish for new scenes is complete.

In the present case—the mighty magnitude of the object—the various uncertainties of fate it has undergone—the numerous and complicated dangers we have suffered or escaped—the eminence we now stand on, and the vast prospect before us, must all conspire to impress us with contemplation.

To see it in our power to make a world happy—to teach mankind the art of being so—to exhibit, on the theatre of the universe, a character hitherto unknown—and to have, as it were, a new creation intrusted to our hands, are honors that command reflection, and can neither be too highly estimated, nor too gratefully received.

In this pause, then, of recollection—while the storm is ceasing, and the long agitated mind vibrating to a rest, let us look back on the scenes we have passed, and learn from experience what is yet to be done.

Never, I say, had a country so many openings to happiness as this. Her setting out in life, like the rising of a fair morning, was unclouded and promising. Her cause was good. Her principles just and liberal. Her temper serene and firm. Her conduct regulated by the nicest steps, and everything about her wore the mark of honor. It is not every country (perhaps there is not another in the world) that can boast so fair an origin. Even the first settlement of America corresponds with the character of the revolution. Rome, once the proud mistress of the universe, was originally a band of ruffians. Plunder and rapine made her rich, and her oppression of millions made her great. But America need never be ashamed to tell her birth, nor relate the stages by which she rose to empire.

The remembrance, then, of what is past, if it operates rightly, must inspire her with the most laudable of all ambition, that of adding to the fair fame she began with. The world has seen her great in adversity. Struggling, without a thought of yielding, beneath accumulated difficulties. Bravely, nay proudly, encountering distress, and rising in resolution as the storm increased. All this is justly due to her, for her fortitude has merited the character. Let, then, the world see that she can bear prosperity; and that her honest virtue in time of peace is equal to the bravest virtue in time of war.

She is now descending to the scenes of quiet and domestic life. Not beneath the cypress shade of disappointment, but to enjoy in her own land, and under her own vine, the sweet of her labors and the reward of her toil. In this situation, may she never forget that a fair national reputation is of as much importance as independence. That it possesses a charm that wins upon the world, and makes even enemies civil. That

it gives a dignity which is often superior to power, and commands reverence where pomp and splendor fail.

It would be a circumstance ever to be lamented and never to be forgotten, were a single blot, from any cause whatever, suffered to fall on a revolution, which to the end of time must be an honor to the age that accomplished it: and which has contributed more to enlighten the world, and diffuse a spirit of freedom and liberality among mankind, than any human event (if this may be called one) that ever preceded it.

It is not among the least of the calamities of a long continued war, that it unhinges the mind from those nice sensations which at other times appear so amiable. The continual spectacle of woe blunts the finer feelings, and the necessity of bearing with the sight renders it familiar. In like manner are many of the moral obligations of society weakened, till the custom of acting by necessity becomes an apology, where it is truly a crime. Yet let but a nation conceive rightly of its character, and it will be chastely just in protecting it. None ever began with a fairer than America, and none can be under a greater obligation to preserve it.

The debt which America has contracted, compared with the cause she has gained and the advantages to flow from it, ought scarcely to be mentioned. She has it in her choice to do and to live as happily as she pleases. The world is in her hands. She has no foreign power to monopolize her commerce, perplex her legislation, or control her prosperity. The struggle is over, which must one day have happened, and, perhaps, never could have happened at a better time. And instead of a domineering master, she has gained an ally, whose exemplary greatness and universal liberality have extorted a confession even from her enemies.

With the blessings of peace, independence, and an universal commerce, the States, individually and collectively, will have leisure and opportunity to regulate and establish their domestic concerns, and to put it beyond the power of calumny to throw the least reflection on their honor. Character is much easier kept than recovered, and that man, if any such there be, who, from sinister views or littleness of soul, lends unseen his hand to injure it, contrives a wound it will never be in his power to heal.

As we have established an inheritance for posterity, let that inheritance descend, with every mark of an honorable conveyance. The little it will cost, compared with the worth of the States, the greatness of the object, and the value of national character, will be a profitable exchange.

But that which must more forcibly strike a thoughtful, penetrating mind, and which includes and renders easy all inferior concerns, is the Union of the States. On this our great national character depends. It is

this which must give us importance abroad and security at home. It is through this only that we are or can be nationally known in the world; it is the flag of the United States which renders our ships and commerce safe on the seas or in a foreign port. Our Mediterranean passes must be obtained under the same style. All our treaties, whether of alliance, peace, or commerce, are formed under the sovereignty of the United States, and Europe knows us by no other name or title.

The division of the empire into States is for our own convenience, but abroad this distinction ceases. The affairs of each State are local. They can go no further than to itself. And were the whole worth of even the richest of them expended in revenue, it would not be sufficient to support sovereignty against a foreign attack. In short, we have no other national sovereignty than as United States. It would even be fatal for us if we had—too expensive to be maintained, and impossible to be supported. Individuals, or individual States, may call themselves what they please; but the world, and especially the world of enemies, is not to be held in awe by the whistling of a name. Sovereignty must have power to protect all the parts that compose and constitute it: and as UNITED STATES we are equal to the importance of the title, but otherwise we are not. Our union, well and wisely regulated and cemented, is the cheapest way of being great—the easiest way of being powerful, and the happiest invention in government which the circumstances of America can admit of. Because it collects from each State that which, by being inadequate, can be of no use to it, and forms an aggregate that serves for all.

THE FOPPERY OF TITLES.

[*Rights of Man. Part I.* 1791.]

TITLES are but nicknames, and every nickname is a title. The thing is perfectly harmless in itself, but it marks a sort of foppery in the human character which degrades it. It renders man diminutive in things which are great, and the counterfeit of woman in things which are little. It talks about its fine riband like a girl, and shows its garter like a child. A certain writer, of some antiquity, says, "When I was a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

It is, properly, from the elevated mind of France that the folly of titles has been abolished. It has outgrown the baby-clothes of count and duke, and breeched itself in manhood. France has not levelled, it

has exalted. It has put down the dwarf to set up the man. The insignificance of a senseless word like duke, count, or earl, has ceased to please. Even those who possessed them have disowned the gibberish, and, as they outgrew the rickets, have despised the rattle. The genuine mind of man, thirsting for its native home, society, contemns the gewgaws that separate him from it. Titles are like circles drawn by the magician's wand, to contract the sphere of man's felicity. He lives immured within the Bastile of a word, and surveys at a distance the envied life of man.

Is it, then, any wonder that titles should fall in France? Is it not a greater wonder they should be kept up anywhere? What are they? What is their worth, nay "what is their amount?" When we think or speak of a judge, or a general, we associate with it the ideas of office and character; we think of gravity in the one, and bravery in the other; but when we use a word merely as a title, no ideas associate with it. Through all the vocabulary of Adam, there is not such an animal as a duke or a count; neither can we connect any certain idea to the words. Whether they mean strength or weakness, wisdom or folly, a child or a man, or a rider or a horse, is all equivocal. What respect, then, can be paid to that which describes nothing, and which means nothing? Imagination has given figure and character to centaurs, satyrs, and down to all the fairy tribe; but titles baffle even the powers of fancy, and are a chimerical nondescript.

But this is not all—If a whole country is disposed to hold them in contempt, all their value is gone, and none will own them. It is common opinion only that makes them anything or nothing, or worse than nothing. There is no occasion to take titles away, for they take themselves away when society concurs to ridicule them. This species of imaginary consequence has visibly declined in every part of Europe, and it hastens to its exit as the world of reason continues to rise. There was a time when the lowest class of what are called nobility was more thought of than the highest is now, and when a man in armor riding through Christendom in search of adventures was more stared at than a modern duke. The world has seen this folly fall, and it has fallen by being laughed at, and the farce of titles will follow its fate. The patriots of France have discovered in good time that rank and dignity in society must take a new ground. The old one has fallen through. It must now take the substantial ground of character, instead of the chimerical ground of titles: and they have brought their titles to the altar, and made of them a burnt-offering to reason.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

[*Rights of Man. Part II.* 1792.]

BUT in whatever manner the separate parts of a constitution may be arranged, there is one general principle that distinguishes freedom from slavery, which is, that all hereditary government over a people is to them a species of slavery, and representative government is freedom.

Considering government in the only light in which it should be considered, that of a national association, it ought to be so constructed as not to be disordered by any accident happening among the parts; and, therefore, no extraordinary power, capable of producing such an effect, should be lodged in the hands of any individual. The death, sickness, absence, or defection of any one individual in a government, ought to be a matter of no more consequence, with respect to the nation, than if the same circumstance had taken place in a member of the English parliament, or the French national assembly.

Scarcely anything presents a more degrading character of national greatness, than its being thrown into confusion by anything happening to, or acted by an individual; and the ridiculousness of the scene is often increased by the natural insignificance of the person by whom it is occasioned. Were a government so constructed, that it could not go on unless a goose or a gander were present in the senate, the difficulties would be just as great and as real on the flight or sickness of the goose or the gander as if they were called a king. We laugh at individuals for the silly difficulties they make to themselves, without perceiving that the greatest of all ridiculous things are acted in governments.

All the constitutions of America are on a plan that excludes the childish embarrassments which occur in monarchical countries. No suspension of government can there take place for a moment, from any circumstance whatever. The system of representation provides for everything, and is the only system in which nations and governments can always appear in their proper character.

As extraordinary power ought not to be lodged in the hands of any individual, so ought there to be no appropriations of public money to any person beyond what his services in a State may be worth. It signifies not whether a man be called a president, a king, an emperor, a senator, or by any other name, which propriety or folly may devise, or arrogance assume; it is only a certain service he can perform in the State; and the service of any such individual in the routine of office, whether such office be called monarchical, presidential, senatorial, or by any other name or title, can never exceed the value of ten thousand pounds a-year. All the great services that are done in the world are

performed by volunteer characters, who accept no pay for them; but the routine of office is always regulated to such a general standard of abilities as to be within the compass of numbers in every country to perform, and therefore cannot merit very extraordinary recompense. "Government," says Swift, "is a plain thing, and fitted to the capacity of many heads."

It is inhuman to talk of a million sterling a-year, paid out of the public taxes of any country, for the support of any individual, whilst thousands, who are forced to contribute thereto, are pining with want and struggling with misery. Government does not consist in a contrast between prisons and palaces, between poverty and pomp; it is not instituted to rob the needy of his mite, and increase the wretchedness of the wretched.

PAINE OPPOSES THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

[*Speech in the French National Convention.* 1792.]

CITIZEN PRESIDENT: My hatred and abhorrence of absolute monarchy are sufficiently known; they originated in principles of reason and conviction, nor, except with life, can they ever be extirpated; but my compassion for the unfortunate, whether friend or enemy, is equally lively and sincere.

I voted that Louis should be tried, because it was necessary to afford proofs to the world of the perfidy, corruption and abomination of the French government.

The infinity of evidence that has been produced exposes them in the most glaring and hideous colors.

Nevertheless I am inclined to believe that if Louis Capet had been born in an obscure condition, had he lived within the circle of an amiable and respectable neighborhood, at liberty to practise the duties of domestic life, had he been thus situated I cannot believe that he would have shown himself destitute of social virtues; we are, in a moment of fermentation like this, naturally little indulgent to his vices, or rather to those of his government; we regard them with additional horror and indignation; not that they are more heinous than those of his predecessors, but because our eyes are now open, and the veil of delusion at length withdrawn; yet the lamentably degraded state to which he is actually reduced is surely far less imputable to him than to the constituent assembly which, of its own authority, without consent or advice of the people, restored him to the throne.

I was present at the time of the flight or abdication of Louis XVI., and when he was taken and brought back. The proposal of restoring to

nim the supreme power struck me with amazement; and although at that time I was not a citizen, yet as a citizen of the world, I employed all the efforts that depended on me to prevent it. . . . .

The people have beat down royalty, never, never to rise again; they have brought Louis Capet to the bar, and demonstrated in the face of the whole world, the intrigues, the falsehood, corruption, and rooted depravity of his government: there remains then only one question to be considered, what is to be done with this man?

For myself, I freely confess that when I reflect on the unaccountable folly that restored the executive power to his hands, all covered as he was with perjuries and treason, I am far more ready to condemn the constituent assembly than the unfortunate prisoner, Louis Capet.

But, abstracted from every other consideration, there is one circumstance in his life which ought to cover or at least to palliate a great number of his transgressions, and this very circumstance affords the French nation a blessed occasion of extricating itself from the yoke of its kings without defiling itself in the impurities of their blood.

It is to France alone, I know, that the United States of America owe that support which enabled them to shake off an unjust and tyrannical yoke. The ardor and zeal which she displayed to provide both men and money were the natural consequences of a thirst for liberty. But as the nation at that time, restrained by the shackles of her own Government, could only act by means of a monarchical organ, this organ, whatever in other respects the object might be, certainly performed a good, a great action.

Let then these United States be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet. There, hereafter, far removed from the miseries and crimes of royalty, he may learn from the constant aspect of public prosperity, that the true system of government consists in fair, equal and honorable representation. In relating this circumstance, and in submitting this proposition, I consider myself as a citizen of both countries.

I submit it as a citizen of America who feels the debt of gratitude which he owes to every Frenchman. I submit it also as a man who cannot forget that kings are subject to human frailties. I support my proposition as a citizen of the French republic, because it appears to me the best, the most politic measure that can be adopted.

As far as my experience in public life extends, I have ever observed that the great mass of the people are invariably just, both in their intentions and in their objects; but the true method of accomplishing that effect, does not always show itself in the first instance. For example, the English nation has groaned under the despotism of the Stuarts. Hence Charles the Ist lost his life; yet Charles the IId was restored to all the full plenitude of power which his father had lost. Forty years had

not expired when the same family strove to re-establish their ancient oppression; so the nation then banished from its territories the whole race. The remedy was effectual: the Stuart family sunk into obscurity, confounded itself with the multitude, and is at length extinct.

The French nation has carried her measures of government to a greater length. France is not satisfied with exposing the guilt of the monarch, she has penetrated into the vices and horrors of the monarchy. She has shown them clear as daylight, and forever crushed that system; and he whoever he may be, that should ever dare to reclaim those rights, would be regarded not as a pretender, but punished as a traitor.

Two brothers of Louis Capet have banished themselves from the country, but they are obliged to comply with the spirit and etiquette of the courts where they reside.

They can advance no pretensions on their own account, so long as Louis shall live.

The history of monarchy in France was a system pregnant with crimes and murders, cancelling all natural ties, even those by which brothers are united. We know how often they have assassinated each other to pave a way to power. As those hopes which the emigrants had reposed in Louis XVI. are fled, the last that remains rests upon his death, and their situation inclines them to desire this catastrophe, that they may once again rally round a more active chief, and try one further effort under the fortune of the ci-devant Monsieur and d'Artois. That such an enterprise would precipitate them into a new abyss of calamity and disgrace, it is not difficult to foresee; yet it might be attended with mutual loss, and it is our duty, as legislators, not to spill a drop of blood when our purpose may be effectually accomplished without it. It has been already proposed to abolish the punishment of death, and it is with infinite satisfaction that I recollect the humane and excellent oration pronounced by Robespierre on that subject in the constituent assembly. This cause must find its advocates in every corner where enlightened politicians and lovers of humanity exist, and it ought above all to find them in this assembly.

Bad governments have trained the human race, and inured it to the sanguinary arts and refinements of punishment; and it is exactly the same punishment that has so long shocked the sight and tormented the patience of the people which now in their turn they practise in revenge on their oppressors.

But it becomes us to be strictly on our guard against the abomination and perversity of such examples. As France has been the first of European nations to amend her government, let her also be the first to abolish the punishment of death, and to find out a milder and more effectual substitute.

In the particular case now under consideration, I submit the following propositions,—1st. That the national convention shall pronounce the sentence of banishment on Louis and his family: 2d. That Louis Capet shall be detained in prison till the end of the war, and then the sentence of banishment to be executed.

IN A FRENCH PRISON, 1794.

[*From a Letter written after Paine's return to America.*]

I WAS one of the nine members that composed the first committee of constitution. Six of them have been destroyed. Syeyes and myself have survived. He by bending with the times, and I by not bending. The other surviver joined Robespierre, and signed with him the warrant of my arrestation. After the fall of Robespierre, he was seized and imprisoned in his turn, and sentenced to transportation. He has since apologized to me for having signed the warrant, by saying, he felt himself in danger and was obliged to do it.

Herault Sechelles, an acquaintance of Mr. Jefferson, and a good patriot, was my *suppliant* as member of the committee of constitution; that is, he was to supply my place, if I had not accepted or had resigned, being next in number of votes to me. He was imprisoned in the Luxemburg with me, was taken to the tribunal and the guillotine, and I, his principal, was left.

There were but two foreigners in the convention, Anacharsis Cloots and myself. We were both put out of the convention by the same vote, arrested by the same order, and carried to prison together the same night. He was taken to the guillotine, and I was again left. Joel Barlow was with us when we went to prison.

Joseph Lebon, one of the vilest characters that ever existed, and who made the streets of Arras run with blood, was my suppliant as member of the convention for the department of the Pas de Calais. When I was put out of the convention he came and took my place. When I was liberated from prison, and voted again into the convention, he was sent to the same prison and took my place there, and he went to the guillotine instead of me. He supplied my place all the way through.

One hundred and sixty-eight persons were taken out of the Luxemburg in one night, and a hundred and sixty of them guillotined the next day, of which I know I was to have been one; and the manner in which I escaped that fate is curious, and has all the appearance of accident.

The room in which I was lodged was on the ground floor, and one of

a long range of rooms under a gallery, and the door of it opened outward and flat against the wall; so that when it was open the inside of the door appeared outward, and the contrary when it was shut. I had three comrades, fellow-prisoners with me, Joseph Vanhuile, of Bruges, since president of the municipality of that town, Michael Robins, and Bastini, of Louvain.

When persons by scores and hundreds were to be taken out of prison for the guillotine, it was always done in the night, and those who performed that office had a private mark or signal by which they knew what rooms to go to, and what number to take. We, as I have said, were four, and the door of our room was marked unobserved by us, with that number in chalk; but it happened, if happening is a proper word, that the mark was put on when the door was open and flat against the wall, and thereby came on the inside when we shut it at night, and the destroying angel passed by it. A few days after this Robespierre fell, and the American ambassador arrived and reclaimed me and invited me to his house.

During the whole of my imprisonment, prior to the fall of Robespierre, there was no time when I could think my life worth twenty-four hours, and my mind was made up to meet its fate. The Americans in Paris went in a body to the convention to reclaim me, but without success. There was no party among them with respect to me. My only hope then rested on the government of America that it would remember me. But the icy heart of ingratitude, in whatever man it may be placed, has neither feeling nor sense of honor. The letter of Mr. Jefferson has served to wipe away the reproach, and done justice to the mass of the people of America.

MAN AND HIS MAKER.

[*The Age of Reason. Part I.* 1794.]

IT is by his being taught to contemplate himself as an outlaw, as an outcast, as a beggar, as a mumper, as one thrown, as it were, on a dunghill, at an immense distance from his Creator, and who must make his approaches by creeping and cringing to intermediate beings, that he conceives either a contemptuous disregard for everything under the name of religion, or becomes indifferent, or turns, what he calls, devout. In the latter case, he consumes his life in grief, or the affectation of it; his prayers are reproaches; his humility is ingratitude; he calls himself a worm, and the fertile earth a dunghill; and all the blessings of life by the thankless name of vanities; he despises the choicest gift of God to

man, the GIFT OF REASON; and having endeavored to force upon himself the belief of a system against which reason revolts, he ungratefully calls it human reason, as if man could give reason to himself.

Yet, with all this strange appearance of humility, and this contempt for human reason, he ventures into the boldest presumptions; he finds fault with everything; his selfishness is never satisfied; his ingratitude is never at an end. He takes on himself to direct the Almighty what to do, even in the government of the universe; he prays dictatorially; when it is sunshine he prays for rain, and when it is rain he prays for sunshine; he follows the same idea in everything that he prays for; for what is the amount of all his prayers, but an attempt to make the Almighty change his mind, and act otherwise than he does? It is as if he were to say: Thou knowest not so well as I.

But some perhaps will say: Are we to have no word of God—no revelation? I answer: Yes, there is a word of God; there is a revelation.

THE WORD OF GOD IS THE CREATION WE BEHOLD: And it is in this word, which no human invention can counterfeit or alter, that God speaketh universally to man.

It is only in the Creation that all our ideas and conceptions of a word of God can unite. The Creation speaketh an universal language, independently of human speech or human language, multiplied and various as they be. It is an ever-existing original, which every man can read. It cannot be forged; it cannot be counterfeited; it cannot be lost; it cannot be altered; it cannot be suppressed. It does not depend upon the will of man whether it shall be published or not; it publishes itself from one end of the earth to the other. It preaches to all nations and to all worlds; and this word of God reveals to man all that is necessary for man to know of God.

Do we want to contemplate his power? We see it in the immensity of the Creation. Do we want to contemplate his wisdom? We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed. Do we want to contemplate his munificence? We see it in the abundance with which he fills the earth. Do we want to contemplate his mercy? We see it in his not withholding that abundance even from the unthankful. In fine, do we want to know what God is? Search not the book called the Scripture, which any human hand might make, but the Scripture called the Creation.

The only idea man can affix to the name of God, is that of a first cause, the cause of all things. And, incomprehensible and difficult as it is for a man to conceive what a first cause is, he arrives at the belief of it, from the tenfold greater difficulty of disbelieving it. It is difficult beyond description to conceive that space can have no end; but it is more difficult to conceive an end. It is difficult beyond the power of man

to conceive an eternal duration of what we call time; but it is more impossible to conceive a time when there shall be no time.

LIBERTY TREE.

[*Published in the Pennsylvania Magazine.* 1775.]

IN a chariot of light from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand celestials directed the way,
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named *Liberty Tree.*

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourished and bore;
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
To seek out this peaceable shore.
Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
For freemen like brothers agree;
With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
And their temple was *Liberty Tree.*

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
Their bread in contentment they ate
Unvexed with the troubles of silver and gold,
The cares of the grand and the great.
With timber and tar they Old England supplied,
And supported her power on the sea;
Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,
For the honor of *Liberty Tree.*

But hear, O ye swains, 'tis a tale most profane,
How all the tyrannical powers,
Kings, Commons and Lords, are uniting amain,
To cut down this guardian of ours;
From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
Through the land let the sound of it flee,
Let the far and the near, all unite with a cheer,
In defence of our *Liberty Tree.*

THE STUDY OF GOD.

[*A Discourse delivered to the Society of Theophilanthropists at Paris.*]

RELIGION has two principal enemies, Fanaticism and Infidelity, or that which is called atheism. The first requires to be combated by reason and morality, the other by natural philosophy.

The existence of a God is the first dogma of the Theophilanthropists. . . . .

The universe is the Bible of a true Theophilanthropist. It is there that he reads of God. It is there that the proofs of his existence are to be sought and to be found. As to written or printed books, by whatever name they are called, they are the works of man's hands, and carry no evidence in themselves that God is the author of any of them. It must be in something that man could not make that we must seek evidence for our belief, and that something is the universe; the true Bible; the inimitable work of God.

Contemplating the universe, the whole system of creation, in this point of light, we shall discover that all that which is called natural philosophy is properly a divine study. It is the study of God through his works. It is the best study by which we can arrive at a knowledge of his existence, and the only one by which we can gain a glimpse of his perfection.

Do we want to contemplate his power? We see it in the immensity of the creation. Do we want to contemplate his wisdom? We see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed. Do we want to contemplate his munificence? We see it in the abundance with which he fills the earth. Do we want to contemplate his mercy? We see it in his not withholding that abundance even from the unthankful. In fine, do we want to know what God is? Search not written or printed books, but the scripture called the Creation.

It has been the error of the schools to teach astronomy, and all the other sciences and subjects of natural philosophy, as accomplishments only; whereas they should be taught theologically, or with reference to the Being who is the author of them: for all the principles of science are of divine origin. Man cannot make, or invent, or contrive principles. He can only discover them; and he ought to look through the discovery to the Author.

When we examine an extraordinary piece of machinery, an astonishing pile of architecture, a well executed statue, or a highly finished painting, where life and action are imitated, and habit only prevents our mistaking a surface of light and shade for cubical solidity, our ideas are naturally led to think of the extensive genius and talents of the artist. When we study the elements of geometry, we think of Euclid. When

we speak of gravitation, we think of Newton. How then is it, that when we study the works of God in the creation, we stop short, and do not think of God? It is from the error of the schools in having taught those subjects as accomplishments only, and thereby separated the study of them from the Being who is the author of them.

The schools have made the study of theology to consist in the study of opinions in written or printed books; whereas theology should be studied in the works or books of the creation. The study of theology in books of opinions has often produced fanaticism, rancor, and cruelty of temper; and from hence have proceeded the numerous persecutions, the fanatical quarrels, the religious burnings and massacres that have desolated Europe. But the study of theology in the works of the creation produces a direct contrary effect. The mind becomes at once enlightened and serene; a copy of the scene it beholds: information and adoration go hand in hand; and all the social faculties become enlarged.

The evil that has resulted from the error of the schools in teaching natural philosophy as an accomplishment only, has been that of generating in the pupils a species of atheism. Instead of looking through the works of the creation to the Creator himself, they stop short, and employ the knowledge they acquire to create doubts of his existence. They labor with studied ingenuity to ascribe everything they behold to innate properties of matter; and jump over all the rest, by saying that matter is eternal.

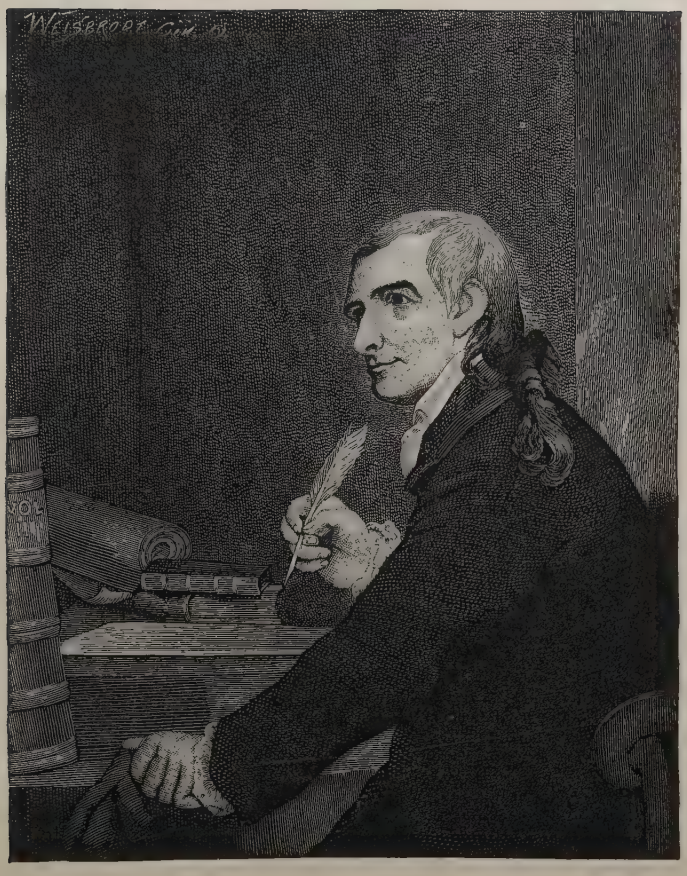
Francis Hopkinson.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1737. Died there, 1791.

SOME SATIRICAL DISTINCTIONS.

[*"Translation of a Letter, written by a Foreigner on his Travels." The Miscellaneous Essays and Occasional Writings of Francis Hopkinson, Esq.* 1792.]

THIS best of all kings has now turned his attention to America. There he had three millions of subjects who loved, honored and obeyed him. He governed them by officers of his own appointment; he had the whole regulation of their commerce; and the overflowings of their wealth were conducted, by easy channels, into his coffers, and into the purses of the merchants and manufacturers of his kingdom. But he has quarrelled with these loyal and beneficial subjects, because they are so obstinate that they will not acknowledge that two and two make five. Whole volumes have been written on this subject, and all the force



Frans. Hopkinson

of reason and eloquence exerted to convince this wise king that he is in an error. The Americans have most emphatically beseeched him to accept of the undissembled loyalty of their hearts;—declaring that they are satisfied that the fruits of their industry should centre with him and his people, as heretofore, to enrich and aggrandize them; but humbly pray that they may not be compelled to acknowledge that two and two make five, which would be to them a most dangerous and distressing violation of truth.

But this wise and humane monarch is far from being disposed to give up the point. He has rejected their petitions with scorn, and spurned at their offers of affection and fidelity; and declares, that he will even risk the crown of his ancestors, but he will make the obstinate Americans subscribe to his new dogma.

To this end he hath sent over, not only his own fleets and armies, but has hired a banditti of foreign mercenaries from a petty prince, who supports the splendor of his court by selling the blood of his subjects; and he has also employed negroes and wild Indians to persecute the poor Americans without mercy, until they shall acknowledge that two and two make five.

America is at this time a scene of desolation and distress; a theatre whereon is acted a real tragedy, exhibiting every species of cruelty and injustice. The royal army of this most enlightened of all nations are ravishing the women, murdering the men, and laying waste that fertile and beautiful country, under the conduct of Lord and General Howe; who are executing their bloody mandate with all the composure in the world. His most gracious majesty receives, from time to time, such accounts of their proceedings as they please to give him, and is as happy as such a monarch can be.

Who would have thought that the peaceful plains of America would be desolated because the inhabitants will not believe that two and two make five, when their good king and his wise parliament require them so to do!

On the contrary, the Americans, highly resenting this treatment, have declared that they will no longer be pensioners of the smiles of such a king, or submit to a government in which they have no share, and over which they have no control, and which is therefore, with respect to them, a government of mere will and pleasure. They have determined to be henceforth a free people; and have publicly avowed that they will enjoy the inestimable privileges of believing and saying, that two and two make only four, according to the common-sense of mankind.

How this affair will terminate God only knows; but it seems very probable that the king of England will lose the most valuable jewel of his crown in the pursuit of his present views.

You will say, perhaps, that the king could not act so absurdly were he not countenanced and supported in his folly by the assent of his people. But the truth is that the king, by means of his ministers, hath gained such an ascendancy over the parliament, which is the constitutional voice of the people, that he can obtain their sanction for any project in which their rights are not openly and directly attacked. As to the people at large, they do not trouble themselves as to the right or wrong of the matter in contest. America is a great way off, and they have no feelings for what is passing there. They grumble, indeed, about the diminution of their trade in consequence of this war, but leave the discussion of national politics to their parliament. The crown hath imperceptibly extended its prerogative so as to destroy the boasted balance of the British constitution; and if the king's power should be further strengthened by the subjugation of America, the people of England may bid adieu to their constitutional freedom. Some of the wisest amongst them see this, and have openly declared that the salvation of England depends upon the success of the Americans in the present war.

This infatuated people have wearied the world for these hundred years with loud eulogiums upon liberty and their constitution; and yet they see that constitution languishing in a deep decay without making any efforts for its recovery. Amused with trifles, and accustomed to venality and corruption, they are not alarmed at the consequences of their supineness. They love to talk of their glorious constitution because the idea is agreeable, and they are satisfied with the idea; and they honor their king, because it is the fashion to honor the king. Half the loyalty of the nation is supported by two popular songs, viz., "Britons strike home," and "God save the king." These are vociferated at taverns, over porter, punch and wine, till the imagination is heated and the blood in a ferment; and then these pot-valiant patriots sally forth and commit all manner of riot and excess in honor of their king and country. . . . .

The extreme ignorance of the common people of this civilized country can scarce be credited. In general they know nothing beyond the particular branch of business which their parents or the parish happened to choose for them. This, indeed, they practise with unremitting diligence; but never think of extending their knowledge farther.

A manufacturer has been brought up a maker of pin-heads: he has been at this business forty years and, of course, makes pin-heads with great dexterity; but he cannot make a whole pin for his life. He thinks it is the perfection of human nature to make pin-heads. He leaves other matters to inferior abilities. It is enough for him that he believes in the Athanasian Creed, reverences the splendor of the court, and makes pin-heads. This he conceives to be the sum-total of religion,

politics and trade. He is sure that London is the finest city in the world; Blackfriars Bridge the most superb of all possible bridges; and the river Thames, the largest river in [the] universe. It is in vain to tell him that there are many rivers in America, in comparison of which the Thames is but a ditch; that there are single provinces there larger than all England; and that the colonies, formerly belonging to Great Britain, now independent states, are vastly more extensive than England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland, taken all together—he cannot conceive this. He goes into his best parlor, and looks on a map of England, four feet square; on the other side of the room he sees a map of North and South America, not more than two feet square, and exclaims:—"How can these things be! It is altogether impossible!" He has read the Arabian Nights' Entertainment, and he hears this wonderful account of America;—he believes the one as much as the other. That a giant should rise out of the sea, or that the Delaware should be larger than the Thames, are equally incredible to him. Talk to him of the British constitution, he will tell you it is a glorious constitution; ask him what it is, and he is ignorant of its first principles; but he is sure that he can make and sell pin-heads under it. Mention the freedom of elections, and he will tell [you] that he does not meddle in these matters; that he lives in a borough; and that it is impossible but that Squire Goose-Cap must represent that borough in parliament—because Squire Goose-Cap is acquainted with the prime-minister, and his lady comes every Sunday to the parish church in a brocaded gown; and sits in a pew lined with green cloth. How, then, can it be otherwise?—but these are things in which he is not concerned. He believes in the Athanasian Creed, honors the king, and makes pin-heads—and what more can be expected of man?

It is not so in America. The lowest tradesman there is not without some degree of general knowledge. They turn their hands to everything; their situation obliges them to do so. A farmer there cannot run to an artist upon every trifling occasion. He must make and mend and contrive for himself. This I observed in my travels through that country. In many towns and in every city, they have public libraries. Not a tradesman but will find time to read. He acquires knowledge imperceptibly. He is amused with voyages and travels and becomes acquainted with the geography, customs, and commerce of other countries. He reads political disquisitions and learns the great outlines of his rights as a man and as a citizen. He dips a little into philosophy, and knows that the apparent motion of the sun is occasioned by the real motion of the earth. In a word, he is sure that, notwithstanding the determination of the king, lords, and commons to the contrary, two and two can never make five.

Such are the people of England, and such the people of America. These nations are now at daggers drawn. At first, the Americans knew little or nothing of the art of war, but they improve daily. The British troops are teaching them how to conquer; and they find them very apt scholars. The probable consequence is, that England will lose, and America gain, an empire. If George the Third should subjugate America on his present principles, all good men will abhor him as a tyrant; if he should fail in his project, all wise men will despise him for risking the immense advantages he derived from a friendly connection with that country.

THE ORGAN.

[*"Description of a Church." From the Same.*]

FAR in the west, and noble to the sight,
The gilded organ rears its towering height.
And hark! Methinks I from its bosom hear
Soft issuing sounds that steal upon the ear
And float serenely on the liquid air.
Now by degrees more bold and broad they grow,
And riot loosely through the aisles below;
Till the full organ lifts its utmost voice,
And my heart shudders at the powerful noise!
Like the last trump, one note is heard to sound
That all the massy pillars tremble round;
The firm fixed building shivers on its base,
And vast vibration fills the astonished place;
The marble pavements seem to feel their doom,
And the bones rattle in each hollow tomb.

But now the blast harmonious dies away,
And tapers gently in a fine decay:
The melting sounds on higher pinions fly,
And seem to fall soft oozing from on high;
Like evening dew they gently spread around
And shed the sweetness of heart-thrilling sound;
Till grown too soft, too fine for mortal ear,
The dying strains dissolve in distant air.
Methought I heard a flight of angels rise,
Most sweetly chaunting as they gained the skies;
Methought I heard their lessening sound decay
And fade and melt and vanish quite away.

BENEDICK, THE MARRIED MAN.

[*"Consolation for the Old Bachelor." From the Same.*]

MR. AITKEN: Your Old Bachelor having pathetically represented the miseries of his solitary situation, severely reproaching himself for having neglected to marry in his younger days, I would fain alleviate his distress, by showing that it is possible he might have been as unhappy—even in the honorable state of matrimony.

I am a shoemaker in this city, and by my industry and attention have been enabled to maintain my wife and a daughter, now six years old, in comfort and respect; and to lay by a little at the year's end, against a rainy day.

My good wife had long teased me to take her to New York, in order to visit Mrs. Snip, the lady of an eminent tailor in that city, and her cousin; from whom she had received many pressing invitations.

This jaunt had been the daily subject of discussion at breakfast, dinner, and supper for a month before the time fixed upon for putting it in execution. As our daughter Jenny could by no means be left at home, many and great were the preparations to equip miss and her mamma for this important journey; and yet, as my wife assured me, there was nothing provided but what was absolutely necessary, and which we could not possibly do without. My purse sweat at every pore.

At last, the long-expected day arrived, preceded by a very restless night. For, as my wife could not sleep for thinking on the approaching jaunt, neither would she suffer me to repose in quiet. If I happened through wearisomeness to fall into a slumber, she immediately roused me by some unseasonable question or remark; frequently asking if I was sure the apprentice had greased the chair-wheels, and seen that the harness was clean and in good order; often observing how surprised her cousin Snip would be to see us; and as often wondering how poor dear Miss Jenny would bear the fatigue of the journey. Thus passed the night in delightful discourse, if that can with propriety be called a discourse, wherein my wife was the only speaker—my replies never exceeding the monosyllables "yes" or "no," murmured between sleeping and waking.

No sooner was it fair daylight, but up started my notable wife, and soon roused the whole family. The little trunk was stuffed with baggage, even to bursting, and tied behind the chair, and the chair-box was crammed with trumpery which "we could not possibly do without." Miss Jenny was dressed, and breakfast devoured in haste; the old negro wench was called in, and the charge of the house committed to her care; and the two apprentices and the hired maid received many

wholesome cautions and instructions for their conduct during our absence, all which they most liberally promised to observe; whilst I attended, with infinite patience, the adjustment of these preliminaries.

At length, however, we set off, and, turning the first corner, lost sight of our habitation, with great regret on my part, and no less joy on the part of Miss Jenny and her mamma.

When we got to Poole's Bridge, there happened to be a great concourse of wagons, carts, etc., so that we could not pass for some time—Miss Jenny frightened—my wife very impatient and uneasy—wondered I did not call out to those impudent fellows to make way for us; observing that I had not the spirit of a louse. Having got through this difficulty, we proceeded without obstruction—my wife in good-humor again—Miss Jenny in high spirits. At Kensington fresh troubles arise. "Bless me, Miss Jenny," says my wife, "where is the bandbox?" "I don't know, mamma; the last time I saw it, it was on the table in your room." What's to be done? The bandbox is left behind—it contains Miss Jenny's new wire-cap—there is no possibility of doing without it—as well no New York as no wire-cap—there is no alternative, we must e'en go back for it. Teased and mortified as I was, my good wife administered consolation by observing, "That it was my business to see that everything was put into the chair that ought to be, but there was no depending upon me for anything; and that she plainly saw I undertook this journey with an ill-will, merely because she had set her heart upon it." Silent patience was my only remedy. An hour and a half restored to us this essential requisite—the wire-cap—and brought us back to the place where we first missed it.

After innumerable difficulties and unparalleled dangers, occasioned by ruts, stumps, and tremendous bridges, we arrived at Neshamony ferry; but how to cross it was the question. My wife protested that neither she nor Jenny would go over in the boat with the horse. I assured her that there was not the least danger; that the horse was as quiet as a dog, and that I would hold him by the bridle all the way. These assurances had little weight;—the most forcible argument was that she must go that way or not at all, for there was no other boat to be had. Thus persuaded, she ventured in; the flies were troublesome—the horse kicked —my wife in panics—Miss Jenny in tears. Ditto at Trenton ferry.

As we started pretty early, and as the days were long, we reached Trenton by two o'clock. Here we dined. My wife found fault with everything; and whilst she disposed of what I thought a tolerable hearty meal, declared there was nothing fit to eat. Matters, however, would have gone on pretty well, but Miss Jenny began to cry with the toothache—sad lamentations over Miss Jenny—all my fault because I had not made the glazier replace a broken pane in her chamber window.

N.B.—I had been twice for him, and he promised to come, but was not so good as his word.

After dinner we again entered upon our journey—my wife in good-humor—Miss Jenny's toothache much easier—various chat—I acknowledge everything my wife says for fear of discomposing her. We arrive in good time at Princeton. My wife and daughter admire the College. We refresh ourselves with tea, and go to bed early, in order to be up betimes for the next day's expedition.

In the morning we set off again in tolerable good-humor, and proceeded happily as far as Rocky Hill. Here my wife's fears and terrors returned with great force. I drove as carefully as possible; but coming to a place where one of the wheels must unavoidably go over the point of a small rock, my wife, in a great fright, seized hold of one of the reins, which happening to be the wrong one, she pulled the horse so as to force the wheel higher up the rock than it would otherwise have gone, and overset the chair. We were all tumbled higgledy-piggledy, into the road—Miss Jenny's face all bloody—the woods echo to her cries—my wife in a fainting-fit—and I in great misery; secretly and most devoutly wishing cousin Snip at the devil. Matters begin to mend—my wife recovers—Miss Jenny has only received a slight scratch on one of her cheeks—the horse stands quite still, and none of the harness broke. Matters grew worse again; the twine with which the bandbox was tied had broke in the fall, and the aforesaid wire-cap lay soaking in a nasty mud-puddle—grievous lamentations over the wire-cap—all my fault because I did not tie it better—no remedy—no wire-caps to be bought at Rocky Hill. At night my wife discovered a small bruise on her hip—was apprehensive it might mortify—did not know but the bone might be broken or splintered—many instances of mortifications occasioned by small injuries.

After passing unhurt over the imminent dangers of Passaic and Hackensack rivers, and the yet more tremendous horrors of Pawlas Hook ferry, we arrived, at the close of the third day, at cousin Snip's in the city of New York.

Here we sojourned a tedious week; my wife spent as much money as would have maintained my family for a month at home, in purchasing a hundred useless articles "which we could not possibly do without"; and every night when we went to bed fatigued me with encomiums on her cousin Snip; leading to a history of the former grandeur of her family, and concluding with insinuations that I did not treat her with the attention and respect I ought.

On the seventh day my wife and cousin Snip had a pretty warm altercation respecting the comparative elegancies and advantages of New York and Philadelphia. The dispute ran high, and many aggravating

words passed between the two advocates. The next morning my wife declared that my business would not admit of a longer absence from home—and so after much ceremonious complaisance—in which my wife was by no means exceeded by her very polite cousin—we left the famous city of New York; and I with heart-felt satisfaction looked forward to the happy period of our safe arrival in Water Street, Philadelphia.

But this blessing was not to be obtained without much vexation and trouble. But lest I should seem tedious I shall not recount the adventures of our return;—how we were caught in a thunderstorm—how our horse failed, by which we were benighted three miles from our stage—how my wife's panics returned—how Miss Jenny howled, and how very miserable I was made. Suffice it to say, that, after many distressing disasters, we arrived at the door of our own habitation in Water Street.

No sooner had we entered the house than we were informed that one of my apprentices had run away with the hired maid, nobody knew where; the old negro had got drunk, fallen into the fire, and burnt out one of her eyes; and our best china bowl was broken.

My good wife contrived, with her usual ingenuity, to throw the blame of all these misfortunes upon me. As this was a consolation to which I had been long accustomed in all untoward cases, I had recourse to my usual remedy, viz., silent patience. After sincerely praying that I might nevermore see cousin Snip, I sat industriously down to my trade, in order to retrieve my manifold losses.

This is only a miniature picture of the married state, which I present to your Old Bachelor, in hopes it may abate his choler, and reconcile him to a single life. But, if this opiate should not be sufficient to give him some ease, I may, perhaps, send him a stronger dose hereafter.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.

[*From the Same.*]

This ballad was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines, in the form of kegs, charged with gunpowder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharfs and shipping, and discharged their small-arms and cannons at everything they saw floating in the river during the ebb-tide.—*Author's Note.*

GALLANTS attend and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damned his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they're come down to attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dreamed of harm as he lay warm,
In bed with Mrs. Loring.

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied,
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity,
Without a boat are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Displayed amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retired to sup their porridge.

A hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few,
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

THE BIRDS, THE BEASTS, AND THE BAT.

[*From the Same.*]

A WAR broke out in former days,—
If all is true that Æsop says,—
Between the birds that haunt the grove,
And beasts that wild in forests rove.
Of fowl that swim in water clear,
Of birds that mount aloft in air,—
From every tribe vast numbers came
To fight for freedom, as for fame.
The beasts from dens and caverns deep,
From valleys low and mountains steep,
In motley ranks determined stood,
And dreadful howlings shook the wood.
The bat,—half bird, half beast,—was there,
Nor would for *this* or *that* declare,—
Waiting till conquest should decide,
Which was the strongest, safest side:
Depending on this doubtful form,
To screen him from the impending storm.
With sharpened beaks and talons long,
With horny spurs and pinions strong,
The birds in fierce assault, 'tis said,
Amongst the foe such havoc made—
That, panic-struck, the beasts retreat
Amazed, and victory seemed complete.
The observant bat, with squeaking tone,
Cried, "Bravo, Birds! The day's our own;
For now I am proud to claim a place
Amongst your bold aspiring race;
With leathern wing I skim the air,
And am a bird though clad in hair."

But now the beasts, ashamed of flight,
With rallied force renew the fight;
With threatening teeth, uplifted paws,
Projecting horns and spreading claws,
Enraged advance—push on the fray
And claim the honors of the day.
The bat, still hovering to and fro,
Observed how things were like to go,
Concludes those best who best can fight,
And thinks the strongest party right;
"Push on," quoth he. "Our's is the day!
We'll chase these rebel birds away,
And reign supreme—for who but we
Of earth and air the lords should be?

That I'm a beast I can make out,
By reasons strong beyond a doubt.
With teeth and fur 'twould be absurd
To call a thing like me a bird;
Each son and daughter of my house,
Is styled at least a flying mouse."

Always uncertain is the fate
Of war and enterprises great:—
The beasts, exulting, pushed too far
Their late advantage in the war;
Sure of success, insult the foe,
Despise their strength and careless grow;
The birds not vanquished but dismayed,
Collect their force, new powers displayed;
Their chief, the eagle, leads them on
And with fierce rage the war's begun.
Now in their turn the beasts must yield
The bloody laurels of the field;
Routed they fly, disperse, divide,
And in their native caverns hide.

Once more the bat with courtly voice,
"Hail, noble birds! Much I rejoice
In your success and come to claim
My share of conquest and of fame."
The birds the faithless wretch despise:
"Hence, traitor, hence!" the eagle cries;
"No more, as you just vengeance fear,
Amongst our honored ranks appear."
The bat, disowned, in some old shed
Now seeks to hide his exiled head;
Nor dares his leathern wings display,
From rising morn to setting day.
But when the gloomy shades of night
Screen his vile form from every sight,
Despised, unnoticed, flits about;
Then to his dreary cell returns
And his just fate in silence mourns.

TO A RECREANT AMERICAN.

["*A Letter to Joseph Galloway, Esq.*" *From the Same.*]

NOW that you have gained the summit of your ambitious hopes, the reward of your forfeited honor, that dear-bought gratification, to obtain which you have given your name to infamy, and your soul to

perdition—now that you sit in Philadelphia, the nominal governor of Pennsylvania, give me leave to address a few words of truth to your corrupted heart. Retire for a moment from the avocations and honors of your new superintendency, and review the steps by which you have mounted the stage of power—steps reeking with the blood of your innocent country.

When the storm was gathering dark and dreary over this devoted country, when America stood in need of all the exertions which her best patriots and most confidential citizens could make, you stepped forward—you offered yourself a candidate, and, with unwearied diligence, solicited a seat in the American congress. Your seeming sincerity and your loud complaints against the unjust usurpations of the British legislature gained the confidence of your country. You were elected; you took your seat in Congress—and let posterity remember that while you were vehemently declaiming in that venerable senate against British tyranny, and with hypocritical zeal urging a noble stand in behalf of the liberties of your country, you were at the same time betraying their secrets, ridiculing their economy, and making sport of their conduct, in private letters to your friend Governor * * * * * * *.

But your abilities were not equal to your treachery. Your character became suspected. You were left out of the delegation, and fearing the just resentment of your injured country, you took refuge under the banners of General Howe. You well knew that professions alone would not recommend you to his notice; actual services must be rendered to raise you above the neglect, and even contempt of your new patron. The general, knowing your conduct to have been such as to render all reconciliation with your country impossible, and thinking that, from your knowledge of the people he meant to ruin, you might be a useful tool in his hands, took you into his service. You found it no hard task to come into his views; to banish every virtuous sensibility, and even steel your heart against the cries of suffering humanity, and wade through the blood of your fellow-citizens to your promised reward. Is there a curse denounced against villany that hangs not over your head? It was owing to your poisonous influence that —— took part against his country's cause, and involved his family in misery and distress. Let their misfortunes sit heavy on your soul! It was owing to your seductions that a hopeful young man was cut off with infamy in the prime and vigor of life. Let the blood of Molesworth sit heavy on your soul! You attended the British army from the Head of Elk to the city of Philadelphia—you rode in the rear of that army in your triumphant carriage—you feasted your eyes with scenes of desolation—the cries of ruined families, and the curses of the distressed, composed the music of your march, and your horses' hoofs were wet with the blood of your

slaughtered countrymen and former friends. Is there a curse denounced against villany that hangs not over your head? Let these things sit heavy on your soul!

But you are now in the seat of power in the city of Philadelphia. The glow of gratified ambition burns on your cheek, whilst, like a bashaw of the East, you order this or that fellow-citizen to prison and punishment. You sit down daily to a board spread with more than plenty, and know, with unconcern, that numbers of your countrymen, even some of your former acquaintance, are suffering all the lingering anguish of absolute famine in the jails of the city, within your reach—within your power to relieve. You well know that under the discipline of that arch-fiend, Cunningham, they have plucked the weeds of the earth for food, and expired with the unchewed grass in their mouths—yet you pity not the misery to which you have yourself been instrumental, nor will you suffer their torture to touch your heart. Oh! let this, too, sit heavy on your soul!

The time is at hand when the army on which you build your support must withdraw, and abandon their vain attempt. When this shall happen, then fly—fly to England, for you will not be safe here. Your life and estate are both forfeited—and both will be but a poor atonement for the wrongs you have done. Fly to England, and if you should find yourself despised and neglected there, as will most probably be the case,—for the English hate a traitor even though they benefit by the treason—then fly thence with the monster Cunningham, to the barren desert, and herd with hungry beasts of prey.

The temporary reward of iniquity you now hold will soon shrink from your grasp; and the favor of him on whom you now depend will cease when your capacity to render the necessary services shall cease. This you know, and the reflection must even now throw a gloom of horror over your enjoyments, which the glittering tinsel of your new superintendency cannot illumine. Look back, and all is guilt—look forward, and all is dread! When the history of the present times shall be recorded, the names of Galloway and Cunningham will not be omitted; and posterity will wonder at the extreme obduracy of which the human heart is capable, and at the unmeasurable difference between a traitor and a Washington.

THE WASP.

[*From the Same.*]

WRAPT in Aurelian filth and slime,
An infant wasp neglected lay;
Till, having dozed the destined time,
He woke and struggled into day.

Proud of his venom-bag and sting,
And big with self-approved worth:
"Mankind," he said, and stretched his wing,
"Should tremble when I sally forth.

"In copious streams my spleen shall flow,
And satire all her purses drain;
A critic born, the world shall know
I carry not a sting in vain."

This said, from native cell of clay,
Elate he rose in airy flight;
Thence to the city changed his way,
And on a steeple chanced to light.

"Ye gods!" he cried, "What horrid pile
Presumes to rear its head so high?
This clumsy cornice—see how vile:
Can this delight a critic's eye?"

With poisonous sting he strove to wound
The substance firm, but strove in vain;
Surprised he sees it stands its ground,
Nor starts through fear, nor writhes with pain.

Away the enraged insect flew;
But soon with aggravated power,
Against the walls his body threw,
And hoped to shake the lofty tower.

Firm fixed it stands, as stand it must,
Nor heeds the wasp's unpitied fall:
The humbled critic rolls in dust,
So stunned, so bruised, he scarce can crawl.

Ethan Allen.

BORN in Connecticut, 1739. DIED at Burlington, Vt., 1789.

THE CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

[*From Allen's Narrative of Captivity, first published in* 1779, *and quoted in De Puy's "Ethan Allen."*]

EVER since I arrived at the state of manhood, and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty. The history of nations, doomed to perpetual slavery, in consequence of yielding up to tyrants their natural-born liberties, I read with a sort of philosophical horror; so that the first systematical and bloody attempt, at Lexington, to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind, and fully determined me to take part with my country. And, while I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony (now State) of Connecticut, to raise the Green-Mountain Boys, and, if possible, with them to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and, after first guarding all the several passes that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite to Ticonderoga, on the evening of the ninth day of May, 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant Green-Mountain Boys; and it was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent the boats back for the rear guard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner; but the day began to dawn, and I found myself under the necessity to attack the fort, before the rear could cross the lake; and, as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the manner following:

"Friends and fellow-soldiers, You have, for a number of years past been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad, and acknowledged, as appears by the advice and orders to me, from the General Assembly of Connecticut, to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you, and, in person, conduct you through the wicket-gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest of men dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks."

The men being, at this time, drawn up in three ranks, each poised his

firelock. I ordered them to face to the right, and, at the head of the centre-file, marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me; I ran immediately toward him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under a bomb-proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the two barracks which faced each other.

The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword; but, in an instant, I altered the design and fury of the blow to a slight cut on the side of the head, upon which he dropped his gun, and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer kept; he showed me a pair of stairs in the front of a barrack, on the west part of the garrison, which led up to a second story in said barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Capt. De la Place, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison; at which the Captain came immediately to the door, with his breeches in his hand; when I ordered him to deliver me the fort instantly; he asked me by what authority I demanded it: I answered him, "*In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress.*" The authority of the Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again; but I interrupted him, and with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison; with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison. In the mean time some of my officers had given orders, and in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beat down, and about one-third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of the said commander, a Lieut. Feltham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two sergeants, and forty-four rank and file; about one hundred pieces of cannon, one thirteen-inch mortar, and a number of swivels. This surprise was carried into execution in the gray of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775. The sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior lustre; and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled to its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America.

ON A PRISON-SHIP.

[*From the Same.*]

IN this passage the prisoners were infected with the scurvy, some more and some less, but most of them severely. The ship's crew was to a great degree troubled with it, and I concluded it was catching. Several of the crew died with it on their passage. I was weak and feeble in consequence of so long and cruel a captivity, yet had but little of the scurvy.

The purser was again expressly forbid by the captain to let me have anything out of his store; upon which I went upon deck, and in the handsomest manner requested the favor of purchasing a few necessaries of the purser, which was denied me; he further told me that I should be hanged as soon as I arrived at Halifax. I tried to reason the matter with him, but found him proof against reason; I also held up his honor to view, and his behavior to me and the prisoners in general, as being derogatory to it, but found his honor impenetrable. I then endeavored to touch his humanity, but found he had none; for his prepossession of bigotry to his own party had confirmed him in an opinion that no humanity was due to unroyalists, but seemed to think that heaven and earth were made merely to gratify the King and his creatures; he uttered considerable unintelligible and grovelling ideas, a little tinctured with monarchy, but stood well to his text of hanging me. He afterward forbade his surgeon to administer any help to the sick prisoners. I was every night shut down in the cable tier, with the rest of the prisoners, and we all lived miserably while under his power. But I received some generosity from several of the midshipmen, who in degree alleviated my misery; one of their names was Putrass, the names of the others I do not recollect; but they were obliged to be private in the bestowment of their favor, which was sometimes good wine bitters, and at others a generous drink of grog.

Some time in the first week of June, we came to anchor at the Hook off New York, where we remained but three days; in which time Governor Tryon, Mr. Kemp, the old attorney-general of New York, and several other perfidious and overgrown tories and land-jobbers came on board. Tryon viewed me with a stern countenance, as I was walking on the leeward side of the deck with the midshipmen; and he and his companions were walking with the captain and lieutenant, on the windward side of the same, but never spoke to me, though it is altogether probable that he thought of the old quarrel between him, the old government of New York, and the Green-Mountain Boys. Then they went with the captain into the cabin, and the same afternoon returned on

board a vessel, where at that time they took sanctuary from the resentment of their injured country. What passed between the officers of the ship and these visitors I know not; but this I know, that my treatment from the officers was more severe afterward.

We arrived at Halifax not far from the middle of June, where the ship's crew, which was infested with scurvy, were taken on shore and shallow trenches dug, into which they were put, and partly covered with earth. Indeed, every proper measure was taken for their relief. The prisoners were not permitted any sort of medicine, but were put on board a sloop which lay in the harbor, near the town of Halifax, surrounded by several men-of-war and their tenders, and a guard constantly set over them, night and day. The sloop we had wholly to ourselves except the guard who occupied the forecastle; here we were cruelly pinched with hunger; it seemed to me that we had not more than one-third of the common allowance. We were all seized with violent hunger and faintness; we divided our scanty allowance as exact as possible. I shared the same fate with the rest, and though they offered me more than an even share, I refused to accept it, as it was a time of substantial distress, which in my opinion I ought to partake equally with the rest, and set an example of virtue and fortitude to our little commonwealth.

I sent letter after letter to Captain Montague, who still had the care of us, and also to his lieutenant, whose name I cannot call to mind, but could obtain no answer, much less a redress of grievances; and to add to the calamity, nearly a dozen of the prisoners were dangerously ill of the scurvy. I wrote private letters to the doctors, to procure, if possible, some remedy for the sick, but in vain. The chief physician came by in a boat, so close that the oars touched the sloop that we were in, and I uttered my complaint in the genteelest manner to him, but he never so much as turned his head, or made me any answer, though I continued speaking till he got out of hearing. Our cause then became deplorable. Still I kept writing to the captain, till he ordered the guards, as they told me, not to bring any more letters from me to him. In the mean time an event happened worth relating. One of the men almost dead with the scurvy, lay by the side of the sloop, and a canoe of Indians coming by, he purchased two quarts of strawberries, and ate them at once, and it almost cured him. The money he gave for them, was all the money he had in the world. After that we tried every way to procure more of that fruit, reasoning from analogy that they might have the same effect on others infested with the same disease, but could obtain none.

Meanwhile the doctor's mate of the *Mercury* came privately on board the prison-sloop and presented me with a large vial of smart drops, which proved to be good for the scurvy, though vegetables and some

other ingredients were requisite for a cure; but the drops gave at least a check to the disease. This was a well-timed exertion of humanity, but the doctor's name has slipped my mind, and in my opinion, it was the means of saving the lives of several men.

The guard which was set over us, was by this time touched with feelings of compassion; and I finally trusted one of them with a letter of complaint to Governor Arbuthnot, of Halifax, which he found means to communicate, and which had the desired effect; for the governor sent an officer and surgeon on board the prison-sloop, to know the truth of the complaint. The officer's name was Russell, who held the rank of lieutenant, and treated me in a friendly and polite manner, and was really angry at the cruel and unmanly usage the prisoners met with; and with the surgeon made a true report of matters to Governor Arbuthnot, who, either by his order or influence, took us next day from the prison-sloop to Halifax jail, where I first became acquainted with the now Hon. James Lovel, one of the members of Congress for the State of Massachusetts. The sick were taken to the hospital, and the Canadians, who were effective, were employed in the King's works; and when their countrymen were recovered from the scurvy and joined them, they all deserted the King's employ, and were not heard of at Halifax, as long as the remainder of the prisoners continued there, which was till near the middle of October. We were on board the prison-sloop about six weeks and were landed at Halifax near the middle of August.

Joseph Warren.

BORN in Roxbury, Mass., 1741. FELL at Bunker's Hill, 1775.

FREE AMERICA.

[*Printed in the Massachusetts Newspapers, and ascribed to Warren.* 1774.]

THAT seat of science, Athens,
And earth's proud mistress, Rome;
Where now are all their glories?
We scarce can find a tomb.
Then guard your rights, Americans,
Nor stoop to lawless sway;
Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose,
For North America.

We led fair Freedom hither,
And lo, the desert smiled!

A paradise of pleasure
Was opened in the wild!
Your harvest, bold Americans,
No power shall snatch away!
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Torn from a world of tyrants,
Beneath this western sky,
We formed a new dominion,
A land of liberty:
The world shall own we're masters here;
Then hasten on the day:
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Proud Albion bowed to Cæsar,
And numerous lords before;
To Picts, to Danes, to Normans,
And many masters more:
But we can boast, Americans,
We've never fallen a prey;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

God bless this maiden climate,
And through its vast domain
May hosts of heroes cluster,
Who scorn to wear a chain:
And blast the venal sycophant
That dares our rights betray;
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza,
For free America.

Lift up your hands, ye heroes,
And swear with proud disdain,
The wretch that would ensnare you,
Shall lay his snares in vain:
Should Europe empty all her force,
We'll meet her in array,
And fight and shout, and shout and fight
For North America.

Some future day shall crown us,
The masters of the main,
Our fleets shall speak in thunder
To England, France, and Spain;
And the nations over the ocean spread
Shall tremble and obey
The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons
Of brave America.

IN SOLEMN COMMEMORATION OF THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

[*An Oration delivered* 6 *March*, 1775.]

THE many injuries offered to the town, I pass over in silence. I cannot now mark out the path which led to that unequalled scene of horror, the sad remembrance of which takes the full possession of my soul. The sanguinary theatre again opens itself to view. The baleful images of terror crowd around me; and discontented ghosts, with hollow groans, appear to solemnize the anniversary of the fifth of March.

Approach we then the melancholy walk of death. Hither let me call the gay companion; here let him drop a farewell tear upon that body which so late he saw vigorous and warm with social mirth; hither let me lead the tender mother to weep over her beloved son—come, widowed mourner, here satiate thy grief; behold thy murdered husband gasping on the ground, and, to complete the pompous show of wretchedness, bring in each hand thy infant children to bewail their father's fate—take heed, ye orphan babes, lest, whilst your streaming eyes are fixed upon the ghastly corpse your feet slide on the stones bespattered with your father's brains! Enough; this tragedy need not be heightened by an infant weltering in the blood of him that gave it birth. Nature, reluctant, shrinks already from the view, and the chilled blood rolls slowly backward to its fountain. We wildly stare about, and with amazement ask who spread this ruin around us? What wretch has dared deface the image of his God? Has haughty France, or cruel Spain, sent forth her myrmidons? Has the grim savage rushed again from the far-distant wilderness; or does some fiend, fierce from the depth of hell, with all the rancorous malice which the apostate damned can feel, twang her destructive bow, and hurl her deadly arrows at our breast? No, none of these—but, how astonishing! it is the hand of Britain that inflicts the wound! The arms of George, our rightful king, have been employed to shed that blood, when justice, or the honor of his crown, had called his subjects to the field.

But pity, grief, astonishment, with all the softer movements of the soul, must now give way to stronger passions. Say, fellow-citizens, what dreadful thought now swells your heaving bosoms; you fly to arms—sharp indignation flashes from each eye—revenge gnashes her iron teeth—death grins a hideous smile, secure to drench his greedy jaws in human gore—whilst hovering furies darken all the air!

But stop, my bold, adventurous countrymen; stain not your weapons with the blood of Britons. Attend to reason's voice; humanity puts in her claim, and sues to be again admitted to her wonted seat, the bosom of the brave. Revenge is far beneath the noble mind. Many, perhaps,

compelled to rank among the vile assassins, do from their inmost souls detest the barbarous action. The winged death, shot from your arms, may chance to pierce some breast that bleeds already for your injured country.

The storm subsides—a solemn pause ensues—you spare—upon condition they depart. They go—they quit your city—they no more shall give offence. Thus closes the important drama.

And could it have been conceived that we again should have seen a British army in our land, sent to enforce obedience to acts of Parliament destructive of our liberty? But the royal ear, far distant from this western world, has been assaulted by the tongue of slander; and villains, traitorous alike to king and country, have prevailed upon a gracious prince to clothe his countenance with wrath, and to erect the hostile banner against a people ever affectionate and loyal to him and his illustrious predecessors of the House of Hanover. Our streets are again filled with armed men; our harbor is crowded with ships of war; but these cannot intimidate us; our liberty must be preserved; it is far dearer than life—we hold it even dear as our allegiance; we must defend it against the attacks of friends as well as enemies; we cannot suffer even Britons to ravish it from us.

No longer could we reflect with generous pride on the heroic actions of our American forefathers; no longer boast our origin from that far-famed island, whose warlike sons have so often drawn their well-tried swords to save her from the ravages of tyranny; could we, but for a moment, entertain the thought of giving up our liberty. The man who meanly will submit to wear a shackle, contemns the noblest gift of heaven, and impiously affronts the God that made him free. . . . .

Our country is in danger, but not to be despaired of. Our enemies are numerous and powerful; but we have many friends, determining to be free, and heaven and earth will aid the resolution. On you depend the fortunes of America. You are to decide the important question, on which rest the happiness and liberty of millions yet unborn. Act worthy of yourselves. The faltering tongue of hoary age calls on you to support your country. The lisping infant raises its suppliant hands, imploring defence against the monster slavery. Your fathers look from their celestial seats with smiling approbation on their sons, who boldly stand forth in the cause of virtue; but sternly frown upon the inhuman miscreant, who, to secure the loaves and fishes to himself, would breed a serpent to destroy his children.

James Wilson.

BORN near St. Andrews, Scotland, 1742. DIED at Edenton, N. C., 1798.

LOYALTY TO LAW.

[*From a Speech in Vindication of the Colonies, delivered in the Convention for the Province of Pennsylvania, January,* 1775.]

ARE we deficient in loyalty to his majesty? Let our conduct convict, for it will fully convict, the insinuation that we are, of falsehood. Our loyalty has always appeared in the true form of loyalty; in obeying our sovereign according to law: let those who would require it in any other form, know that we call the persons who execute his commands, when contrary to law, disloyal and traitors. Are we enemies to the power of the Crown? No, sir, we are its best friends: this friendship prompts us to wish that the power of the Crown may be firmly established on the most solid basis; but we know that the constitution alone will perpetuate the former, and securely uphold the latter. Are our principles irreverent to majesty? They are quite the reverse: we ascribe to it perfection almost divine. We say that the king can do no wrong: we say that to do wrong is the property, not of power, but of weakness. We feel oppression, and will oppose it; but we know, for our constitution tells us, that oppression can never spring from the throne. We must, therefore, search elsewhere for its source: our infallible guide will direct us to it. Our constitution tells us that all oppression springs from the ministers of the throne. The attributes of perfection ascribed to the king, are, neither by the constitution nor in fact, communicable to his ministers. They may do wrong; they have often done wrong; they have been often punished for doing wrong.

Here we may discern the true cause of all the impudent clamor and unsupported accusations of the ministers and of their minions, that have been raised and made against the conduct of the Americans. Those ministers and minions are sensible that the opposition is directed, not against his majesty, but against them; because they have abused his majesty's confidence, brought discredit upon his government, and derogated from his justice. They see the public vengeance collected in dark clouds around them: their consciences tell them that it should be hurled, like a thunder-bolt, at their guilty heads. Appalled with guilt and fear, they skulk behind the throne. Is it disrespectful to drag them into public view, and make a distinction between them and his majesty, under whose venerable name they daringly attempt to shelter their crimes? Nothing can more effectually contribute to establish his majesty

on the throne, and to secure to him the affections of his people, than this distinction. By it we are taught to consider all the blessings of government as flowing from the throne; and to consider every instance of oppression as proceeding, which in truth is oftenest the case, from the ministers.

If, now, it is true that all force employed for the purposes so often mentioned, is force unwarranted by any act of Parliament; unsupported by any principle of the common law; unauthorized by any commission from the Crown; that, instead of being employed for the support of the constitution and his majesty's government, it must be employed for the support of oppression and ministerial tyranny; if all this is true (and I flatter myself it appears to be true), can any one hesitate to say that to resist such force is lawful; and that both the letter and the spirit of the British constitution justify such resistance?

Resistance, both by the letter and the spirit of the British constitution, may be carried further, when necessity requires it, than I have carried it. Many examples in the English history might be adduced, and many authorities of the greatest weight might be brought to show that when the king, forgetting his character and his dignity, has stepped forth and openly avowed and taken a part in such iniquitous conduct as has been described; in such cases, indeed, the distinction above mentioned, wisely made by the constitution for the security of the Crown, could not be applied; because the Crown had unconstitutionally rendered the application of it impossible. What has been the consequence? The distinction between him and his ministers has been lost; but they have not been raised to his situation; he has sunk to theirs.

William Henry Drayton.

Born at Drayton Hall, Ashley River, S. C., 1742. Died in Philadelphia, Penn., 1779.

AN ARRAIGNMENT OF GEORGE III.

[*From a Charge to the Grand Jury of Charleston, S. C., 23 April, 1776.*]

THE house of Brunswick was yet scarcely settled in the British throne, to which it had been called by a free people, when, in the year 1719, our ancestors in this country, finding that the government of the lords proprietors operated to their ruin, exercised the rights transmitted to them by their forefathers of England; and, casting off the proprietary

authority, called upon the house of Brunswick to rule over them—a house elevated to royal dominion, for no other purpose than to preserve to a people their unalienable rights. The king accepted the invitation, and thereby indisputably admitted the legality of that revolution. And in so doing, by his own act, he vested in those our forefathers, and us their posterity, a clear right to effect another revolution, if ever the government of the house of Brunswick should operate to the ruin of the people. So the excellent Roman emperor, Trajan, delivered a sword to Saburanus, his captain of the Prætorian guard, with this admired sentence: "Receive this sword, and use it to defend me if I govern well, but against me, if I behave ill."

With joyful acclamations our ancestors, by act of Assembly, passed on the 18th day of August, 1721, recognized the British monarch. The virtues of the second George are still revered among us—he was the father of his people: and it was with ecstasy we saw his grandson, George the Third, mount the throne possessed of the hearts of his subjects.

But alas! almost with the commencement of his reign, his subjects felt causes to complain of government. The reign advanced—the grievances became more numerous and intolerable—the complaints more general and loud—the whole empire resounded with the cries of injured subjects! At length, grievances being unredressed and ever increasing; all patience being borne down; all hope destroyed; all confidence in royal government blasted!—Behold! the empire is rent from pole to pole!—perhaps to continue asunder forever.

The catalogue of our oppressions, continental and local, is enormous. Of such oppressions, I will mention only some of the most weighty.

Under color of law, the king and parliament of Great Britain have made the most arbitrary attempts to enslave America:

By claiming a right to bind the colonies "in all cases whatsoever;"

By laying duties, at their mere will and pleasure, upon all the colonies;

By suspending the legislature of New York;

By rendering the American charters of no validity, having annulled the most material parts of the charter of the Massachusetts Bay;

By divesting multitudes of the colonists of their property, without legal accusation or trial;

By depriving whole colonies of the bounty of Providence on their own proper coasts, in order to coerce them by famine;

By restricting the trade and commerce of America;

By sending to, and continuing in America, in time of peace, an armed force, without and against the consent of the people;

By granting impunity to a soldiery instigated to murder the Americans;

By declaring, that the people of Massachusetts Bay are liable for offences, or pretended offences, done in that colony, to be sent to, and

tried for the same in England, or in any colony where they cannot have the benefit of a jury of the vicinage;

By establishing in Quebec the Roman Catholic religion, and an arbitrary government, instead of the Protestant religion and a free government.

And thus America saw it demonstrated, that no faith ought to be put in a royal proclamation; for I must observe to you that, in the year 1763, by such a proclamation, people were invited to settle in Canada, and were assured of a legislative representation, the benefit of the common law of England, and a free government. It is a misfortune to the public, that this is not the only instance of the inefficacy of a royal proclamation.

Nathaniel Niles.

Born in South Kingston, R. I., 1741. Died at West Fairlee, Vt., 1828.

THE AMERICAN HERO.

[*A Sapphic Ode, written in the time of the American Revolution.* 1775.]

WHY should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in crimson,
Sounding with death-groans?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,
What shape he comes in.

Infinite Goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet, under all his dealings;
Never repining, but forever praising
God, our Creator.

Well may we praise him: all his ways are perfect:
Though a resplendence, infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by lustre.

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine,
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder;
Mercies and judgment both proceed from kindness,
Infinite kindness.

O, then, exult that God forever reigneth;
Clouds which, around him, hinder our perception,
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises.

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for,
Sweetly as babes' sleep will I give my life up,
When called to yield it.

Now, Mars, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bomb-shells, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grape-shot like a storm of hailstones,
Torturing ether.

Up the bleak heavens let the spreading flames rise,
Breaking, like Ætna, through the smoky columns,
Lowering, like Egypt, o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burned down.

While all their hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
Let slip your blood-hounds, named the British lions;
Dauntless as death stares, nimble as the whirlwind,
Dreadful as demons!

Let oceans waft on all your floating castles,
Fraught with destruction, horrible to nature;
Then, with your sails filled by a storm of vengeance,
Bear down to battle.

From the dire caverns, made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people,
Quick to destruction.

Still shall the banner of the King of Heaven
Never advance where I am afraid to follow:
While that precedes me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee.

Fame and dear freedom lure me on to battle,
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's-head,
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's,
To the encounter.

Life, for my country and the cause of freedom,
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And, if preserved in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.

Thomas Jefferson.

Born at "Shadwell," Albemarle Co., Va., 1743. Died at Monticello, Va., 1826.

PASSAGES FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[*The Writings of Thomas Jefferson. Edited by H. A. Washington.* 1854.]

CONCERNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

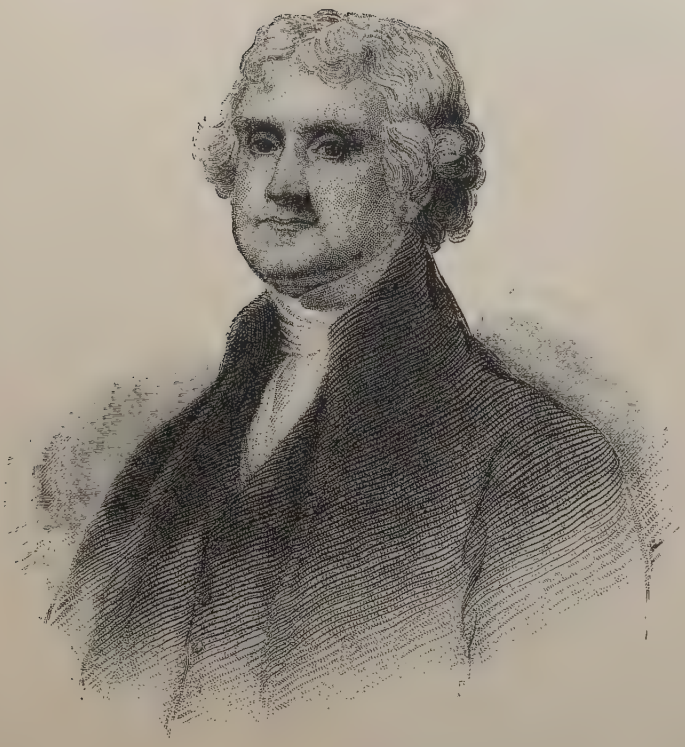
IT appearing in the course of these debates, that the colonies of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and South Carolina were not yet matured for falling from the parent stem, but that they were fast advancing to that state, it was thought most prudent to wait a while for them, and to postpone the final decision to July 1st; but, that this might occasion as little delay as possible, a committee was appointed to prepare a Declaration of Independence. The committee were John Adams, Dr. Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingston, and myself. Committees were also appointed, at the same time, to prepare a plan of confederation for the colonies, and to state the terms proper to be proposed for foreign alliance. The committee for drawing the Declaration of Independence desired me to do it. It was accordingly done, and being approved by them, I reported it to the House on Friday, the 28th of June, when it was read, and ordered to lie on the table. On Monday, the 1st of July, the House resolved itself into a committee of the whole, and resumed the consideration of the original motion made by the delegates of Virginia, which, being again debated through the day, was carried in the affirmative by the votes of New Hampshire, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia. South Carolina and Pennsylvania voted against it. Delaware had but two members present, and they were divided. The delegates from New York declared they were for it themselves, and were assured their constituents were for it; but that their instructions having been drawn near a twelvemonth before, when reconciliation was still the general object, they were enjoined by them to do nothing which should impede that object. They, therefore, thought themselves not justifiable in voting on either side, and asked leave to withdraw from the question; which was given them. The committee rose and reported their resolution to the House. Mr. Edward Rutledge, of South Carolina, then requested the determination might be put off to the next day, as he believed his colleagues, though they disapproved of the resolution, would then join in it for the sake of unanimity. The ultimate question, whether the House would agree to the resolution of the committee, was accord-

ingly postponed to the next day, when it was again moved, and South Carolina concurred in voting for it. In the mean time, a third member had come post from the Delaware counties, and turned the vote of that colony in favor of the resolution. Members of a different sentiment attending that morning from Pennsylvania also, her vote was changed, so that the whole twelve colonies who were authorized to vote at all gave their voices for it; and, within a few days, the convention of New York approved of it, and thus supplied the void occasioned by the withdrawing of her delegates from the vote.

Congress proceeded the same day to consider the Declaration of Independence, which had been reported and laid on the table the Friday preceding, and on Monday referred to a committee of the whole. The pusillanimous idea that we had friends in England worth keeping terms with, still haunted the minds of many. For this reason, those passages which conveyed censures on the people of England were struck out, lest they should give them offence. The clause, too, reprobating the enslaving the inhabitants of Africa was struck out, in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, still wished to continue it. Our northern brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under those censures; for though their people had very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others. The debates, having taken up the greater parts of the 2d, 3d, and 4th days of July, were, on the evening of the last, closed; the Declaration was reported by the committee, agreed to by the House, and signed by every member present, except Mr. Dickinson. . . .

CHARACTER OF JAMES MADISON.

Mr. Madison came into the House in 1776, a new member and young; which circumstances, concurring with his extreme modesty, prevented his venturing himself in debate before his removal to the Council of State, in November, '77. From thence he went to Congress, then consisting of few members. Trained in these successive schools, he acquired a habit of self-possession which placed at ready command the rich resources of his luminous and discriminating mind, and of his extensive information, and rendered him the first of every assembly afterward, of which he became a member. Never wandering from his subject into vain declamation, but pursuing it closely, in language pure, classical and copious, soothing always the feelings of his adversaries by civilities and softness of expression, he rose to the eminent station which he held in the great National Convention of 1787; and in that of Virginia which followed, he sustained the new constitution in all its parts,



Th Jefferson

bearing off the palm against the logic of George Mason, and the fervid declamation of Mr. Henry. With these consummate powers were united a pure and spotless virtue, which no calumny has ever attempted to sully. Of the powers and polish of his pen, and of the wisdom of his administration in the highest office of the nation, I need say nothing. They have spoken, and will forever speak for themselves. . .

CONGRESS AT ANNAPOLIS.

Our body was little numerous, but very contentious. Day after day was wasted on the most unimportant questions. A member, one of those afflicted with the morbid rage of debate, of an ardent mind, prompt imagination, and copious flow of words, who heard with impatience any logic which was not his own, sitting near me on some occasion of a trifling but wordy debate, asked me how I could sit in silence, hearing so much false reasoning, which a word should refute? I observed to him, that to refute indeed was easy, but to silence was impossible; that in measures brought forward by myself, I took the laboring oar, as was incumbent on me; but that in general I was willing to listen; that if every sound argument or objection was used by some one or other of the numerous debaters, it was enough; if not, I thought it sufficient to suggest the omission, without going into a repetition of what had been already said by others: that this was a waste and abuse of the time and patience of the House, which could not be justified. And I believe that if the members of deliberate bodies were to observe this course generally, they would do in a day what takes them a week; and it is really more questionable than may at first be thought, whether Bonaparte's dumb legislature, which said nothing and did much, may not be preferable to one which talks much and does nothing. I served with General Washington in the legislature of Virginia, before the Revolution, and, during it, with Dr. Franklin in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulders to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves. If the present Congress errs in too much talking, how can it be otherwise, in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing, and talk by the hour? That one hundred and fifty lawyers should do business together, ought not to be expected. . . . .

A GLIMPSE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The King was now completely in the hands of men, the principal among whom had been noted, through their lives, for the Turkish despotism of their characters, and who were associated around the King, as proper instruments for what was to be executed. The news of this change began to be known at Paris, about one or two o'clock. In the afternoon, a body of about one hundred German cavalry were advanced, and drawn up in the Place Louis XV., and about two hundred Swiss posted at a little distance in their rear. This drew people to the spot, who thus accidentally found themselves in front of the troops, merely at first as spectators; but, as their numbers increased, their indignation rose. They retired a few steps, and posted themselves on and behind large piles of stones, large and small, collected in that place for a bridge, which was to be built adjacent to it. In this position, happening to be in my carriage on a visit, I passed through the lane they had formed, without interruption. But the moment after I had passed, the people attacked the cavalry with stones. They charged, but the advantageous position of the people, and the showers of stones, obliged the horse to retire, and quit the field altogether, leaving one of their number on the ground, and the Swiss in the rear not moving to their aid. This was the signal for universal insurrection, and this body of cavalry, to avoid being massacred, retired toward Versailles. The people now armed themselves with such weapons as they could find in armorers' shops, and private houses, and with bludgeons; and were roaming all night, through all parts of the city, without any decided object. The next day (the 13th) the Assembly pressed on the King to send away the troops, to permit the Bourgeoisie of Paris to arm for the preservation of order in the city, and offered to send a deputation from their body to tranquillize them; but their propositions were refused. A committee of magistrates and electors of the city were appointed by those bodies, to take upon them its government. The people, now openly joined by the French guards, forced the prison of St. Lazare, released all the prisoners, and took a great store of corn, which they carried to the corn-market. Here they got some arms, and the French guards began to form and train them. The city-committee determined to raise forty-eight thousand Bourgeoisie, or rather to restrain their numbers to forty-eight thousand. On the 14th, they sent one of their members (Monsieur de Corny) to the Hotel des Invalides, to ask arms for their Garde Bourgeoise. He was followed by, and he found there, a great collection of people. The Governor of the Invalids came out, and represented the impossibility of his delivering arms, without the orders of those from whom he received them. De Corny advised the people then to retire, and retired himself; but

the people took possession of the arms. It was remarkable, that not only the Invalids themselves made no opposition, but that a body of five thousand foreign troops, within four hundred yards, never stirred. M. de Corny, and five others, were then sent to ask arms of M. de Launay, Governor of the Bastile. They found a great collection of people already before the place, and they immediately planted a flag of truce, which was answered by a like flag hoisted on the parapet. The deputation prevailed on the people to fall back a little, advanced themselves to make their demand of the Governor, and in that instant, a discharge from the Bastile killed four persons of those nearest to the deputies. The deputies retired. I happened to be at the house of M. de Corny, when he returned to it, and received from him a narrative of these transactions. On the retirement of the deputies, the people rushed forward, and almost in an instant, were in possession of a fortification of infinite strength, defended by one hundred men, which in other times had stood several regular sieges, and had never been taken. How they forced their entrance has never been explained. They took all the arms, discharged the prisoners, and such of the garrison as were not killed in the first moment of fury; carried the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor to the Place de Grève (the place of public execution), cut off their heads, and sent them through the city, in triumph, to the Palais royal. About the same instant, a treacherous correspondence having been discovered in M. de Flesselles, Prevôt des Marchands, they seized him in the Hotel de Ville, where he was in the execution of his office, and cut off his head. These events, carried imperfectly to Versailles, were the subject of two successive deputations from the Assembly to the King, to both of which he gave dry and hard answers; for nobody had as yet been permitted to inform him, truly and fully, of what had passed at Paris. But at night, the Duke de Liancourt forced his way into the King's bed chamber, and obliged him to hear a full and animated detail of the disasters of the day in Paris. He went to bed fearfully impressed. The decapitation of de Launay worked powerfully through the night on the whole Aristocratic party; insomuch, that in the morning, those of the greatest influence on the Count d'Artois, represented to him the absolute necessity that the King should give up everything to the Assembly. This according with the dispositions of the King, he went about eleven o'clock, accompanied only by his brothers, to the Assembly, and there read to them a speech, in which he asked their interposition to re-establish order. Although couched in terms of some caution, yet the manner in which it was delivered made it evident that it was meant as a surrender at discretion. He returned to the Chateau afoot, accompanied by the Assembly. They sent off a deputation to quiet Paris, at the head of which was the Marquis de La Fayette, who had, the same morning, been named Commandant en

chef of the Milice Bourgeoise; and Monsieur Bailly, former President of the States General, was called for as Prevôt des Marchands. The demolition of the Bastille was now ordered and begun. A body of the Swiss guards, of the regiment of Ventimille, and the city horse guards joined the people. The alarm at Versailles increased. The foreign troops were ordered off instantly. Every minister resigned. The King confirmed Bailly as Prevôt des Marchands, wrote to M. Necker, to recall him, sent his letter open to the Assembly, to be forwarded by them, and invited them to go with him to Paris the next day, to satisfy the city of his dispositions; and that night, and the next morning, the Count d'Artois, and M. de Montesson, a deputy connected with him, Madame de Polignac, Madame de Guiche, and the Count de Vaudreuil, favorites of the Queen, the Abbe de Vermont her confessor, the Prince of Conde, and Duke of Bourbon fled. The King came to Paris, leaving the Queen in consternation for his return. Omitting the less important figures of the procession, the King's carriage was in the centre; on each side of it, the Assembly, in two ranks afoot; at their head the Marquis de La Fayette, as Commander-in-chief, on horseback, and Bourgeois guards before and behind. About sixty thousand citizens, of all forms and conditions, armed with the conquests of the Bastille and Invalids, as far as they would go, the rest with pistols, swords, pikes, pruning-hooks, scythes, etc., lined all the streets through which the procession passed, and with the crowds of people in the streets, doors, and windows, saluted them everywhere with the cries of "vive la nation," but not a single "vive le Roi" was heard. The King stopped at the Hotel de Ville. There M. Bailly presented, and put into his hat, the popular cockade, and addressed him. The King being unprepared, and unable to answer, Bailly went to him, gathered from him some scraps of sentences, and made out an answer, which he delivered to the audience, as from the King. On their return, the popular cries were "vive le Roi et la nation." He was conducted by a garde Bourgeoise to his palace at Versailles, and thus concluded an "amende honorable," as no sovereign ever made, and no people ever received.

And here, again, was lost another precious occasion of sparing to France the crimes and cruelties through which she has since passed, and to Europe, and finally America, the evils which flowed on them also from this mortal source. The King was now become a passive machine in the hands of the National Assembly, and had he been left to himself, he would have willingly acquiesced in whatever they should devise as best for the nation. A wise constitution would have been formed, hereditary in his line, himself placed at its head, with powers so large as to enable him to do all the good of his station, and so limited, as to restrain him from its abuse. This he would have faithfully administered,

and more than this, I do not believe, he ever wished. But he had a Queen of absolute sway over his weak mind and timid virtue, and of a character the reverse of his in all points. This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of Burke, with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense, was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her desires, or perish in their wreck. Her inordinate gambling and dissipations, with those of the Count d'Artois, and others of her *clique*, had been a sensible item in the exhaustion of the treasury, which called into action the reforming hand of the nation; and her opposition to it, her inflexible perverseness, and dauntless spirit, led herself to the Guillotine, drew the King on with her, and plunged the world into crimes and calamities which will forever stain the pages of modern history. I have ever believed that, had there been no Queen, there would have been no revolution. No force would have been provoked, nor exercised. The King would have gone hand in hand with the wisdom of his sounder counsellors, who, guided by the increased lights of the age, wished only, with the same pace, to advance the principles of their social constitution. The deed which closed the mortal course of these sovereigns, I shall neither approve nor condemn. I am not prepared to say that the first magistrate of a nation cannot commit treason against his country, or is unamenable to its punishment; nor yet, that where there is no written law, no regulated tribunal, there is not a law in our hearts, and a power in our hands, given for righteous employment in maintaining right, and redressing wrong. Of those who judged the King, many thought him wilfully criminal; many, that his existence would keep the nation in perpetual conflict with the horde of Kings who would war against a generation which might come home to themselves, and that it were better that one should die than all. I should not have voted with this portion of the Legislature. I should have shut up the Queen in a convent, putting harm out of her power, and placed the King in his station, investing him with limited powers, which, I verily believe, he would have honestly exercised, according to the measure of his understanding. In this way, no void would have been created, courting the usurpation of a military adventurer, nor occasion given for those enormities which demoralized the nations of the world, and destroyed, and are yet to destroy, millions and millions of its inhabitants. . . . .

A TRIBUTE TO FRANCE.

And here, I cannot leave this great and good country without expressing my sense of its pre-eminence of character among the nations of the earth. A more benevolent people I have never known, nor greater warmth and devotedness in their select friendships. Their kindness

and accommodation to strangers is unparalleled, and the hospitality of Paris is beyond anything I had conceived to be practicable in a large city. Their eminence, too, in science, the communicative dispositions of their scientific men, the politeness of the general manners, the ease and vivacity of their conversation, give a charm to their society, to be found nowhere else. In a comparison of this, with other countries, we have the proof of primacy, which was given to Themistocles, after the battle of Salamis. Every general voted to himself the first reward of valor, and the second to Themistocles. So, ask the travelled inhabitant of any nation, in what country on earth would you rather live? Certainly, in my own, where are all my friends, my relations, and the earliest and sweetest affections and recollections of my life. Which would be your second choice? France.

AN ANECDOTE OF DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

[*"Biographical Sketches of Distinguished Men." From the Same.*]

WHEN the Declaration of Independence was under the consideration of Congress, there were two or three unlucky expressions in it which gave offence to some members. The word "Scotch and other foreign auxiliaries" excited the ire of a gentleman or two of that country. Severe strictures on the conduct of the British King, in negotiating our repeated repeals of the law which permitted the importation of slaves, were disapproved by some Southern gentlemen, whose reflections were not yet matured to the full abhorrence of that traffic. Although the offensive expressions were immediately yielded, these gentlemen continued their depredations on other parts of the instrument. I was sitting by Dr. Franklin, who perceived that I was not insensible to these mutilations. "I have made it a rule," said he, "whenever in my power, to avoid becoming the draughtsman of papers to be reviewed by a public body. I took my lesson from an incident which I will relate to you. When I was a journeyman printer, one of my companions, an apprentice hatter, having served out his time, was about to open shop for himself. His first concern was to have a handsome sign-board, with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words, 'John Thompson, *Hatter*, *makes* and *sells hats* for ready money,' with a figure of a hat subjoined; but he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word '*Hatter*' tautologous, because followed by the words 'makes hats,' which show he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word '*makes*' might as well be omitted, because his customers would not care who made the hats. If

good and to their mind, they would buy, by whomsoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words '*for ready money*' were useless as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. Every one who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription now stood, 'John Thompson sells hats.' '*Sells hats*,' says his next friend! Why nobody will expect you to give them away, what then is the use of that word? It was stricken out, and '*hats*' followed it, the rather as there was one painted on the board. So the inscription was reduced ultimately to 'John Thompson' with the figure of a hat subjoined."

HAMILTON AND ADAMS.

["*The Anas.*" *From the Same.*]

HAMILTON was, indeed, a singular character. Of acute understanding, disinterested, honest, and honorable in all private transactions, amiable in society, and duly valuing virtue in private life, yet so bewitched and perverted by the British example, as to be under thorough conviction that corruption was essential to the government of a nation. Mr. Adams had originally been a republican. The glare of royalty and nobility, during his mission to England, had made him believe their fascination a necessary ingredient in government; and Shay's rebellion, not sufficiently understood where he then was, seemed to prove that the absence of want and oppression, was not a sufficient guarantee of order. His book on the American constitutions having made known his political bias, he was taken up by the monarchical federalists in his absence, and on his return to the United States, he was by them made to believe that the general disposition of our citizens was favorable to monarchy. He here wrote his Davila, as a supplement to a former work, and his election to the Presidency confirmed him in his errors. Innumerable addresses too, artfully and industriously poured in upon him, deceived him into a confidence that he was on the pinnacle of popularity, when the gulf was yawning at his feet, which was to swallow up him and his deceivers. For when General Washington was withdrawn, these *energumeni* of royalism, kept in check hitherto by the dread of his honesty, his firmness, his patriotism, and the authority of his name, now mounted on the car of State and free from control, like Phaeton on that of the sun, drove headlong and wild, looking neither to right nor left, nor regarding anything but the objects they were driving at; until, displaying these fully, the eyes of the nation were opened, and a general disbandment of them from the public councils took place.

Mr. Adams, I am sure, has been long since convinced of the treacheries with which he was surrounded during his administration. He has since thoroughly seen that his constituents were devoted to republican government, and whether his judgment is re-settled on its ancient basis, or not, he is conformed as a good citizen to the will of the majority, and would now, I am persuaded, maintain its republican structure with the zeal and fidelity belonging to his character. For even an enemy has said, "he is always an honest man, and often a great one." But in the fervor of the fury and follies of those who made him their stalking horse, no man who did not witness it can form an idea of their unbridled madness, and the terrorism with which they surrounded themselves.

SELECTIONS FROM JEFFERSON'S CORRESPONDENCE.

[*From the Same.*]

TO PETER CARR, WITH GOOD ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

DEAR PETER: I received, by Mr. Mazzei, your letter of April the 20th. I am much mortified to hear that you have lost so much time; and that, when you arrived in Williamsburg, you were not at all advanced from what you were when you left Monticello. Time now begins to be precious to you. Every day you lose will retard a day your entrance on that public stage whereon you may begin to be useful to yourself. However, the way to repair the loss is to improve the future time. I trust, that with your dispositions, even the acquisition of science is a pleasing employment. I can assure you, that the possession of it is, what (next to an honest heart) will above all things render you dear to your friends, and give you fame and promotion in your own country. When your mind shall be well improved with science, nothing will be necessary to place you in the highest points of view, but to pursue the interests of your country, the interests of your friends, and your own interests also, with the purest integrity, the most chaste honor. The defect of these virtues can never be made up by all the other acquirements of body and mind. Make these, then, your first object. Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give the earth itself and all it contains, rather than do an immoral act. And never suppose that in any possible situation, or under any circumstances, it is best for you to do a dishonorable thing, however slightly so it may appear to you. Whenever you are to do a thing, though it can never be known but to yourself, ask yourself how you would act were all the world looking at

you, and act accordingly. Encourage all your virtuous dispositions, and exercise them whenever an opportunity arises; being assured that they will gain strength by exercise, as a limb of the body does, and that exercise will make them habitual. From the practice of the purest virtue, you may be assured you will derive the most sublime comforts in every moment of life, and in the moment of death. If ever you find yourself environed with difficulties and perplexing circumstances, out of which you are at a loss how to extricate yourself, do what is right, and be assured that that will extricate you the best way out of the worst situations. Though you cannot see, when you take one step, what will be the next, yet follow truth, justice, and plain dealing, and never fear their leading you out of the labyrinth, in the easiest manner possible. The knot which you thought a Gordian one, will untie itself before you. Nothing is so mistaken as the supposition, that a person is to extricate himself from a difficulty, by intrigue, by chicanery, by dissimulation, by trimming, by an untruth, by an injustice. This increases the difficulties tenfold; and those, who pursue these methods, get themselves so involved at length, that they can turn no way but their infamy becomes more exposed. It is of great importance to set a resolution, not to be shaken, never to tell an untruth. There is no vice so mean, so pitiful, so contemptible; and he who permits himself to tell a lie once, finds it much easier to do it a second and third time, till at length it becomes habitual; he tells lies without attending to it, and truths without the world's believing him. This falsehood of the tongue leads to that of the heart, and in time depraves all its good dispositions. . . . .

PARIS, 19 *August*, 1785.

TO MADAME LA COMTESSE DE TESSE, IN A COMPLIMENTARY VEIN.

HERE I am, Madam, gazing whole hours at the Maison quarrée, like a lover at his mistress. The stocking weavers and silk spinners around it consider me a hypochondriac Englishman, about to write with a pistol the last chapter of his history. This is the second time I have been in love since I left Paris. The first was with a Diana at the Chateau de Laye-Epinaye in Beaujolois, a delicious morsel of sculpture, by M. A. Slodtz. This, you will say, was in rule, to fall in love with a female beauty; but with a house! it is out of all precedent. No, Madam, it is not without a precedent in my own history. While in Paris, I was violently smitten with the Hotel de Salm, and used to go to the Tuileries almost daily, to look at it. The *loueuse des chaises*, inattentive to my passion, never had the complaisance to place a chair there, so that, sitting on the parapet,

and twisting my neck round to see the object of my admiration, I generally left it with a *torti-colli*.

From Lyons to Nismes I have been nourished with the remains of Roman grandeur. They have always brought you to my mind, because I know your affection for whatever is Roman and noble. At Vienne I thought of you. But I am glad you were not there; for you would have seen me more angry than, I hope, you will ever see me. The Prætorian Palace, as it is called, comparable, for its fine proportions, to the Maison quarrée, defaced by the barbarians who have converted it to its present purpose, its beautiful fluted Corinthian columns cut out, in part, to make space for Gothic windows, and hewed down, in the residue, to the plane of the building, was enough, you must admit, to disturb my composure. At Orange, too, I thought of you. I was sure you had seen with pleasure the sublime triumphal arch of Marius at the entrance of the city. I went then to the Arenæ. Would you believe, Madam, that in this eighteenth century, in France, under the reign of Louis XVI., they are at this moment pulling down the circular wall of this superb remain, to pave a road? And that, too, from a hill which is itself an entire mass of stone, just as fit, and more accessible? A former intendant, a M. de Basville, has rendered his memory dear to the traveller and amateur, by the pains he took to preserve and restore these monuments of antiquity. The present one (I do not know who he is) is demolishing the object, to make a good road to it. I thought of you again, and I was then in great good-humor, at the Pont du Gard, a sublime antiquity, and well preserved. But most of all here, where Roman taste, genius, and magnificence, excite ideas analogous to yours at every step. I could no longer oppose the inclination to avail myself of your permission to write to you, a permission given with too much complaisance by you, and used by me with too much indiscretion. Madame de Tott did me the same honor. But she, being only the descendant of some of those puny heroes who boiled their own kettles before the walls of Troy, I shall write to her from a Grecian, rather than a Roman canton; when I shall find myself, for example, among her Phocæan relations at Marseilles. . . . .

Nismes, 20 *March*, 1787.

TO P. MAZZEI, UPON THE POLITICAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

THE aspect of our politics has wonderfully changed since you left us. In place of that noble love of liberty and republican government which carried us triumphantly through the war, an Anglican monarchi-

cal aristocratical party has sprung up, whose avowed object is to draw over us the substance, as they have already done the forms, of the British government. The main body of our citizens, however, remain true to their republican principles; the whole landed interest is republican, and so is a great mass of talents. Against us are the Executive, the Judiciary, two out of three branches of the Legislature, all the officers of the government, all who want to be officers, all timid men who prefer the calm of despotism to the boisterous sea of liberty, British merchants and Americans trading on British capitals, speculators and holders in the banks and public funds, a contrivance invented for the purposes of corruption, and for assimilating us in all things to the rotten as well as the sound parts of the British model. It would give you a fever were I to name to you the apostates who have gone over to these heresies, men who were Samsons in the field and Solomons in the council, but who have had their heads shorn by the harlot England. In short, we are likely to preserve the liberty we have obtained only by unremitting labors and perils. But we shall preserve it; and our mass of weight and wealth on the good side is so great, as to leave no danger that force will ever be attempted against us. We have only to awake and snap the Liliputian cords with which they have been entangling us during the first sleep which succeeded our labors. . . . .

MONTICELLO, 24 *April*, 1796.

TO DOCTOR BENJAMIN RUSH, UPON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

DEAR SIR: In some of the delightful conversations with you, in the evenings of 1798–99, and which served as an anodyne to the afflictions of the crisis through which our country was then laboring, the Christian religion was sometimes our topic; and I then promised you, that one day or other, I would give you my views of it. They are the result of a life of inquiry and reflection, and very different from that anti-Christian system imputed to me by those who know nothing of my opinions. To the corruptions of Christianity I am indeed opposed; but not to the genuine precepts of Jesus himself. I am a Christian, in the only sense in which he wished any one to be; sincerely attached to his doctrines, in preference to all others; ascribing to himself every *human* excellence; and believing he never claimed any other. At the short intervals since these conversations, when I could justifiably abstract my mind from public affairs, the subject has been under my contemplation. But the more I considered it, the more it expanded beyond the measure of either my time or information. In the moment of my late departure

from Monticello, I received from Doctor Priestley, his little treatise of "Socrates and Jesus compared." This being a section of the general view I had taken of the field, it became a subject of reflection while on the road, and unoccupied otherwise. The result was, to arrange in my mind a syllabus, or outline of such an estimate of the comparative merits of Christianity, as I wished to see executed by some one of more leisure and information for the task, than myself. This I now send you, as the only discharge of my promise I can probably ever execute. And in confiding it to you, I know it will not be exposed to the malignant perversions of those who make every word from me a text for new misrepresentations and calumnies. I am, moreover, averse to the communication of my religious tenets to the public; because it would countenance the presumption of those who have endeavored to draw them before that tribunal, and to seduce public opinion to erect itself into that inquisition over the rights of conscience, which the laws have so justly proscribed. It behooves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself, to resist invasions of it in the case of others; or their case may, by change of circumstances, become his own. It behooves him, too, in his own case, to give no example of concession, betraying the common right of independent opinion, by answering questions of faith, which the laws have left between God and himself. Accept my affectionate salutations.

WASHINGTON, 21 *April*, 1803.

TO GOVERNOR SULLIVAN, CONCERNING PRESIDENTIAL TOURS.

WITH respect to the tour my friends to the north have proposed that I should make in that quarter, I have not made up a final opinion. The course of life which General Washington had run, civil and military, the services he had rendered, and the space he therefore occupied in the affections of his fellow-citizens, take from his examples the weight of precedents for others, because no others can arrogate to themselves the claims which he had on the public homage. To myself, therefore, it comes as a new question, to be viewed under all the phases it may present. I confess that I am not reconciled to the idea of a chief magistrate parading himself through the several States, as an object of public gaze, and in quest of an applause which, to be valuable, should be purely voluntary. I had rather acquire silent good will by a faithful discharge of my duties, than owe expressions of it to my putting myself in the way of receiving them. Were I to make such a tour to Portsmouth or Portland, I must do it to Savannah, perhaps to Orleans and Frankfort. As I have never yet seen the time when the public business would have

permitted me to be so long in a situation in which I could not carry it on, so I have no reason to expect that such a time will come while I remain in office. A journey to Boston or Portsmouth, after I shall be a private citizen, would much better harmonize with my feelings, as well as duties; and, founded in curiosity, would give no claims to an extension of it. I should see my friends, too, more at our mutual ease, and be left more exclusively to their society. However, I end as I began, by declaring I have made up no opinion on the subject, and that I reserve it as a question for future consideration and advice.

WASHINGTON, 19 *June*, 1807.

TO THOMAS JEFFERSON RANDOLPH, GIVING SOME RULES OF CONDUCT.

I HAVE mentioned good humor as one of the preservatives of our peace and tranquillity. It is among the most effectual, and its effect is so well imitated and aided, artificially, by politeness, that this also becomes an acquisition of first-rate value. In truth, politeness is artificial good humor; it covers the natural want of it, and ends by rendering habitual a substitute nearly equivalent to the real virtue. It is the practice of sacrificing to those whom we meet in society, all the little conveniences and preferences which will gratify them, and deprive us of nothing worth a moment's consideration; it is the giving a pleasing and flattering turn to our expressions, which will conciliate others, and make them pleased with us as well as themselves. How cheap a price for the good will of another! When this is in return for a rude thing said by another, it brings him to his senses, it mortifies and corrects him in the most salutary way, and places him at the feet of your good nature, in the eyes of the company. But in stating prudential rules for our government in society, I must not omit the important one of never entering into dispute or argument with another. I never saw an instance of one of two disputants convincing the other by argument. I have seen many, on their getting warm, becoming rude, and shooting one another. Conviction is the effect of our own dispassionate reasoning, either in solitude, or weighing within ourselves, dispassionately, what we hear from others, standing uncommitted in argument ourselves. It was one of the rules which, above all others, made Doctor Franklin the most amiable of men in society, "never to contradict anybody." If he was urged to announce an opinion, he did it rather by asking questions, as if for information, or by suggesting doubts. When I hear another express an opinion which is not mine, I say to myself, he has a right to his opinion, as I to mine; why should I question it? His error does me no

injury, and shall I become a Don Quixote, to bring all men by force of argument to one opinion? If a fact be misstated, it is probable he is gratified by a belief of it, and I have no right to deprive him of the gratification. If he wants information, he will ask it, and then I will give it in measured terms; but if he still believes his own story, and shows a desire to dispute the fact with me, I hear him and say nothing. It is his affair, not mine, if he prefers error. There are two classes of disputants most frequently to be met with among us. The first is of young students, just entered the threshold of science, with a first view of its outlines, not yet filled up with the details and modifications which a further progress would bring to their knowledge. The other consists of the ill-tempered and rude men in society, who have taken up a passion for politics. (Good humor and politeness never introduce into mixed society a question on which they foresee there will be a difference of opinion.) From both of those classes of disputants, my dear Jefferson, keep aloof, as you would from the infected subjects of yellow fever or pestilence. Consider yourself, when with them, as among the patients of Bedlam, needing medical more than moral counsel. Be a listener only, keep within yourself, and endeavor to establish with yourself the habit of silence, especially on politics. In the fevered state of our country, no good can ever result from any attempt to set one of these fiery zealots to rights, either in fact or principle. They are determined as to the facts they will believe, and the opinions on which they will act. Get by them, therefore, as you would by an angry bull; it is not for a man of sense to dispute the road with such an animal. . . .

WASHINGTON, 24 *November*, 1808.

TO JOHN ADAMS, TAKING A CHEERFUL VIEW OF LIFE.

YOU ask, if I would agree to live my seventy or rather seventy-three years over again? To which I say, yea. I think with you, that it is a good world on the whole; that it has been framed on a principle of benevolence, and more pleasure than pain dealt out to us. There are, indeed, (who might say nay) gloomy and hypochondriac minds, inhabitants of diseased bodies, disgusted with the present, and despairing of the future; always counting that the worst will happen, because it may happen. To these I say, how much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened! My temperament is sanguine. I steer my bark with Hope in the head, leaving Fear astern. My hopes, indeed, sometimes fail; but not oftener than the forebodings of the gloomy. There are, I acknowledge, even in the happiest life, some terrible convulsions,

heavy set-offs against the opposite page of the account. I have often wondered for what good end the sensations of grief could be intended. All our other passions, within proper bounds, have an useful object. And the perfection of the moral character is, not in a stoical apathy, so hypocritically vaunted, and so untruly, too, because impossible, but in a just equilibrium of all the passions. I wish the pathologists, then, would tell us what is the use of grief in the economy, and of what good it is the cause, proximate or remote. . . .

MONTICELLO, 8 *April*, 1816.

TO DOCTOR VINE UTLEY, DESCRIBING THE WRITER'S PHYSICAL CONDITION.

SIR: Your letter of February the 18th came to hand on the 1st instant; and the request of the history of my physical habits would have puzzled me not a little, had it not been for the model with which you accompanied it, of Dr. Rush's answer to a similar inquiry. I live so much like other people, that I might refer to ordinary life as the history of my own. Like my friend the Doctor, I have lived temperately, eating little animal food, and that not as an aliment, so much as a condiment for the vegetables, which constitute my principal diet. I double, however, the Doctor's glass and a half of wine, and even treble it with a friend; but halve its effects by drinking the weak wines only. The ardent wines I cannot drink, nor do I use ardent spirits in any form. Malt liquors and cider are my table drinks, and my breakfast, like that also of my friend, is of tea and coffee. I have been blessed with organs of digestion which accept and concoct, without ever murmuring, whatever the palate chooses to consign to them, and I have not yet lost a tooth by age. I was a hard student until I entered on the business of life, the duties of which leave no idle time to those disposed to fulfil them; and now, retired, and at the age of seventy-six, I am again a hard student. Indeed, my fondness for reading and study revolts me from the drudgery of letter writing. And a stiff wrist, the consequence of an early dislocation, makes writing both slow and painful. I am not so regular in my sleep as the Doctor says he was, devoting to it from five to eight hours, according as my company or the book I am reading interests me; and I never go to bed without an hour, or half hour's previous reading of something moral, whereon to ruminate in the intervals of sleep. But whether I retire to bed early or late, I rise with the sun. I use spectacles at night, but not necessarily in the day, unless in reading small print. My hearing is distinct in particular conversation, but confused when several voices cross each other, which unfits me for the

society of the table. I have been more fortunate than my friend in the article of health. So free from catarrhs that I have not had one (in the breast, I mean) on an average of eight or ten years through life. I ascribe this exemption partly to the habit of bathing my feet in cold water every morning, for sixty years past. A fever of more than twenty-four hours I have not had above two or three times in my life. A periodical headache has afflicted me occasionally, once, perhaps, in six or eight years, for two or three weeks at a time, which seems now to have left me; and, except on a late occasion of indisposition, I enjoy good health; too feeble, indeed, to walk much, but riding without fatigue six or eight miles a day, and sometimes thirty or forty. I may end these egotisms, therefore, as I began, by saying that my life has been so much like that of other people, that I might say, with Horace, to every one "*nomine mutato, narratur fabula de te.*"

MONTICELLO, 21 *March*, 1819.

TO JOHN ADAMS, ON POLITICAL PARTIES.

THE *summum bonum* with me is now truly epicurean, ease of body and tranquillity of mind; and to these I wish to consign my remaining days. Men have differed in opinion, and been divided into parties by these opinions, from the first origin of societies, and in all governments where they have been permitted freely to think and to speak. The same political parties which now agitate the United States, have existed through all time. Whether the power of the people or that of the *αριστοι* should prevail, were questions which kept the States of Greece and Rome in eternal convulsions, as they now schismatize every people whose minds and mouths are not shut up by the gag of a despot. And, in fact, the terms of whig and tory belong to natural as well as to civil history. They denote the temper and constitution of mind of different individuals. To come to our own country, and to the times when you and I became first acquainted, we well remember the violent parties which agitated the old Congress, and their bitter contests. There you and I were together, and the Jays, and the Dickinsons, and other anti-independents, were arrayed against us. They cherished the monarchy of England, and we the rights of our countrymen. When our present government was in the mew, passing from Confederation to Union, how bitter was the schism between the Feds and Antis. Here you and I were together again. For although, for a moment, separated by the Atlantic from the scene of action, I favored the opinion that nine States should confirm the constitution, in order to secure it, and the others hold off until cer-

tain amendments, deemed favorable to freedom, should be made. I rallied in the first instant to the wiser proposition of Massachusetts, that all should confirm, and then all instruct their delegates to urge those amendments. The amendments were made, and all were reconciled to the government. But as soon as it was put into motion, the line of division was again drawn. We broke into two parties, each wishing to give the government a different direction; the one to strengthen the most popular branch, the other the more permanent branches, and to extend their permanence. Here you and I separated for the first time, and as we had been longer than most others on the public theatre, and our names therefore were more familiar to our countrymen, the party which considered you as thinking with them, placed your name at their head; the other, for the same reason, selected mine. But neither decency nor inclination permitted us to become the advocates of ourselves, or to take part personally in the violent contests which followed. We suffered ourselves, as you so well expressed it, to be passive subjects of public discussion. And these discussions, whether relating to men, measures or opinions, were conducted by the parties with an animosity, a bitterness and an indecency which had never been exceeded. All the resources of reason and of wrath were exhausted by each party in support of its own, and to prostrate the adversary opinions; one was upbraided with receiving the anti-federalists, the other the old tories and refugees, into their bosom. Of this acrimony, the public papers of the day exhibit ample testimony, in the debates of Congress, of State Legislatures, of stump-orators, in addresses, answers, and newspaper essays; and to these, without question, may be added the private correspondences of individuals; and the less guarded in these, because not meant for the public eye, not restrained by the respect due to that, but poured forth from the overflowings of the heart into the bosom of a friend, as a momentary easement of our feelings. In this way, and in answers to addresses, you and I could indulge ourselves. We have probably done it, sometimes with warmth, often with prejudice, but always, as we believed, adhering to truth. . . . .

MONTICELLO, 27 *June*, 1813.

TO TIMOTHY PICKERING, ON A SERMON BY DOCTOR CHANNING.

I THANK you for Mr. Channing's discourse, which you have been so kind as to forward me. It is not yet at hand, but is doubtless on its way. I had received it through another channel, and read it with high satisfaction. No one sees with greater pleasure than myself the progress of reason in its advances toward rational Christianity. When we shall

have done away the incomprehensible jargon of the Trinitarian arithmetic, that three are one, and one is three; when we shall have knocked down the artificial scaffolding, reared to mask from view the simple structure of Jesus; when, in short, we shall have unlearned everything which has been taught since his day, and got back to the pure and simple doctrines he inculcated, we shall then be truly and worthily his disciples; and my opinion is that if nothing had ever been added to what flowed purely from his lips, the whole world would at this day have been Christian. I know that the case you cite, of Dr. Drake, has been a common one. The religion-builders have so distorted and deformed the doctrines of Jesus, so muffled them in mysticisms, fancies, and falsehoods, have caricatured them into forms so monstrous and inconceivable, as to shock reasonable thinkers, to revolt them against the whole, and drive them rashly to pronounce its founder an impostor. Had there never been a commentator, there never would have been an infidel. In the present advance of truth, which we both approve, I do not know that you and I may think alike on all points. As the Creator has made no two faces alike, so no two minds, and probably no two creeds. We well know that among Unitarians themselves there are strong shades of difference, as between Doctors Price and Priestley, for example. So there may be peculiarities in your creed and in mine. They are honestly formed without doubt. I do not wish to trouble the world with mine, nor to be troubled for them. These accounts are to be settled only with him who made us; and to him we leave it, with charity for all others, of whom, also, he is the only rightful and competent judge. I have little doubt that the whole of our country will soon be rallied to the unity of the Creator, and, I hope, to the pure doctrines of Jesus also.

In saying to you so much, and without reserve, on a subject on which I never permit myself to go before the public, I know that I am safe against the infidelities which have so often betrayed my letters to the strictures of those for whom they were not written, and to whom I never meant to commit my peace. To yourself I wish every happiness, and will conclude, as you have done, in the same simple style of antiquity, *da operam ut valeas; hoc mihi gratius facere nihil potes.*

MONTICELLO, 27 *February*, 1821.

TO JOHN ADAMS, RECALLING THEIR LONG FRIENDSHIP.

PUTTING aside these things, however, for the present, I write this letter as due to a friendship coeval with our government, and now

attempted to be poisoned, when too late in life to be replaced by new affections. I had for sometime observed in the public papers, dark hints and mysterious innuendoes of a correspondence of yours with a friend, to whom you had opened your bosom without reserve, and which was to be made public by that friend or his representative. And now it is said to be actually published. It has not yet reached us, but extracts have been given, and such as seemed most likely to draw a curtain of separation between you and myself. Were there no other motive than that of indignation against the author of this outrage on private confidence, whose shaft seems to have been aimed at yourself more particularly, this would make it the duty of every honorable mind to disappoint that aim, by opposing to its impression a seven-fold shield of apathy and insensibility. With me, however, no such armor is needed. The circumstances of the times in which we have happened to live, and the partiality of our friends at a particular period, placed us in a state of apparent opposition, which some might suppose to be personal also; and there might not be wanting those who wished to make it so, by filling our ears with malignant falsehoods, by dressing up hideous phantoms of their own creation, presenting them to you under my name, to me under yours, and endeavoring to instil into our minds things concerning each other the most destitute of truth. And if there had been, at any time, a moment when we were off our guard, and in a temper to let the whispers of these people make us forget what we had known of each other for so many years, and years of so much trial, yet all men who have attended to the workings of the human mind, who have seen the false colors under which passion sometimes dresses the actions and motives of others, have seen also those passions subsiding with time and reflection, dissipating like mists before the rising sun, and restoring to us the sight of all things in their true shape and colors. It would be strange, indeed, if, at our years, we were to go back an age to hunt up imaginary or forgotten facts, to disturb the repose of affections so sweetening to the evening of our lives. Be assured, my dear sir, that I am incapable of receiving the slightest impression from the effort now made to plant thorns on the pillow of age, worth and wisdom, and to sow tares between friends who have been such for near half a century. Beseeching you, then, not to suffer your mind to be disquieted by this wicked attempt to poison its peace, and praying you to throw it by among the things which have never happened, I add sincere assurances of my unabated and constant attachment, friendship, and respect.

MONTICELLO, 12 *October*, 1823.

Declaration of Independence.

"In Congress, July 4, 1776."

"THE UNANIMOUS DECLARATION OF THE THIRTEEN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA."

[*Written by Thomas Jefferson. After certain Amendments, adopted in its present form by the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled at Philadelphia, on Thursday, 4 July, 1776.—The following text, punctuation excepted, is from the Fac-Simile of the original Document.*]

WHEN, in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the Powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That, to secure these Rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,—That, whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such Principles, and organizing its Powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shewn that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world:

He has refused his Assent to Laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his Governors to pass Laws of immediate and press-

ing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his Assent should be obtained; and, when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other Laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of Representation in the Legislature; a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their Public Records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved Representative Houses repeatedly for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected; whereby the Legislative Powers, incapable of Annihilation, have returned to the People at large for their exercise; the State remaining, in the mean time, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavoured to prevent the Population of these States; for that purpose obstructing the Laws for Naturalization of Foreigners; refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, and raising the conditions of new Appropriations of Lands.

He has obstructed the Administration of Justice by refusing his Assent to Laws for establishing Judiciary Powers.

He has made Judges dependent on his Will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and Payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of New Offices, and sent hither swarms of Officers to harrass our People and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of Peace, Standing Armies, without the Consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the Military independent of and superior to, the Civil Power.

He has combined with others, to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his Assent to their Acts of pretended Legislation:

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us;

For protecting them, by a mock Trial, from Punishment for any Murders which they should commit on the Inhabitants of these States;

For cutting off our Trade with all parts of the world;

For imposing Taxes on us without our Consent;

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of Trial by Jury;

For transporting us beyond Seas to be tried for pretended offences;

For abolishing the free System of English Laws in a neighbouring Province, establishing therein an Arbitrary government, and enlarging

its Boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies;

For taking away our Charters, abolishing our most valuable Laws, and altering, fundamentally, the Forms of our Governments;

For suspending our own Legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with Power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated Government here by declaring us out of his Protection, and waging War against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our Coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the Lives of our People.

He is, at this time, transporting large Armies of foreign Mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of Cruelty & Perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the Head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow Citizens, taken Captive on the high Seas, to bear Arms against their Country, to become the executioners of their friends and Brethren, or to fall themselves by their Hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavoured to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian Savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these Oppressions, We have Petitioned for Redress, in the most humble terms: Our repeated Petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A Prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a Tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free People.

Nor have We been wanting in attentions to our Brittish brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our Separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind,—Enemies in War,—in Peace, Friends.

We, Therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress Assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the Name and by the Authority of the good People of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are

Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as FREE and INDEPENDENT STATES, they have full Power to levy War, conclude Peace, contract Alliances, establish Commerce, and to do all other Acts and Things which INDEPENDENT STATES may of right do. And, for the support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the Protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our sacred Honor.

JOHN HANCOCK,

BUTTON GWINNETT,
LYMAN HALL,
GEO. WALTON,

WM. HOOPER,
JOSEPH HEWES,
JOHN PENN,

EDWARD RUTLEDGE,
THOS. HEYWARD, JUNR.,
THOMAS LYNCH, JUNR.,
ARTHUR MIDDLETON,

GEORGE WYTHE,
RICHARD HENRY LEE,
TH. JEFFERSON,
BENJA. HARRISON,
THOS. NELSON, JR.,
FRANCIS LIGHTFOOT LEE,
CARTER BRAXTON,

ROBT. MORRIS,
BENJAMIN RUSH,
BENJA. FRANKLIN,
JOHN MORTON,
GEO. CLYMER,
JAS. SMITH,
GEO. TAYLOR,
JAMES WILSON,
GEO. ROSS,

CÆSAR RODNEY,
GEO. READ,
THO. M: KEAN.

SAMUEL CHASE,
WM. PACA,
THOS. STONE,
CHARLES CARROLL
of Carrollton,

WM. FLOYD,
PHIL. LIVINGSTON,
FRANS. LEWIS,
LEWIS MORRIS,

RICHD. STOCKTON,
JNO. WITHERSPOON,
FRAS. HOPKINSON,
JOHN HART,
ABRA. CLARK,

JOSIAH BARTLETT,
WM. WHIPPLE,
MATTHEW THORNTON,

SAM. ADAMS,
JOHN ADAMS,
ROBT. TREAT PAINE,
ELBRIDGE GERRY,

STEP. HOPKINS,
WILLIAM ELLERY,

ROGER SHERMAN,
SAML. HUNTINGTON,
WM. WILLIAMS,
OLIVER WOLCOTT.

Josiah Quincy, Jun.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1744. DIED at Sea, off Gloucester, Mass., 1775.

AN INTERVIEW WITH LORD NORTH.

[*"Journal of a Voyage to England in* 1774."—*Memoir of the Life of Josiah Quincy, Jun.* 1825.]

EARLY this morning J. Williams, Esq., waited upon me with the compliments of Lord North, and his request to see me this morning. I went about half-past nine o'clock, and found Sir George Savil (as Mr. Williams informed me) in the levee room. After a short time his lordship sent for Mr. Williams and myself into his apartment. His reception was polite, and with a cheerful affability his lordship soon inquired into the state in which I had left American affairs. I gave him my sentiments upon them, together with what I took to be the causes of most of our political evils—gross misrepresentation and falsehood. His lordship replied, he did not doubt there had been much, but added that very honest men frequently gave a wrong statement of matters through mistake, prejudice, prepossessions, and biasses of one kind or other. I conceded the possibility of this, but further added that it would be happy, if none of those who had given accounts relative to America had varied from known truth, from worse motives.

We entered largely into the propriety and policy of the Boston Port Bill. In the conversation upon this subject I received much pleasure. His lordship several times smiled, and once seemed touched. We spoke considerably upon the sentiments of Americans, of the right claimed by Parliament to tax—of the destruction of the tea—and the justice of payment for it. His lordship went largely and repeatedly into an exculpation of the ministry. He said they were obliged to do what they did; that it was the most lenient measure that was proposed; that if administration had not adopted it they would have been called to an account; that the nation were highly incensed, etc.

Upon this topic I made many remarks with much freedom and explicitness, and should have said more had not his lordship's propensity to converse been incompatible with my own loquacity. His lordship more than thrice spoke of the *power* of Great Britain, of their determination to exert it to the utmost, in order to effect the submission of the Colonies. He said repeatedly, "We must try what we can do to support the authority we have claimed over America. If we are defective in power, we must sit down contented, and make the best terms we can, and nobody then can blame us after we have done our utmost; but till

we have tried what we can do, we can never be justified in receding. We ought, and we shall be very careful not to judge a thing impossible because it may be difficult; nay, we ought to try what we can effect, before we determine upon its impracticability." This last sentiment, and very nearly in the same words, was often repeated,—I thought I knew for what purpose.

His lordship spoke also upon the destruction of the *Gaspee*, and in direct terms twice said that the commissioners were appointed to try that matter, and had transmitted accounts that they could obtain no evidence. This declaration being in flat contradiction to what I had several times heard Chief-Justice Oliver declare to be the case from the bench, when giving his charges to the grand-jury, was particularly noticed by me. His honor ever most solemnly declared, in public and private, that the commission was to inquire whether any such event had happened, in order to send word to England, that so a trial might, or might not be ordered, as the evidence might be; and in the most express terms declared the commissioners had no power to try.

In the course of near two hours' conversation, many things more passed between us. As many letters and messages were delivered to his lordship while I was present, I several times rose to depart, telling his lordship I was afraid I should trespass on his patience, or the concerns of others; but being requested to stay, I remained about two hours, and then rose to go, but his lordship kept standing while he continued his conversation with his usual spirit. Upon my departure he asked me when I should leave England. I told him it was uncertain,—but imagined not this twelvemonth. He hoped the air of the island would contribute to my health, and said he thought the most unhealthy months were past; and then, saying, "I am much obliged to you for calling on me," we left each other to our meditations.

THE DUTY OF AMERICANS.

[*Letter to Mrs. Quincy.—London*, 14 *December*, 1774. *From the Same.*]

THERE is not a sensible man of either party here, but acknowledges your ability to save your country if you have but union, courage, and perseverance. But your enemies pretend to be sanguine that your avarice of commercial riches will dissolve your union and mutual confidence, that your boasted courage is but vapor, and that your perseverance will be as the morning cloud.

Let me tell you one very serious truth, in which we are all agreed,

your countrymen must seal their cause with their blood. You know how often, and how long ago, I said this. I see every day more and more reason to confirm my opinion. I every day find characters dignified by science, rank, and station, of the same sentiment. Lord ——— said to me yesterday: "It is idle, it is idle, Mr. ———; this country will never carry on a civil war against America; we cannot, but the ministry hope to carry all by a single stroke." I should be glad to name the lord, but think it not best. Surely my countrymen will recollect the words I held to them this time twelvemonth: "It is not, Mr. Moderator, the spirit that vapors within these walls that must stand us in stead. The exertions of this day will call forth events which will make a very different spirit necessary for our salvation. Look to the end. Whoever supposes that shouts and hosannas will terminate the trials of the day entertains a childish fancy. We must be grossly ignorant of the importance and value of the prize for which we contend; we must be equally ignorant of the powers of those who have combined against us; we must be blind to that malice, inveteracy, and insatiable revenge which actuate our enemies, public and private, abroad and in our bosom, to hope we shall end this controversy without the sharpest—the sharpest conflicts; to flatter ourselves that popular resolves, popular harangues, popular acclamations, and popular vapor will vanquish our foes. Let us consider the issue. Let us look to the end. Let us weigh and consider, before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw."

Hundreds, I believe, will call these words, and many more of the same import, to remembrance. Hundreds, who heretofore doubted, are long ere this convinced I was right. The popular sentiments of the day prevailed; they advanced with "resolutions" to hazard and abide the consequences. They must now stand the issue; they must preserve a consistency of character; they must not delay; they must ——— ——— or be trodden into the vilest vassalage, the scorn, the spurn of their enemies, a by-word of infamy among all men.

THE FEELING OF ENGLISHMEN.

[*Letter to Mrs. Quincy.—London, 24 November, 1774. From the Same.*]

AMERICA hath none to fear so much as her own children. Some of these are inveterate and persevering beyond example or conception. Seeing I have not time to give you a regular detail of all I have heard and seen, you will probably inquire, "What is the substance of what you collect? What is your own private opinion?" To gratify

my friends on these heads was the cause of my snatching this hasty moment, and transmitting my opinion.

The minds of people are strangely altered in this island;—the many are now as prone to justify and applaud the Americans, as, but a little while ago, they were ready to condemn and punish. I have conversed with almost all ranks of people for these fifteen days past, and having been in very large circles of the sensible part of the community during that time, my opportunity for information was the more fortunate. I came among a people, I was told, that breathed nothing but punishment and destruction against Boston and all America. I found a people many of whom revere, love, and heartily wish well to us. Now is it strange that it should be so? For abstracted from the pleasure that a good mind takes in seeing truth and justice prevail, it is the interest, the highest private interest of this whole nation, to be our fast friends;—and strange as it may seem when you consider the conduct of the nation as represented in Parliament, the people know it. The following language has been reiterated to me in various companies, with approbation and warmth.

"We are afraid of nothing but your division and your want of perseverance. Unite and persevere. You must prevail,—you must triumph."

This and similar language hath been held to me with a zeal that bespoke it came from the heart,—with a frequency that proved such sentiments dwelt upon the mind. I could name you the first characters for understanding, integrity, and spirit, who have held such language;—but it would be improper to name those who might perhaps be discovered through the indiscretion of American friends, or the prying villany of public conspirators. Bowdoin, Winthrop, Chauncy, Cooper, Warren, etc., can recollect whom they introduced me to, and thence conjecture a few of those whose British hearts are thus in America.

Great is the anxiety here lest the Congress should petition or remonstrate. In the arts of negotiation, your adversaries are infinitely your superiors. If that mode of proceeding is adopted by the Congress, many very many friends will sink,—they will desert your cause from despondency. At present (as I am assured and as I verily believe) could the voices of this nation be collected by any fair method, twenty to one would be in favor of the Americans. You wonder and say, "Then whence is it that they do not exert themselves?" One American phrase will give you the true reason. The people are "cowed" by oppresion. It is amazing,—it is incredible how much this is the case. Corruption, baseness, fraud, exorbitant oppression never so abounded as in this island. And will you believe me when I say that Englishmen—that boasted race of freemen—are sunk in abject submission.

From Parliament, therefore, expect no favor but what proceeds from fear,—from the people here expect no aid. It is yourselves, it is yourselves must save you; *and you are equal to the task.* Your friends know this, and your very enemies acknowledge it. But they believe you are as corrupt and as corruptible as themselves; and as destitute of union, spirit, and perseverance, as the friends of freedom are in this country. For your country's sake, depend not upon commercial plans alone for your safety. The manufacturers begin to feel,—they know, they acknowledge,—they must feel severely; and if you persevere, they must be ruined. But what are these men,—what are the body of this people? *The servants of their masters.* How easy it is for the ministry to frown or flatter them into silence. How easy to take the spoils of the nation and, for a season, fill the mouths of the clamorous. It is true, your perseverance will occasion, in time, that hunger which will break through stone walls. But how difficult is it, how impracticable is it, for mere commercial virtue (if indeed it have any existence) to persevere. I repeat, therefore—depend not upon this scheme for your deliverance. I do not say renounce it—I say continue it; but look toward it in vast subordination to those noble, generous, and glorious exertions which alone can save you. Before I came among this people, the friends of liberty desponded; because they believed the Americans would give up. They saw the irretrievable ruin of the whole cause, lost in that fatal yielding. I feel no despondence myself—I am sanguine my country must prevail. I feel the ardor of an American; I have lighted up the countenances of many; I am speaking conviction every day to more. In short, I am infected with an enthusiasm which I know to be contagious. Whether I have caught or spread the infection here, is no matter needful to determine.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF "TASTE."

[*"Journal of a Voyage," etc. From the Same.*]

WENT again over Bath in order to review the buildings. Spent the afternoon with Mrs. Macaulay, and went in the evening to a ball at the new rooms, which was full and very splendid. The rooms are very elegant, and the paintings which cover the windows, taken from the draughts of the figures found at the ruins of Herculaneum, have a fine effect. This evening I had two hours' conversation with Colonel Barré, and from him I learned that he was once the friend of Mr. Hutchinson in opposition to Governor Pownall, but that he had for a long time, and especially since his last arrival in England, wholly de-

serted him. Colonel Barré, while we were reviewing the pictures taken from ruins found at Herculaneum, said, "I hope you have not the books containing the draughts of those ruins with you." I replied, there was one set, I believed, in the public library at our college. "Keep them there," said he, "and they may be of some service as a matter of curiosity for the speculative, but let them get abroad, and you are ruined. They will infuse a taste for buildings and sculpture, and, when a people get a taste for the fine arts, they are ruined. 'Tis taste that ruins whole kingdoms;—'tis taste that depopulates whole nations. I could not help weeping when I surveyed the ruins of Rome. All the remains of Roman grandeur are of works, which were finished when Rome and the spirit of Romans were no more,—unless I except the ruins of the Emilian baths. Mr. Quincy, let your countrymen beware of taste in their buildings, equipage, and dress, as a deadly poison."

Colonel Barré, also added in the course of conversation, "About fifteen years ago, I was through a considerable part of your country;—for in the expedition against Canada my business called me to pass by land through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and Albany. When I returned again to this country, I was often speaking of America, and could not help speaking well of its climate, soil, and inhabitants; for you must know, sir, America was always a favorite with me; but will you believe it, sir (yet I assure you it is true), more than two-thirds of this island at that time thought the Americans were all negroes!"

I replied I did not in the least doubt it, for that if I was to judge by the late acts of Parliament, I should suppose that a majority of the people of Great Britian still thought so;—for I found that their representatives still treated them as such. He smiled, and the discourse dropped. Colonel Barré was among those who voted for the Boston Port Bill.

OF REBELLION.

[*Observations . . . on the Boston Port-Bill.* 1774.]

TO complain of the enormities of power, to expostulate with overgrown oppressors, hath in all ages been denominated sedition and faction; and to turn upon tyrants, treason and rebellion. But tyrants are rebels against the first laws of Heaven and society; to oppose their ravages is an instinct of nature—the inspiration of God in the heart of man. In the noble resistance which mankind make to exorbitant ambition and power they always feel that divine afflatus, which, paramount to everything human, causes them to consider the Lord of Hosts as their

leader, and his angels as fellow-soldiers. Trumpets are to them joyful sounds, and the ensigns of war, the banners of God. Their wounds are bound up in the oil of a good cause; sudden death is to them present martyrdom; and funeral obsequies, resurrections to eternal honor and glory,—their widows and babes being received into the arms of a compassionate God, and their names enrolled among David's worthies. Greatest losses are to them greatest gains; for they leave the troubles of their warfare to lie down on beds of eternal rest and felicity.

Abigail Smith Adams.

BORN in Weymouth, Mass., 1744. DIED at Quincy, Mass., 1818.

A GLIMPSE OF MADAME HELVETIUS.

[*From a Letter to Lucy Cranch.—Auteuil*, 5 *September*, 1784. *The Letters of Mrs. Adams. Revised Edition.* 1848.]

I HAVE been in company with but one French lady since I arrived; for strangers here make the first visit, and nobody will know you until you have waited upon them in form.

This lady I dined with at Dr. Franklin's. She entered the room with a careless, jaunty air; upon seeing ladies who were strangers to her, she bawled out, "Ah! mon Dieu, where is Franklin? Why did you not tell me there were ladies here?" You must suppose her speaking all this in French. "How I look!" said she, taking hold of a chemise made of tiffany, which she had on over a blue lutestring, and which looked as much upon the decay as her beauty, for she was once a handsome woman; her hair was frizzled; over it she had a small straw hat, with a dirty gauze half-handkerchief round it, and a bit of dirtier gauze, than ever my maids wore, was bowed on behind. She had a black gauze scarf thrown over her shoulders. She ran out of the room; when she returned, the Doctor entered at one door, she at the other; upon which she ran forward to him, caught him by the hand, "Helas! Franklin;" then gave him a double kiss, one upon each cheek, and another upon his forehead. When we went into the room to dine, she was placed between the Doctor and Mr. Adams. She carried on the chief of the conversation at dinner, frequently locking her hand into the Doctor's, and sometimes spreading her arms upon the backs of both the gentlemen's chairs, then throwing her arm carelessly upon the Doctor's neck.

I should have been greatly astonished at this conduct, if the good Doctor

A Adams

had not told me that in this lady I should see a genuine Frenchwoman, wholly free from affectation or stiffness of behavior, and one of the best women in the world. For this I must take the Doctor's word; but I should have set her down for a very bad one, although sixty years of age, and a widow. I own I was highly disgusted, and never wish for an acquaintance with any ladies of this cast. After dinner she threw herself upon a settee, where she showed more than her feet. She had a little lap-dog, who was, next to the Doctor, her favorite.

OPERA GIRLS IN THE LAST CENTURY.

[*From a Letter to Mrs. Cranch.—Auteuil,* 20 *February,* 1785.]

THIS day eight months I sailed for Europe, since which many new and interesting scenes have presented themselves before me. I have seen many of the beauties, and some of the deformities, of this old world. I have been more than ever convinced, that there is no summit of virtue, and no depth of vice, which human nature is not capable of rising to, on the one hand, or sinking into, on the other. I have felt the force of an observation, which I have read, that daily example is the most subtile of poisons. I have found my taste reconciling itself to habits, customs, and fashions, which at first disgusted me. The first dance which I saw upon the stage shocked me; the dresses and beauty of the performers were enchanting; but, no sooner did the dance commence, than I felt my delicacy wounded, and I was ashamed to be seen to look at them. Girls, clothed in the thinnest silk and gauze, with their petticoats short, springing two feet from the floor, poising themselves in the air, with their feet flying, and as perfectly showing their garters and drawers as though no petticoat had been worn, was a sight altogether new to me. Their motions are as light as air, and as quick as lightning; they balance themselves to astonishment. No description can equal the reality. They are daily trained to it, from early infancy, at a royal academy, instituted for this purpose. You will very often see little creatures, not more than seven or eight years old, as undauntedly performing their parts as the eldest among them. Shall I speak a truth, and say that repeatedly seeing these dances has worn off that disgust, which I at first felt, and that I see them now with pleasure? Yet, when I consider the tendency of these things, the passions they must excite, and the known character, even to a proverb, which is attached to an opera girl, my abhorrence is not lessened, and neither my reason nor judgment has accompanied my sensibility in acquiring any degree of

callousness. The art of dancing is carried to the highest degree of perfection that it is capable of. At the opera, the house is neither so grand, nor of so beautiful architecture, as the French theatre, but it is more frequented by the *beau monde*, who had rather be amused than instructed. The scenery is more various and more highly decorated, the dresses more costly and rich. And O! the music, vocal and instrumental; it has a soft, persuasive power, and a dying sound. Conceive a highly decorated building, filled with youth, beauty, grace, ease, clad in all the most pleasing and various ornaments of dress, which fancy can form; these objects singing like cherubs to the best tuned instruments, most skilfully handled, the softest, tenderest strains; every attitude corresponding with the music; full of the god or goddess whom they celebrate; the female voices accompanied by an equal number of Adonises. Think you that this city can fail of becoming a Cythera, and this house the temple of Venus?

"When music softens, and when dancing fires,"

it requires the immortal shield of the invincible Minerva, to screen youth from the arrows which assail them on every side.

As soon as a girl sets her foot upon the floor of the opera, she is excommunicated by the Church, and denied burial in holy ground. She conceives nothing worse can happen to her; all restraint is thrown off, and she delivers herself to the first who bids high enough for her. But let me turn from a picture, of which the outlines are but just sketched; I would willingly veil the rest, as it can only tend to excite sentiments of horror.

AT ST. JAMES'S.

[*From a Letter to Mrs. Cranch.—London, 24 June,* 1785.]

CONGRATULATE me, my dear sister, it is over. I was too much fatigued to write a line last evening. At two o'clock we went to the circle, which is in the drawing-room of the Queen. We passed through several apartments, lined as usual with spectators upon these occasions. Upon entering the antechamber, the Baron de Lynden, the Dutch Minister, who has been often here, came and spoke with me. A Count Sarsfield, a French nobleman, with whom I was acquainted, paid his compliments. As I passed into the drawing-room, Lord Carmarthen and Sir Clement Cotterel Dormer were presented to me. Though they had been several times here, I had never seen them before. The Swedish and the Polish ministers made their compliments, and several other gen-

tlemen; but not a single lady did I know until the Countess of Effingham came, who was very civil. There were three young ladies, daughters of the Marquis of Lothian, who were to be presented at the same time, and two brides. We were placed in a circle round the drawing-room, which was very full, I believe two hundred persons present. Only think of the task! The royal family have to go round to every person, and find small talk enough to speak to all of them, though they very prudently speak in a whisper, so that only the person who stands next you can hear what is said. The King enters the room, and goes round to the right; the Queen and Princesses to the left. The lord in waiting presents you to the King; and the lady in waiting does the same to her Majesty. The King is a personable man, but, my dear sister, he has a certain countenance, which you and I have often remarked; a red face and white eyebrows. The Queen has a similar countenance, and the numerous royal family confirm the observation. Persons are not placed according to their rank in the drawing-room, but promiscuously; and when the King comes in, he takes persons as they stand. When he came to me, Lord Onslow said, "Mrs. Adams;" upon which I drew off my right-hand glove, and his Majesty saluted my left cheek; then asked me if I had taken a walk to-day. I could have told his Majesty that I had been all the morning preparing to wait upon him; but I replied, "No, Sire." "Why, don't you love walking?" says he. I answered, that I was rather indolent in that respect. He then bowed, and passed on.

It was more than two hours after this before it came to my turn to be presented to the Queen. The circle was so large that the company were four hours standing. The Queen was evidently embarrassed when I was presented to her. I had disagreeable feelings too. She, however, said, "Mrs. Adams, have you got into your house? Pray, how do you like the situation of it?" Whilst the Princess Royal looked compassionate, and asked me if I was not much fatigued; and observed that it was a very full drawing-room. Her sister, who came next, Princess Augusta, after having asked your niece if she was ever in England before, and her answering "Yes," inquired of me how long ago, and supposed it was when she was very young. And all this is said with much affability, and the ease and freedom of old acquaintance. The manner in which they make their tour round the room is, first, the Queen, the lady in waiting behind her, holding up her train; next to her, the Princess Royal; after her, Princess Augusta, and their lady in waiting behind them. They are pretty, rather than beautiful, well shaped, with fair complexions, and a tincture of the King's countenance. The two sisters look much alike; they were both dressed in black and silver silk, with a silver netting upon the coat, and their heads full of diamond pins. The Queen was in purple and silver. She is not well shaped nor hand-

some. As to the ladies of the Court, rank and title may compensate for want of personal charms; but they are, in general, very plain, ill-shaped, and ugly; but don't you tell anybody that I say so. If one wants to see beauty, one must go to Ranelagh; there it is collected, in one bright constellation. There were two ladies very elegant, at Court,—Lady Salisbury and Lady Talbot; but the observation did not in general hold good, that fine feathers make fine birds. I saw many who were vastly richer dressed than your friends, but I will venture to say, that I saw none neater or more elegant.

THE AMBASSADOR'S BALL.

[*From a Letter to Miss Lucy Cranch.—London, 2 April*, 1786.]

TO amuse you then, my dear niece, I will give you an account of the dress of the ladies at the ball of the Comte d'Adhémar; as your cousin tells me that she some time ago gave you a history of the birth-day and ball at Court, this may serve as a counterpart. Though, should I attempt to compare the apartments, St. James's would fall as much short of the French Ambassador's, as the Court of his Britannic Majesty does of the splendor and magnificence of that of his Most Christian Majesty. I am sure I never saw an assembly room in America, which did not exceed that at St. James's in point of elegance and decoration; and, as to its fair visitors, not all their blaze of diamonds, set off with Parisian rouge, can match the blooming health, the sparkling eye, and modest deportment of the dear girls of my native land. As to the dancing, the space they had to move in gave them no opportunity to display the grace of a minuet, and the full dress of long court-trains and enormous hoops, you well know were not favorable for country dances, so that I saw them at every disadvantage; not so the other evening. They were much more properly clad;—silk waists, gauze or white or painted tiffany coats decorated with ribbon, beads, or flowers, as fancy directed, were chiefly worn by the young ladies. Hats turned up at the sides with diamond loops and buttons of steel, large bows of ribbons and wreaths of flowers, displayed themselves to much advantage upon the heads of some of the prettiest girls England can boast. The light from the lustres is more favorable to beauty than daylight, and the color acquired by dancing, more becoming than rouge, as fancy dresses are more favorable to youth than the formality of a uniform. There was as great a variety of pretty dresses, borrowed wholly from France, as I have ever seen: and amongst the rest, some with sapphire-blue satin waists, spangled with silver, and

laced down the back and seams with silver stripes; white satin petticoats trimmed with black and blue velvet ribbon; an odd kind of head-dress, which they term the "helmet of Minerva." I did not observe the bird of wisdom, however, nor do I know whether those who wore the dress had suitable pretensions to it. "And pray," say you, "how were my aunt and cousin dressed?" If it will gratify you to know, you shall hear. Your aunt, then, wore a full-dress court cap without the lappets, in which was a wreath of white flowers, and blue sheafs, two black and blue flat feathers (which cost her half a guinea apiece, but that you need not tell of), three pearl pins, bought for Court, and a pair of pearl earrings, the cost of them—no matter what; less than diamonds, however. A sapphire-blue *demi-saison* with a satin stripe, sack and petticoat trimmed with a broad black lace; crape flounce, etc.; leaves made of blue ribbon, and trimmed with white floss; wreaths of black velvet ribbon spotted with steel beads, which are much in fashion, and brought to such perfection as to resemble diamonds; white ribbon also in the Vandyke style, made up of the trimming, which looked very elegant; a full-dress handkerchief, and a bouquet of roses. "Full gay, I think, for my *aunt*." That is true, Lucy, but nobody is old in Europe. I was seated next the Duchess of Bedford, who had a scarlet satin sack and coat, with a cushion full of diamonds, for hair she has none, and is *but seventy-six*, neither. Well, now for your cousin; a small, white Leghorn hat, bound with pink satin ribbon; a steel buckle and band which turned up at the side, and confined a large pink bow; a large bow of the same kind of ribbon behind; a wreath of full-blown roses round the crown, and another of buds and roses withinside the hat, which being placed at the back of the hair, brought the roses to the edge; you see it clearly; one red and black feather, with two white ones, completed the head-dress. A gown and coat of Chambéri gauze, with a red satin stripe over a pink waist, and coat flounced with crape, trimmed with broad point and pink ribbon; wreaths of roses across the coat; gauze sleeves and ruffles. But the poor girl was so sick with a cold, that she could not enjoy herself, and we retired about one o'clock without waiting supper, by which you have lost half a sheet of paper, I dare say; but I cannot close without describing to you Lady North and her daughter. She is as large as Captain C——'s wife, and much such a made woman, with a much fuller face, of the color and complexion of Mrs. C——, who formerly lived with your uncle Palmer, and looks as if porter and beef stood no chance before her; add to this, that it is covered with large red pimples, over which, to help the natural redness, a coat of rouge is spread; and, to assist her shape, she was dressed in white satin, trimmed with scarlet ribbon. Miss North is not so large, nor quite so red, but has a very small eye with the most impudent face you can possibly form an idea of, joined to manners so

masculine, that I was obliged frequently to recollect that line of Dr. Young's,

"Believe her dress ; she's not a grenadier,"

to persuade myself that I was not mistaken.

Thus, my dear girl, you have an account which perhaps may amuse you a little. You must excuse my not copying; I fear, now, I shall not get nearly all my letters ready,—my pen very bad, as you see; and I am engaged three days this week,—to a rout at the Baroness de Nolken's, the Swedish minister's, to a ball on Thursday evening, and to a dinner on Saturday. Do not fear that your aunt will become dissipated, or in love with European manners; but, as opportunity offers, I wish to see this European world in all its *forms* that I can with decency. I still moralize with Yorick, or with one more experienced, and say, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

WASHINGTON, IN THE SECOND PRESIDENCY.

[*From a Letter to her Daughter.—Washington*, 21 *November*, 1800.]

I ARRIVED here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide, or the path. Fortunately, a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide, to extricate us out of our difficulty; but woods are all you see, from Baltimore until you reach *the city*, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed among the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them. The river, which runs up to Alexandria, is in full view of my window, and I see the vessels as they pass and repass. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables; an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting the apartments, from the kitchen to parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly

wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience, that I know not what to do, or how to do. The ladies from Georgetown and in the city have many of them visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits,—but such a place as Georgetown appears,—why, our Milton is beautiful. But no comparisons;—if they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but, surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it! Briesler entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood. A small part, a few cords only, has he been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man told him it was impossible for him to procure it to be cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals; but we cannot get grates made and set. We have, indeed, come into *a new country.*

You must keep all this to yourself, and, when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all withinside, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler came. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlor, and one for a levee-room. Up stairs there is the oval room, which is designed for the drawing-room, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is a very handsome room now; but, when completed, it will be beautiful. If the twelve years, in which this place has been considered as the future seat of government, had been improved, as they would have been if in New England, very many of the present inconveniences would have been removed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and, the more I view it, the more I am delighted with it.

Since I sat down to write, I have been called down to a servant from Mount Vernon, with a billet from Major Custis, and a haunch of venison, and a kind, congratulatory letter from Mrs. Lewis, upon my arrival in this city, with Mrs. Washington's love, inviting me to Mount Vernon, where, health permitting, I will go, before I leave this place.

The Senate is much behindhand. No Congress has yet been made. 'Tis said —— —— is on his way, but travels with so many delicacies in his rear, that he cannot get on fast, lest some of them should suffer.

Thomas comes in and says a House is made; so to-morrow, though Saturday, the President will meet them. Adieu, my dear.

Aaron Cleveland.

BORN in Haddam, Conn., 1744. DIED at New Haven, Conn., 1815.

THE FAMILY BLOOD.

"Genus et proavos, et quod non fecimus ipsi
Vix ea nostra voco."

FOUR kinds of blood flow in my veins,
And govern, each in turn, my brains.
From CLEVELAND, PORTER, SEWELL, WATERS,
I had my parentage in quarters;
My fathers' fathers' names I know,
And further back no doubt might go.
Compound on compound from the flood,
Makes up my old ancestral blood;
But what my sires of old time were,
I neither wish to know, nor care.
Some might be wise—and others fools;
Some might be tyrants—others tools;
Some might have wealth, and others lack;
Some fair perchance—some almost black;
No matter what in days of yore,
Since now they're known and seen no more.

The name of CLEVELAND I must wear,
Which any foundling too might bear:
PORTER, they say, from Scotland came,
A bonny Laird of ancient fame:
SEWELL, of English derivation,
Perhaps was outlawed from the nation;
And WATERS, Irish as I ween,
Straight—round-about from—*Aberdeen!*

Such is my heterogeneous blood,
A motley mixture, bad and good:
Each blood aspires to rule alone,
And each in turn ascends the throne,
Of its poor realm to wear the crown,
And reign till next one tears him down.
Each change must twist about my brains,
And move my tongue in different strains;
My mental powers are captive led,
As whim or wisdom rules the head;
My character no one can know,
For none I have while things are so;
I'm something—nothing, wise, or fool,
As suits the blood that haps to rule.

When CLEVELAND reigns I'm thought a wit
In giving words the funny hit ;
And social glee and humorous song
Delight the fools that round me throng :
Till PORTER next puts on the crown,
And hauls the CLEVELAND banner down.

Now all is calm, discreet, and wise,
Whate'er I do, whate'er devise ;
What common sense and wisdom teach,
Directs my actions, forms my speech ;
The wise and good around me stay,
And laughing dunces hie away.

But soon, alas, this happy vein
May for some other change again !
SEWELL perchance shall next bear rule :
I'm now a philosophic fool !
With Jefferson I correspond,
And sail with him, the stars beyond ;
Each nerve and fibre of my brain
To sense profound I nicely strain,
And thus uprise beyond the ken
Of common sense and common men.

Thus great am I, till SEWELL's crown
About my ears comes tumbling down.
Wise fools may soar themselves above,
And dream in rapturous spheres they move ;
But airy castles must recoil,
And such wild imagery spoil.

But who comes now ? Alas ! 'tis WATERS,
Rushing and blustering to head-quarters :
He knows nor manners, nor decorum,
But elbows headlong to the forum ;
Uncouth and odd, abrupt and bold,
Unteachable and uncontrolled,
Devoid of wisdom, sense, or wit,
Not one thing right he ever hit,
Unless by accident, not skill,
He blundered right against his will.

And such am I ! no transmigration
Can sink me to a lower station :
Come, PORTER, come depose this clown,
And, once for all, possess the crown.
If aught, in SEWELL's blood, you find
Will make your own still more refined ;
If found in CLEVELAND's blood, a trait
To aid you in affairs of state ;

Select such parts—and spurn the rest,
No more to rule in brain or breast.
Of WATERS' blood, expel the whole,
Let not one drop pollute my soul :
Then rule my head—and keep my heart
From folly, weakness, wit apart :
With all such gifts I glad dispense,
But only leave me—COMMON SENSE.

James Moody.

BORN about 1744. DIED at Sissibou, N. S., 1809.

FAILURE OF THE PLOT TO SEIZE THE FEDERAL ARCHIVES.

[*Narrative of his Exertions and Sufferings.* 1783.]

A TALE far more melancholy than any yet related comes now to be told; the recollection of which (and it is impossible he should ever forget it) will forever wring with anguish the heart of the writer of this narrative. In the end of October, 1781, Major Beckwith, aide-de-camp to General Kniphausen, came and informed Lieutenant Moody, that one Addison had been with him, on a project of high moment. It was nothing less than to bring off the most important books and papers of Congress. This Addison was an Englishman; and had been employed in some inferior department, under Mr. Thompson, the Secretary to the Congress. He was then a prisoner; and the plan was, that he should be immediately exchanged, return in the usual manner to Philadelphia, and there resume his old employment. The Lieutenant was abundantly careful, and even scrupulous, in his inquiries concerning the man's character; on which head Major Beckwith expressed the most entire confidence; and observed, that Addison was equally cautious respecting the characters of those who were to attend him.

The matter was of importance; and Lieutenant Moody was confident that, though it might be difficult to perform his part of the business, yet it was not impracticable. He resolved, however, as Addison might think him an object worth betraying, that he should not be informed of his consenting to be of the party. If any other person did inform him of it, he was, to say the least, very imprudent. The Lieutenant pitched upon his only brother, of whom some mention has already been made, and another faithful American soldier, for this arduous enterprise. Their first instructions were to wait on Addison, and to bind him, as they themselves had just been bound, to mutual secrecy and fidelity, by an

oath, which the Lieutenant had always administered to his followers in all his expeditions, when the importance of the object rendered such an additional tie necessary. . . . .

After taking this oath, a certain number of nights was agreed on, in which Addison was to expect them; and a certain place also appointed, where he was to meet them. In such an adventure, it was impossible to be exact to any time; but it was agreed, that if they failed of being at the place in any of the specified nights, he should no longer expect them · and they farther promised, by proper means, to apprise him, if possible, if any accident should befall them, so as either to delay, or wholly put an end to their project.

Things being thus settled, Addison left New York in due form and manner, as was generally supposed, in order to return to his former friends and employment; and, at the proper time, Lieutenant Moody and his friends followed him. The manner and circumstances of their march, it is not material nor proper here to relate: Suffice it to say, that, on the night of the 7th of November, the first in the order of those that had been appointed, they arrived in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, but on the opposite side of the river. They found Addison already on the spot, waiting for them, according to appointment. Lieutenant Moody kept a little back, at such a distance as not to have his person distinguished, yet so as to be within hearing of the conversation that passed. His brother, and Marr his associate, on going up to Addison, found him apparently full of confidence, and in high spirits; and every thing seemed to promise success. He told them, that their plot was perfectly ripe for execution; that he had secured the means of admission into the most private recesses of the State House, so that he should be able the next evening to deliver to them the papers they were in quest of. They, on their parts, assured him, that every necessary precaution had been taken to secure and expedite their retreat; and that they had with them a sure friend, who would wait for them on that side of the river, who, as well as themselves, would die by his side, rather than desert him, should any disaster befall them. He replied, that they should find him as true and faithful to them and their cause, as they themselves could possibly be. Soon after they crossed the river together to Philadelphia; and it is probable that, on the passage, Addison was for the first time informed that this friend was Lieutenant Moody. Whether it was this discovery that put it first into his head, or whether he had all along intended it, and had already taken the necessary previous steps, the Lieutenant cannot certainly say; but he assures himself, that every generous-minded man will be shocked when he reads, that this perfidious wretch had either sold, or was about to sell them to the Congress.

As the precise time in which they should be able to execute their plan

could not be ascertained, it was agreed that Lieutenant Moody should remain at the Ferry-house, opposite to Philadelphia, till they returned. On going into the house, he told the mistress of it, by a convenient equivocation, that he was an officer of the Jersey Brigade, as he really was, though of that Jersey Brigade which was in the King's service. The woman understood him as speaking of a rebel corps, which was also called the Jersey Brigade. To avoid notice, he pretended to be indisposed; and, going up stairs, he threw himself upon a bed, and here continued to keep his room, but always awake, and always on the watch. Next morning, about 11 o'clock, he saw a man walk hastily up to the house, and overheard him telling some person he met at the door, that "there was the devil to pay in Philadelphia; that there had been a plot to break into the State House, but that one of the party had betrayed the others; that two were already taken; and that a party of soldiers had just crossed the river with him, to seize their leader, who was said to be thereabouts." The Lieutenant felt himself to be too nearly interested in this intelligence, any longer to keep up the appearance of a sick man; and, seizing his pistols, he instantly ran down stairs, and made his escape.

He had not got a hundred yards from the house when he saw the soldiers enter it. A small piece of wood lay before him, in which he hoped at least to be out of sight; and he had sprung the fence in order to enter it. But it was already lined by a party of horse, with a view of cutting off his retreat. Thus surrounded, all hopes of flight were in vain; and to seek for a hiding-place, in a clear, open field, seemed equally useless. Drowning persons are said to catch at straws; with hardly a hope of escaping so much as a moment longer undiscovered, he threw himself flat on his face in a ditch, which yet seemed of all places the least calculated for concealment, for it was without weeds or shrubs, and so shallow, that a quail might be seen in it. Once more he had reason to moralize on the vanity of all human contrivance and confidence; yet, as Providence ordered it, the improbability of the place proved the means of his security. He had lain there but a few minutes, when six of his pursuers passed within ten feet of him, and very diligently examined a thickety part of the ditch that was but a few paces from him. With his pistols cocked, he kept his eye constantly on them, determining, that, as soon as he saw himself to be discovered by any one of them, he would instantly spring up, and sell his life as dearly as might be; and, refusing to be taken alive, provoke, and, if possible, force them to kill him. Once or twice he thought he saw one of the soldiers look at him, and he was on the point of shooting the man; but reflecting that possibly though the soldier did see, yet he might have the humanity not to discover him, as he would fain hope was really the case, his heart

smote him for his rash resolution; and he thanks God that he was restrained from putting it in execution.

From the ditch they went all round the adjacent field; and, as Lieutenant Moody sometimes a little raised up his head, he saw them frequently running their bayonets into some small stacks of Indian corn-fodder. This suggested to him an idea, that if he could escape till night, a place they had already explored would be the securest shelter for him. When night came, he got into one of those stacks. The wind was high, which prevented the rustling of the leaves of the fodder, as he entered, from being heard by the people who were at that time passing close by him into the country in quest of him. His position in this retreat was very uncomfortable, for he could neither sit nor lie down. In this erect posture, however, he remained two nights and two days, without a morsel of food, for there was no corn on the stalks, and, which was infinitely more intolerable, without drink. He must not relate, for reasons which may be easily imagined, what became of him immediately after his coming out of this uneasy prison; but he will venture to inform the reader, that, on the fifth night after his elopement from the Ferry-house, he searched the banks of the Delaware till he had the good fortune to meet with a small boat. Into this he jumped; and having waited a little for the tide of flood, which was near, he pulled off, and rowed a considerable way up the river. During this voyage he was several times accosted by people on the water; but, having often found the benefit of putting on a fearless air, he endeavored to answer them in their own way; and recollecting some of the less polished phrases of the gentlemen of the oar, he used them pretty liberally; and thus was suffered to pass on unsuspected. In due time he left his boat; and, relying on the aid of Loyalists, some of whom he knew were everywhere to be found, he went into a part of the country least known to him, and the least likely for him to have thought of; and at length, after many circuitous marches, all in the night, and through pathless courses, in about five days, he once more arrived safe in New York.

All these efforts for life were dictated, it would seem, rather by instinct than reason; for, occupied as his mind had been with his own danger, and his own sufferings, he can truly say, his greatest uneasiness was on account of his brother. There was not a ray of hope that he could escape, and less, if possible, that he would be pardoned. He was the son of his old age to a most worthy and beloved father, who had himself been a soldier, and who loved and honored the profession. Indeed he was a most amiable young man, as remarkable for the sweetness of his disposition as for his undaunted intrepidity. Excellent youth! Every feeling heart will forgive the tear which is now dropped to thy memory, by thy sorrowing brother! He perished by an ignominious

death, in the 23d year of his age; the news of which, as may naturally be supposed, well-nigh brought the gray hairs of a venerable father with sorrow to the grave. It did not, indeed, immediately cost him his life, but it cost him, what is more valuable—his reason!

His fellow-prisoner was also sentenced to death; but, on making some pretended discoveries, of no considerable moment, he was reprieved. Lieutenant Moody is sensible it contains no information that can interest the reader; yet, as he preserves it as a precious relic, he persuades himself every man who is a brother will forgive his inserting an extract or two from his brother's last letter, dated November 12, 1781, from the New Gaol Dungeon, Philadelphia.

"Dear Brother,

"Let me entreat you not to grieve at my fate, and the fate of my brother-soldier. Betrayed by the man on whom we depended to execute the plan proposed by Captain Beckwith, we were taken up as spies, and have been tried and condemned, and are to die to-morrow. I pray you to forgive him, as I do, and Laurence Marr also, as freely as we hope to be forgiven by our Maker.—One more request I have to make to you is, that, taking warning by my fate, you will not hereafter so often venture yourself out of the British lines. I am in irons; but, thanks to the Almighty, I still have the liberty of thought and speech. O! may I make a good use of them, and be prepared, as I ought to be, for eternity! Sentence has not been passed on us above two hours, all which time I have employed in prayer, as I will continue to do to the last moment; and, I bless God, I feel quite cheerful."

Lieutenant Moody cannot in justice close this plain and artless narrative, already spun out to too great a length, without bearing his public testimony, feeble as it may be, in favor of, and returning his thanks, as he now most cordially does, to those brave, loyal Americans, whom, though in the ranks only, he shall always think it the greatest honor of his life to have commanded in these expeditions. They were, in general, men of some property; and, without a single exception, men of principle. They fought for what appeared to be the true interest of their country, as well as to regain their little plantations, and to live in peace under a constitution, which they knew by experience to be auspicious to their happiness. Their conduct in their new profession, as soldiers, verifies their character; they have been brave, and they have been humane. Their honesty and honor have been uniformly conspicuous. It was a first principle, in all their excursions, never to make war against private property; and this has been religiously observed. Some striking instances of their forbearance might be given, if necessary, even when they have been provoked to retaliate by private wrongs and personal insults.

Luther Martin.

BORN in New Brunswick, N. J., 1744. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1826.

AN EARLY VIEW OF STATE-RIGHTS.

[*Information delivered to the Legislature of Maryland, etc.* 1788.]

I WAS of opinion that the States considered as States, in their political capacity, are the members of a federal government; that the States in their political capacity, or as sovereignties, are entitled, and only entitled originally to agree upon the form of, and submit themselves to, a federal government, and afterward by mutual consent to dissolve or alter it: That everything which relates to the formation, the dissolution, or the alteration of a federal government over States equally free, sovereign, and independent, is the peculiar province of the States in their sovereign or political capacity, in the same manner as what relates to forming alliances or treaties of peace, amity, or commerce, and that the people at large in their individual capacity, have no more right to interfere in the one case than in the other: That according to these principles, we originally acted in forming our confederation; it was the States as States, by their representatives in Congress, that formed the articles of confederation; it was the States as States, by their legislatures, who ratified those articles, and it was there established and provided, that the States as States, that is, by their legislatures, should agree to any alterations that should hereafter be proposed in the federal government, before they should be binding—and any alterations agreed to in any other manner cannot release the States from the obligation they are under to each other by virtue of the original articles of confederation. The people of the different States never made any objection to the manner in which the articles of confederation were formed or ratified, or to the mode by which alterations were to be made in that government—with the rights of their respective States they wished not to interfere. Nor do I believe the people, in their individual capacity, would ever have expected or desired to have been appealed to on the present occasion, in violation of the rights of their respective States, if the favorers of the proposed constitution, imagining they had a better chance of forcing it to be adopted by a hasty appeal to the people at large (who could not be so good judges of the dangerous consequence), had not insisted upon this mode. Nor do these positions in the least interfere with the principle, that all power originates from the people, because when once the people have exercised their power, in establishing and forming themselves into a State government, it never devolves back to them, nor have they a

right to resume or again to exercise that power until such events take place as will amount to a dissolution of their State government:—And it is an established principle, that a dissolution or alteration of a federal government doth not dissolve the State governments which compose it. It was also my opinion, that upon principles of sound policy, the agreement or disagreement to the proposed system, ought to have been by the State legislatures, in which case, let the event have been what it would, there would have been but little prospect of the public peace being disturbed thereby—Whereas, the attempt to force down this system, although Congress and the respective State legislatures should disapprove, by appealing to the people, and to procure its establishment in a manner totally unconstitutional, has a tendency to set the State governments and their subjects at variance with each other—to lessen the obligations of government—to weaken the bands of society—to introduce anarchy and confusion—and to light the torch of discord and civil war throughout this continent. All these considerations weighed with me most forcibly against giving my assent to the mode by which it is resolved that this system is to be ratified, and were urged by me in opposition to the measure.

I have now, sir, in discharge of the duty I owe to this House, given such information as hath occurred to me, which I consider most material for them to know; and you will easily perceive from this detail, that a great portion of that time, which ought to have been devoted calmly and impartially to consider what alterations in our federal government would be most likely to procure and preserve the happiness of the Union, was employed in a violent struggle on the one side to obtain all power and dominion in their own hands, and on the other to prevent it; and that the aggrandizement of particular States, and particular individuals, appears to have been much more the subject sought after than the welfare of our country.

The interest of this State, not confined merely to itself, abstracted from all others, but considered relatively, as far as was consistent with the common interest of the other States, I thought it my duty to pursue according to the best opinion I could form of it.

When I took my seat in the convention, I found them attempting to bring forward a system, which I was sure never had entered into the contemplation of those I had the honor to represent, and which, upon the fullest consideration, I considered not only injurious to the interest and rights of this State, but also incompatible with the political happiness and freedom of the States in general; from that time until my business compelled me to leave the convention, I gave it every possible opposition in every stage of its progression. I opposed the system there with the same explicit frankness with which I have here given you a

history of our proceedings, and an account of my own conduct, which in a particular manner I consider you as having a right to know—while there I endeavored to act as became a freeman, and the delegate of a free State. Should my conduct obtain the approbation of those who appointed me, I will not deny it would afford me satisfaction; but to me that approbation was at most no more than a secondary consideration—my first was to deserve it; left to myself to act according to the best of my discretion, my conduct should have been the same, had I been even sure your censure would have been my only reward, since I hold it sacredly my duty to dash the cup of poison, if possible, from the hand of a State, or an individual, however anxious the one or the other might be to swallow it.

Jeremy Belknap.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1744. DIED there, 1798.

THE SIEGE OF LOUISBOURG.

[*The History of New Hampshire.* 1793.]

THE harbor of Louisbourg lies in latitude 45° 55′; its entrance is about four hundred yards wide. The anchorage is uniformly safe, and ships may run ashore on a soft muddy bottom. The depth of water at the entrance is from nine to twelve fathoms. The harbor lies open to the south-east. Upon a neck of land on the south side of the harbor was built the town, two miles and a quarter in circumference; fortified in every accessible part with a rampart of stone, from thirty to thirty-six feet high, and a ditch eighty feet wide. A space of about two hundred yards was left without a rampart, on the side next to the sea; it was enclosed by a simple dike and a line of pickets. The sea was so shallow in this place that it made only a narrow channel, inaccessible from its numerous reefs to any shipping whatever. The side fire from the bastions secured this spot from an attack. There were six bastions and three batteries, containing embrasures for one hundred and forty-eight cannon, of which sixty-five only were mounted, and sixteen mortars. On an island at the entrance of the harbor was planted a battery of thirty cannon, carrying twenty-eight pounds shot; and at the bottom of the harbor, directly opposite to the entrance, was the grand or royal battery of twenty-eight cannon, forty-two pounders, and two eighteen pounders. On a high cliff, opposite to the island battery, stood a light-house; and within this point, at the north-east part of the harbor,

was a careening wharf secure from all winds, and a magazine of naval stores.

The town was regularly laid out in squares. The streets were broad; the houses mostly of wood, but some of stone. On the west side, near the rampart, was a spacious citadel, and a large parade; on one side of which were the Governor's apartments. Under the rampart were casemates to receive the women and children during a siege. The entrance of the town on the land side was at the west gate, over a draw-bridge, near to which was a circular battery, mounting sixteen guns of twenty-four pounds shot.

These works had been twenty-five years in building; and though not finished, had cost the Crown not less than thirty millions of livres. The place was so strong as to be called "the Dunkirk of America." It was, in peace, a safe retreat for the ships of France bound homeward from the East and West Indies; and in war, a source of distress to the northern English Colonies; its situation being extremely favorable for privateers to ruin their fishery and interrupt their coasting and foreign trade; for which reasons, the reduction of it was an object as desirable to them, as that of Carthage was to the Romans. . . . .

It has been said that a plan of this famous enterprise was first suggested by William Vaughan, a son of Lieutenant-Governor Vaughan of New Hampshire. Several other persons have claimed the like merit. How far each one's information or advice contributed toward forming the design, cannot now be determined. Vaughan was largely concerned in the fishery on the eastern coast of Massachusetts. He was a man of good understanding, but of a daring, enterprising and tenacious mind, and one who thought of no obstacles to the accomplishment of his views. An instance of his temerity is still remembered. He had equipped, at Portsmouth, a number of boats to carry on his fishery at Montinicus. On the day appointed for sailing, in the month of March, though the wind was so boisterous that experienced mariners deemed it impossible for such vessels to carry sail, he went on board one, and ordered the others to follow. One was lost at the mouth of the river, the rest arrived with much difficulty, but in a short time, at the place of their destination. Vaughan had not been at Louisburg; but had learned from fishermen and others something of the strength and situation of the place; and nothing being in his view impracticable, which he had a mind to accomplish, he conceived a design to take the city by surprise; and even proposed going over the walls in the winter on the drifts of snow. This idea of a surprisal forcibly struck the mind of Shirley, and prevailed with him to hasten his preparations, before he could have any answer or orders from England. . . . .

The person appointed to command the expedition was William Pep-

perell, Esq. of Kittery, Colonel of a regiment of militia; a merchant of unblemished reputation and engaging manners, extensively known both in Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and very popular. These qualities were absolutely necessary in the Commander of an army of volunteers, his own countrymen, who were to quit their domestic connections and employments, and engage in a hazardous enterprise, which none of them, from the highest to the lowest, knew how to conduct. Professional skill and experience were entirely out of the question; had these qualities been necessary, the expedition must have been laid aside; for there was no person in New England, in these respects qualified for the command. Fidelity, resolution and popularity must supply the place of military talents; and Pepperell was possessed of these. It was necessary that the men should know and love their General, or they would not enlist under him. . . . .

Before Pepperell accepted the command, he asked the opinion of the famous George Whitefield, who was then itinerating and preaching in New England. Whitefield told him, that he did not think the scheme very promising; that the eyes of all would be on him; that if it should not succeed, the widows and orphans of the slain would reproach him; and if it should succeed, many would regard him with envy, and endeavor to eclipse his glory; that he ought therefore to go with "a single eye," and then he would find his strength proportioned to his necessity. Henry Sherburne, the Commissary of New Hampshire, another of Whitefield's friends, pressed him to favor the expedition and give a motto for the flag; to which, after some hesitation, he consented. The motto was, "*Nil desperandum Christo duce.*" This gave the expedition the air of a crusade, and many of his followers enlisted. One of them, a Chaplain, carried on his shoulder a hatchet, with which he intended to destroy the images in the French churches.

There are certain latent sparks in human nature, which, by a collision of causes, are sometimes brought to ligh; and when once excited, their operations are not easily controlled. In undertaking anything hazardous, there is a necessity for extraordinary vigor of mind, and a degree of confidence and fortitude, which shall raise us above the dread of danger, and dispose us to run a risk which the cold maxims of prudence would forbid. The people of New England have at various times shown such an enthusiastic ardor, which has been excited by the example of their ancestors and their own exposed situation. It was never more apparent, and perhaps never more necessary, than on occasion of this expedition. . . . .

The instructions which Pepperell received from Shirley, were conformed to the plan which he had communicated to Wentworth, but much more particular and circumstantial. He was ordered to proceed to

Canseau, there to build a block-house and battery, and leave two companies in garrison, and to deposit the stores which might not immediately be wanted by the army. Thence he was to send a detachment to the village of St. Peters, on the island of Cape Breton, and destroy it; to prevent any intelligence which might be carried to Louisbourg; for which purpose also, the armed vessels were to cruise before the harbor. The whole fleet was to sail from Canseau, so as to arrive in Chappeau-rouge bay about nine o'clock in the evening. The troops were to land in four divisions, and proceed to the assault before morning. If the plan for the surprisal should fail, he had particular directions where and how to land, march, encamp, attack and defend; to hold councils and keep records; and to send intelligence to Boston by certain vessels retained for the purpose, which vessels were to stop at Castle William, and there receive the Governor's orders. Several other vessels were appointed to cruise between Canseau and the camp, to convey orders, transport stores, and catch fish for the army. To close these instructions, after the most minute detail of duty, the General was finally "left to act upon unforeseen emergencies according to his discretion;" which, in the opinion of military gentlemen, is accounted the most rational part of the whole. Such was the plan, for the reduction of a regularly constructed fortress, drawn by a lawyer, to be executed by a merchant at the head of a body of husbandmen and mechanics; animated indeed by ardent patriotism, but destitude of professional skill and experience. After they had embarked, the hearts of many began to fail. Some repented that they had voted for the expedition, or promoted it; and the most thoughtful were in the greatest perplexity.

The troops were detained at Canseau, three weeks, waiting for the ice which environed the island of Cape Breton to be dissolved. They were all this time within view of St. Peters, but were not discovered. Their provisions became short; but they were supplied by prizes taken by the cruisers. Among others, the New Hampshire sloop took a ship from Martinico, and retook one of the transports, which she had taken the day before. At length, to their great joy, Commodore Warren, in the *Superbe*, of sixty guns, with three other ships of forty guns each, arrived at Canseau, and having held a consultation with the General, proceeded to cruise before Louisbourg. The General, having sent the New Hampshire sloop to cover a detachment which destroyed the village of St. Peters, and scattered the inhabitants, sailed with the whole fleet; but instead of making Chappeau-rouge point in the evening, the wind falling short, they made it at the dawn of the next morning; and their appearance in the bay gave the first notice to the French of a design formed against them.

The intended surprisal being thus unhappily frustrated, the next

thing after landing the troops was to invest the city. Vaughan, the adventurer from New Hampshire, had the rank and pay of a Lieutenant-Colonel, but refused to have a regular command. He was appointed one of the Council of War, and was ready for any service which the General might think suited to his genius. He conducted the first column through the woods, within sight of the city, and saluted it with three cheers. He headed a detachment, consisting chiefly of the New Hampshire troops, and marched to the north-east part of the harbor, in the night; where they burned the warehouses, containing the naval stores, and staved a large quantity of wine and brandy. The smoke of this fire being driven by the wind into the grand battery, so terrified the French, that they abandoned it and retired to the city, after having spiked the guns and cut the halliards of the flag-staff. The next morning as Vaughan was returning, with thirteen men only, he crept up the hill which overlooked the battery, and observed that the chimnies of the barrack were without smoke, and the staff without a flag. With a bottle of brandy, which he had in his pocket (though he never drank spirituous liquors), he hired one of his party, a Cape Cod Indian, to crawl in at an embrasure and open the gate. He then wrote to the General these words, "May it please your honor, to be informed, that by the grace of God, and the courage of thirteen men, I entered the royal battery, about nine o'clock, and am waiting for a reinforcement, and a flag." Before either could arrive, one of the men climbed up the staff, with a red coat in his teeth, which he fastened by a nail to the top. This piece of triumphant vanity alarmed the city, and immediately a hundred men were despatched in boats to retake the battery. But Vaughan, with his small party, on the naked beach, and in the face of a smart fire from the city and the boats, kept them from landing, till the reinforcement arrived. In every duty of fatigue or sanguine adventure, he was always ready; and the New Hampshire troops, animated by the same enthusiastic ardor, partook of all the labors and dangers of the siege. They were employed for fourteen nights successively, in drawing cannon from the landing place to the camp, through a morass; and their Lieutenant-Colonel Messervè, being a ship carpenter, constructed sledges, on which the cannon were drawn, when it was found that their wheels were buried in the mire. The men, with straps over their shoulders, and sinking to their knees in mud, performed labor beyond the power of oxen; which labor could be done only in the night or in a foggy day; the place being within plain view and random shot of the enemy's walls. . .

It has been said that "this siege was carried on in a tumultuary, random manner, resembling a Cambridge commencement." The remark is in a great measure true. Though the business of the Council of War was conducted with all the formality of a legislative assembly; though

orders were issued by the General, and returns made by the officers at the several posts, yet the want of discipline was too visible in the camp. Those who were on the spot, have frequently in my hearing, laughed at the recital of their own irregularities, and expressed their admiration when they reflected on the almost miraculous preservation of the army from destruction. They indeed presented a formidable front to the enemy; but the rear was a scene of confusion and frolic. While some were on duty at the trenches, others were racing, wrestling, pitching quoits, firing at marks or at birds, or running after shot from the enemy's guns, for which they received a bounty, and the shot were sent back to the city. The ground was so uneven and the people so scattered, that the French could form no estimate of their numbers; nor could they learn it from the prisoners, taken at the island battery, who on their examination, as if by previous agreement, represented the number to be vastly greater than it was. The garrison of Louisbourg had been so mutinous before the siege, that the officers could not trust the men to make a sortie, lest they should desert; had they been united and acted with vigor, the camp might have been surprised and many of the people destroyed.

Much has been ascribed, and much is justly due to the activity and vigilance of Commodore Warren, and the ships under his command; much is also due to the vigor and perseverance of the land forces, and the success was doubtless owing, under God, to the joint efforts of both. Something of policy, as well as bravery, is generally necessary in such undertakings; and there was one piece of management, which, though not mentioned by any historian, yet greatly contributed to the surrender of the city.

The capture of the *Vigilant*, a French sixty-four gun ship, commanded by the Marquis de la Maison forte, and richly laden with military stores for the relief of the garrison, was one of the most capital exploits performed by the navy. . . . .

This event, with the erection of a battery on the high cliff at the lighthouse, under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Gridley, by which the island battery was much annoyed, and the preparations which were evidently making for a general assault, determined Duchambon to surrender; and accordingly, in a few days he capitulated.

Upon entering the fortress and viewing its strength, and the plenty and variety of its means of defence, the stoutest hearts were appalled, and the impracticability of carrying it by assault was fully demonstrated.

No sooner was the city taken, and the army under shelter, than the weather, which during the siege, excepting eight or nine days after the first landing, had been remarkably dry for that climate, changed for the worse; and an incessant rain of ten days succeeded. Had this happened

before the surrender, the troops who had then begun to be sickly, and had none but very thin tents, must have perished in great numbers. Reinforcements of men, stores and provisions arrived, and it was determined in a Council of War to maintain the place and repair the breaches. A total demolition might have been more advantageous to the nation; but in that case, individuals would not have enjoyed the profit of drawing bills on the navy and ordnance establishments. The French flag was kept flying on the ramparts, and several rich prizes were decoyed into the harbor. The army supposed that they had a right to a share of these prizes; but means were found to suppress or evade their claim; nor did any of the Colony cruisers (except one), though they were retained in the service, under the direction of the Commodore, reap any benefit from the captures.

The news of this important victory filled America with joy, and Europe with astonishment. The enterprising spirit of New England gave a serious alarm to those jealous fears, which had long predicted the independence of the Colonies. Great pains were taken in England to ascribe all the glory to the navy, and lessen the merit of the army. However, Pepperell received the title of a Baronet, as well as Warren. The latter was promoted to be an Admiral; the former had a commission as Colonel in the British establishment, and was empowered to raise a regiment in America, to be in the pay of the Crown. The same emolument was given to Shirley, and both he and Wentworth acquired so much reputation as to be confirmed in their places. Vaughan went to England to seek a reward for his services, and there died of the small-pox. Solicitations were set on foot for a parliamentary reimbursement, which, after much difficulty and delay, was obtained; and the Colonies who had expended their substance were in credit at the British treasury. The justice and policy of this measure must appear to every one, who considers, that excepting the suppression of a rebellion within the bowels of the kingdom, this conquest was the only action which could be called a victory, on the part of the British nation, during the whole French war, and afforded them the means of purchasing a peace.

EPISODES OF WARFARE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

[*From the Same.*]

IN that part of the town of Dover which lies about the first falls in the river Cochecho, were five garrisoned houses; three on the north side, viz., Waldron's, Otis' and Heard's; and two on the south side, viz.,

Peter Coffin's and his son's. These houses were surrounded with timber-walls, the gates of which, as well as the house doors, were secured with bolts and bars. The neighboring families retired to these houses by night; but by an unaccountable negligence, no watch was kept. The Indians who were daily passing through the town visiting and trading with the inhabitants, as usual in time of peace, viewed their situation with an attentive eye. Some hints of a mischievous design had been given out by their squaws; but in such dark and ambiguous terms that no one could comprehend their meaning. Some of the people were uneasy; but Waldron, who from a long course of experience was intimately acquainted with the Indians, and on other occasions had been ready enough to suspect them, was now so thoroughly secure, that when some of the people hinted their fears to him, he merrily bade them go and plant their pumpkins, saying he would tell them when the Indians would break out. The very evening before the mischief was done, being told by a young man that the town was full of Indians and the people were much concerned, he answered that he knew the Indians very well and there was no danger.

The plan which the Indians had preconcerted was, that two squaws should go to each of the garrisoned houses in the evening, and ask leave to lodge by the fire; that in the night when the people were asleep they should open the doors and gates, and give the signal by a whistle; upon which the strange Indians, who were to be within hearing, should rush in, and take their long meditated revenge. This plan being ripe for execution, on the evening of Thursday, the twenty-seventh of June, two squaws applied to each of the garrisons for lodging, as they frequently did in time of peace. They were admitted into all but the younger Coffin's, and the people, at their request, showed them how to open the doors, in case they should have occasion to go out in the night. Mesandowit, one of their chiefs, went to Waldron's garrison, and was kindly entertained, as he had often been before. The squaws told the major, that a number of Indians were coming to trade with him the next day, and Mesandowit while at supper, with his usual familiarity, said, "Brother Waldron, what would you do if the strange Indians should come?" The major carelessly answered, that he could assemble a hundred men, by lifting up his finger. In this unsuspecting confidence the family retired to rest.

When all was quiet, the gates were opened and the signal given. The Indians entered, set a guard at the door, and rushed into the major's apartment, which was an inner room. Awakened by the noise, he jumped out of bed, and though now advanced in life to the age of eighty years, he retained so much vigor as to drive them with his sword through two or three doors; but as he was returning for his other arms,

they came behind him, stunned him with a hatchet, drew him into his hall, and seating him in an elbow chair on a long table insultingly asked him, "Who shall judge Indians now?" They then obliged the people in the house to get them some victuals; and when they had done eating, they cut the major across the breast and belly with knives, each one with a stroke, saying, "I cross out my account." They then cut off his nose and ears, forcing them into his mouth; and when spent with the loss of blood, he was falling down from the table, one of them held his own sword under him, which put an end to his misery. They also killed his son-in-law, Abraham Lee; but took his daughter Lee with several others, and having pillaged the house, left it on fire.

Elizabeth Heard, with her three sons and a daughter, and some others, were returning in the night from Portsmouth. They passed up the river in their boat unperceived by the Indians, who were then in possession of the houses; but suspecting danger by the noise which they heard, after they had landed they betook themselves to Waldron's garrison, where they saw lights, which they imagined were set up for direction to those who might be seeking a refuge. They knocked and begged earnestly for admission; but no answer being given, a young man of the company climbed up the wall, and saw, to his inexpressible surprise, an Indian standing in the door of the house, with his gun. The woman was so overcome with the fright that she was unable to fly; but begged her children to shift for themselves; and they, with heavy hearts, left her. When she had a little recovered she crawled into some bushes, and lay there till daylight. She then perceived an Indian coming toward her with a pistol in his hand; he looked at her and went away: returning, he looked at her again; and she asked him what he would have; he made no answer, but ran yelling to the house, and she saw him no more. She kept her place till the house was burned, and the Indians were gone; and then returning home, found her own house safe. Her preservation in these dangerous circumstances was more remarkable, if (as it is supposed) it was an instance of justice and gratitude in the Indians. For at the time when the four or five hundred were seized in 1676, a young Indian escaped and took refuge in her house, where she concealed him; in return for which kindness he promised her that he would never kill her, nor any of her family in any future war, and that he would use his influence with the other Indians to the same purpose. This Indian was one of the party who surprised the place, and she was well known to most of them.

JOHN AND ROGER: OR NEW ENGLAND INTOLERANCE.

[*The Forresters.* 1796.]

JOHN'S family grew, and he settled his sons, as fast as they became of age, to live by themselves; and when any of his old acquaintance came to see him, he bade them welcome, and was their very good friend, as long as they continued to be of his mind, and no longer; for he was a very pragmatical sort of a fellow, and loved to have his own way in everything. This was the cause of a quarrel between him and Roger Carrier; for it happened that Roger had taken a fancy to dip his head into water, as the most effectual way of washing his face, and thought it could not be made so clean in any other way. John, who used the common way of taking water in his hand to wash his face, was displeased with Roger's innovation, and remonstrated against it. The remonstrance had no other effect than to fix Roger's opinion more firmly; and as a farther improvement on his new plan, he pretended that no person ought to have his face washed till he was capable of doing it himself, without any assistance from his parents. John was out of patience with this addition, and plumply told him that, if he did not reform his principles and practice, he would fine him, or flog him, or kick him out of doors. These threats put Roger on inventing other odd and whimsical opinions. He took offence at the letter X, and would have had it expunged from the alphabet, because it was the shape of a cross, and had a tendency to introduce Popery. He would not do his duty at a military muster, because there was an X in the colors. After a while he began to scruple the lawfulness of bearing arms and killing wild beasts. But, poor fellow! the worst of all was, that being seized with a shaking-palsy which affected every limb and joint of him, his speech was so altered that he was unable to pronounce certain letters and syllables as he had been used to do. These oddities and defects rendered him more and more disagreeable to his old friend, who, however, kept his temper as well as he could, till one day, as John was saying a long grace over his meat, Roger kept his hat on the whole time. As soon as the ceremony was over, John took up a case-knife from the table, and gave Roger a blow on the ear with the broad side of it; then with a quick, rising stroke, turned off his hat. Roger said nothing, but, taking up his hat, put it on again; at which John broke out into such a passionate speech as this: "You impudent scoundrel! is it come to this? Have I not borne with your whims and fidgets these many years, and yet they grow upon you? Have I not talked with you time after time, and proved to you as plain as the nose in your face, that your notions are wrong? Have I not ordered you to leave them off, and warned you of

the consequences; and yet you have gone on from bad to worse? You began with dipping your head into water, and would have all the family do the same, pretending there was no other way of washing the face. You would have had the children go dirty all their days, under pretence that they were not able to wash their own faces, and so they must have been as filthy as the pigs till they were grown up. Then you would talk your own balderdash lingo 'thee' and 'thou,' and 'nan' forsooth; and now you must keep your hat on when I am at my devotions, and I suppose would be glad to have the whole family do the same! There is no bearing with you any longer; so now, hear me, I give you fair warning: if you don't mend your manners, and retract your errors, and promise reformation, I'll kick you out of the house. I'll have no such refractory fellows here. I came into this forest for reformation, and reformation I *will* have."

"Friend John," said Roger, "dost not thou remember, when thou and I lived together in friend Bull's family, how hard thou didst think it to be compelled to look on thy book all the time that the hooded chaplain was reading the prayers, and how many knocks and thumps thou and I had for offering to use our liberty, which we thought we had a right to do? Didst thou not come hitherunto for the sake of enjoying thy liberty? and did not I come to enjoy mine? Wherefore, then, dost thou assume to deprive me of the right which thou claimest for thyself?"

"Don't tell me," answered John, "of right and of liberty; you have as much liberty as any man ought to have. You have liberty to do right, and no man ought to have liberty to do wrong."

"Who is to be judge?" replied Roger, "of what is right or what is wrong? Ought not I to judge for myself? Or thinkest thou it is thy place to judge for me?"

"Who is to be judge?" said John, "why, the *book* is to be judge; and I have proved by the book, over and over again, that you are wrong; and therefore you are wrong, and you have no liberty to do anything but what is right."

"But, friend John," said Roger, "who is to judge whether thou hast proved my opinions or conduct to be wrong——thou or I?"

"Come, come," said John, "not so close, neither; none of your idle distinctions. I say you are in the wrong; I have proved it, and you know it. You have sinned against your own conscience, and therefore you deserve to be cut off as an incorrigible heretic."

"How dost thou know," said Roger, "that I have sinned against my own conscience? Canst thou search the heart?"

At this John was so enraged that he gave him a smart kick, and bade him begone out of his house, and off his lands, and called after him to tell him, that, if ever he should catch him there again, he would knock his brains out.

Benedict Arnold.

BORN in Norwich, Conn., 1741. DIED in London, England, 1801.

HIS PROPOSAL TO HIS PEGGY.

[*Letter to Miss Peggy Shippen.—25 September*, 1778.]

DEAR MADAM: Twenty times have I taken up my pen to write to you, and as often has my trembling hand refused to obey the dictates of my heart—a heart which, though calm and serene amidst the clashing of arms and all the din and horrors of war, trembles with diffidence and the fear of giving offence when it attempts to address you on a subject so important to its happiness. Dear madam, your charms have lighted up a flame in my bosom which can never be extinguished; your heavenly image is too deeply impressed ever to be effaced.

My passion is not founded on personal charms only: that sweetness of disposition and goodness of heart, that sentiment and sensibility which so strongly mark the character of the lovely Miss P. Shippen, renders her amiable beyond expression, and will ever retain the heart she has once captivated. On you alone my happiness depends, and will you doom me to languish in despair? Shall I expect no return to the most sincere, ardent, and disinterested passion? Do you feel no pity in your gentle bosom for the man who would die to make you happy? May I presume to hope it is not impossible I may make a favorable impression on your heart? Friendship and esteem you acknowledge. Dear Peggy, suffer that heavenly bosom (which cannot know itself the cause of pain without a sympathetic pang) to expand with a sensation more soft, more tender than friendship. A union of hearts is undoubtedly necessary to happiness; but give me leave to observe that true and permanent happiness is seldom the effect of an alliance founded on a romantic passion; where fancy governs more than judgment. Friendship and esteem, founded on the merit of the object, is the most certain basis to build a lasting happiness upon; and when there is a tender and ardent passion on one side, and friendship and esteem on the other, the heart (unlike yours) must be callous to every tender sentiment, if the taper of love is not lighted up at the flame.

I am sensible your prudence and the affection you bear your amiable and tender parents forbid your giving encouragement to the addresses of any one without their approbation. Pardon me, dear madam, for disclosing a passion I could no longer confine in my tortured bosom. I have presumed to write to your Papa, and have requested his sanction to my addresses. Suffer me to hope for your approbation. Consider

before you doom me to misery, which I have not deserved but by loving you too extravagantly. Consult your own happiness, and if incompatible, forget there is so unhappy a wretch; for may I perish if I would give you one moment's inquietude to purchase the greatest possible felicity to myself. Whatever my fate may be, my most ardent wish is for your happiness, and my latest breath will be to implore the blessing of heaven on the idol and only wish of my soul.

Adieu, dear madam, and believe me unalterably, your sincere admirer and devoted humble servant,

B. Arnold.

John Jay.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1745. Died at Bedford, Westchester Co., N. Y., 1829.

AN APPEAL TO JUSTICE.

[*"Address to the People of Great Britain from the Delegates of the Several English Colonies of New Hampshire," etc.* 1774.—*The Life of John Jay, by his Son.* 1833.]

WE believe there is yet much virtue, much justice, and much public spirit in the English nation. To that justice we now appeal. You have been told that we are seditious, impatient of government, and desirous of independence. Be assured that these are not facts, but calumnies. Permit us to be as free as yourselves, and we shall ever esteem a union with you to be our greatest glory and our greatest happiness; we shall ever be ready to contribute all in our power to the welfare of the empire; we shall consider your enemies as our enemies, and your interest as our own.

But if you are determined that your ministers shall wantonly sport with the rights of mankind: if neither the voice of justice, the dictates of the law, the principles of the constitution, or the suggestions of humanity, can restrain your hands from shedding human blood in such an impious cause, we must then tell you, that we will never submit to be hewers of wood or drawers of water for any ministry or nation in the world.

Place us in the same situation that we were at the close of the last war, and our former harmony will be restored.

But lest the same supineness, and the same inattention to our common interest, which you have for several years shown, should continue, we think it prudent to anticipate the consequences.

By the destruction of the trade of Boston, the ministry have endeav-

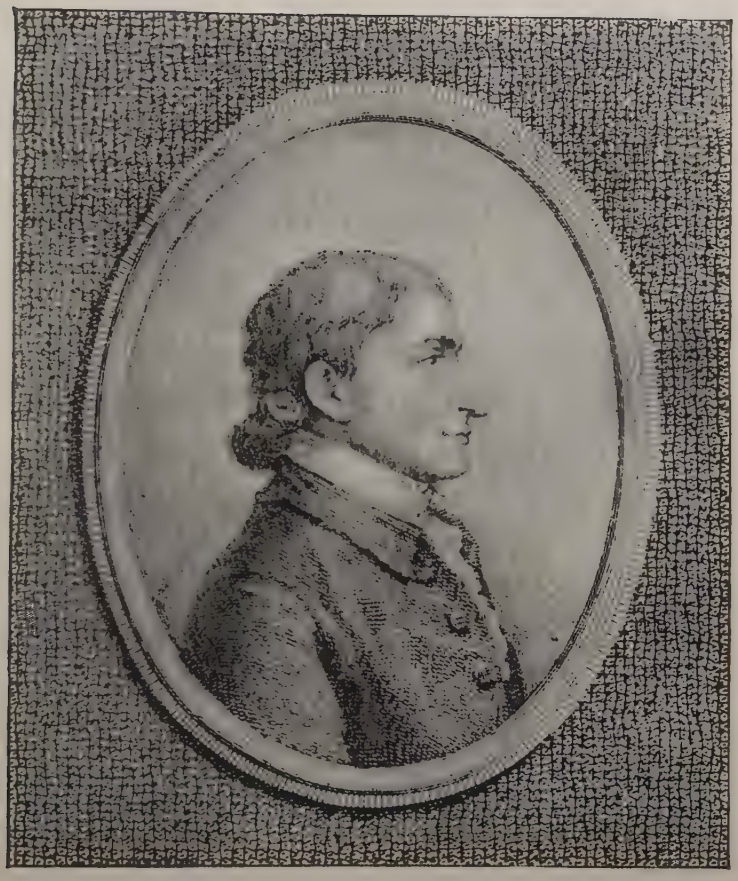
ored to induce submission to their measures. The like fate may befall us all. We will endeavor, therefore, to live without trade, and recur for subsistence to the fertility and bounty of our native soil, which affords us all the necessaries, and some of the conveniences of life. We have suspended our importation from Great Britain and Ireland; and in less than a year's time, unless our grievances should be redressed, shall discontinue our exports to those kingdoms and the West Indies.

It is with the utmost regret, however, that we find ourselves compelled, by the overruling principles of self-preservation, to adopt measures detrimental in their consequences to numbers of our fellow-subjects in Great Britain and Ireland. But we hope that the magnanimity and justice of the British nation will furnish a parliament of such wisdom, independence, and public spirit, as may save the violated rights of the whole empire from the devices of wicked ministers and evil counsellors, whether in or out of office; and thereby restore that harmony, friendship, and fraternal affection, between all the inhabitants of his majesty's kingdoms and territories, so ardently wished for by every true and honest American.

AN APPEAL TO HONESTY.

[*"Circular Letter from Congress to their Constituents." Philadelphia,* 1779. *From the Same.*]

IT has been already observed, that in order to prevent the further natural depreciation of our bills, we have resolved to stop the press, and to call upon you for supplies by loans and taxes. You are in capacity to afford them, and are bound by the strongest ties to do it. Leave us not, therefore, without supplies, nor let in that flood of evils which would follow from such a neglect. It would be an event most grateful to our enemies; and, depend upon it, they will redouble their artifices and industry to compass it. Be, therefore, upon your guard, and examine well the policy of every measure and the evidence of every report that may be proposed or mentioned to you before you adopt the one or believe the other. Recollect that it is the price of the liberty, the peace, and the safety of yourselves and posterity that now is required; that peace, liberty, and safety, for the attainment and security of which you have so often and so solemnly declared your readiness to sacrifice your lives and fortunes. The war, though drawing fast to a successful issue, still rages. Disdain to leave the whole business of your defence to your ally. Be mindful that the brightest prospects may be clouded, and that prudence bids us be prepared for every event. Provide, therefore, for



John Jay

continuing your armies in the field till victory and peace shall lead them home; and avoid the reproach of permitting the currency to depreciate in your hands when, by yielding a part to taxes and loans, the whole might have been appreciated and preserved. Humanity as well as justice makes this demand upon you. The complaints of ruined widows, and the cries of fatherless children, whose whole support has been placed in your hands and melted away, have doubtless reached you; take care that they ascend no higher. Rouse, therefore; strive who shall do most for his country; rekindle that flame of patriotism which, at the mention of disgrace and slavery, blazed throughout America and animated all her citizens. Determine to finish the contest as you began it, honestly and gloriously. Let it never be said that America had no sooner become independent than she became insolvent, or that her infant glories and growing fame were obscured and tarnished by broken contracts and violated faith, in the very hour when all the nations of the earth were admiring and almost adoring the splendor of her rising.

A LETTER TO A LADY.

[*From the Same.*]

TO THE MARCHIONESS DE LA FAYETTE.

MADAM: I have received the letter which you did me the honor to write on the 15th April last. Few circumstances could have given me more pleasure than such evidence of my having a place in the remembrance and good opinion of a lady, whose esteem derives no less value from her discernment, than from the delicacy of her sentiments.

Accept therefore, madam, of my sincere and cordial acknowledgments for honoring me with a place among your correspondents; which was the more obliging, as you was to afford more pleasure *by*, than you could expect to receive *from* it. You know it is an old observation, that ladies write better letters than gentlemen, and therefore, independent of other considerations, a correspondence between them is always so far on unequal terms.

I can easily conceive that you, whose predilection for your husband was always conspicuous, should experience so much satisfaction on seeing him return from this, his field of glory, with additional honors; and I can, with equal ease, form an idea of his emotions, when on that, as on former occasions, those honors promoted him to higher rank in your estimation.

Your remarks on the marquis's affection for his children, and the value you set on domestic enjoyments, must be pleasing to those who are capable of feeling their force.

I assure you I rejoice in the prospect you have of extending, through your branch, the reputation of both your families; and you have my best wishes that the latest historian may say of your descendants, that all the men were as valiant and worthy as their ancestor, who will probably be distinguished by the appellation of "Americanus," and all the women as virtuous and amiable as *his* lady.

If you was not what you are, I would not encourage the desire you express of accompanying the marquis on his next visit to this country, for I am sure you would be disappointed.

We have few amusements to relieve travellers of that weight of time and leisure which oppresses many of them. Our men, for the most part, mind their business, and our women their families; and if our wives succeed (as most of them do) in "making home man's best delight," gallantry seldom draws their husbands from them.

Our customs, in many respects, differ from yours, and you know that, whether with or without reason, we usually prefer those which education and habit recommend. The pleasures of Paris and the pomp of Versailles are unknown in this country, and their votaries must unavoidably experience a certain vacuity or blank here, which nothing but good sense, moderate desires, and a relish for less splendid, less various, but not less innocent or satisfactory enjoyments can supply. Though not a Frenchman, I should, nevertheless, be too polite to tell these things to those whom they might restrain from visiting us. On you they will have a contrary effect. It would gratify the friends of the marquis, viz., the citizens of the United States, to have the honor of a visit from you. I flatter myself that consideration will afford a strong additional inducement.

My little family is well. Mrs. Jay desires me to assure you of her remembrance and regard; and permit me to add, that I am, with sincere esteem and respectful attachment,

Madam, your most obedient, and very humble servant,

JOHN JAY.

NEW YORK, 13 *August*, 1785.

HOW SLAVERY WAS FASTENED ON THE UNITED STATES.

[*A Letter to an Abolition Society in England.* 1788. *From the Same.*]

THAT they who know the value of liberty, and are blessed with the enjoyment of it, ought not to subject others to slavery, is, like most other moral precepts, more generally admitted in theory than observed in practice. This will continue to be too much the case while men are impelled to action by their passions rather than their reason, and while they are more solicitous to acquire wealth than to do as they would be done by. Hence it is that India and Africa experience unmerited oppression from nations who have been long distinguished by their attachment to their civil and religious liberties; but who have expended not much less blood and treasure in violating the rights of others, than in defending their own. The United States are far from being irreproachable in this respect. It undoubtedly is very inconsistent with their declarations on the subject of human rights to permit a single slave to be found within their jurisdiction, and we confess the justice of your strictures on that head.

Permit us, however, to observe, that although consequences ought not to deter us from doing what is right, yet that it is not easy to persuade men in general to act on that magnanimous and disinterested principle. It is well known that errors, either in opinion or practice, long entertained or indulged are difficult to eradicate, and particularly so when they have become, as it were, incorporated in the civil institutions and domestic economy of a whole people.

Prior to the late revolution, the great majority, or rather the great body, of our people had been so long accustomed to the practice and convenience of having slaves, that very few among them even doubted the propriety and rectitude of it. Some liberal and conscientious men had, indeed, by their conduct and writings, drawn the lawfulness of slavery into question, and they made converts to that opinion; but the number of those converts compared with the people at large, was then very inconsiderable. Their doctrines prevailed by almost insensible degrees, and was like the little lump of leaven which was put into three measures of meal: even at this day, the whole mass is far from being leavened, though we have good reason to hope and to believe that if the natural operations of truth are constantly watched and assisted, but not forced and precipitated, that end we all aim at will finally be attained in this country.

The Convention who formed and recommended the new constitution had an arduous task to perform, especially as local interests, and in some measure local prejudices, were to be accommodated. Several of the States

conceived that restraints on slavery might be too rapid to consist with their particular circumstances; and the importance of union rendered it necessary that their wishes on that head should, in some degree, be gratified.

It gives us pleasure to inform you that a disposition favorable to our views and wishes prevails more and more, and that it has already had an influence on our laws. When it is considered how many of the legislators in the different States are proprietors of slaves, and what opinions and prejudices they have imbibed on the subject from their infancy, a sudden and total stop to this species of oppression is not to be expected.

CONCERNING DANGERS FROM FOREIGN FORCE AND INFLUENCE.

[*The Federalist on the New Constitution. Written*, 1788.—*Revised Edition*. 1818.]

IT is not a new observation that the people of any country (if, like the Americans, intelligent and well-informed) seldom adopt, and steadily persevere for many years in any erroneous opinion respecting their interests. That consideration naturally tends to create great respect for the high opinion which the people of America have so long and uniformly entertained of the importance of their continuing firmly united under one federal government, vested with sufficient powers for all general and national purposes.

The more attentively I consider and investigate the reasons which appear to have given birth to this opinion, the more I become convinced that they are cogent and conclusive.

Among the many objects to which a wise and free people find it necessary to direct their attention, that of providing for their safety seems to be the first. The safety of the people doubtless has relation to a great variety of circumstances and considerations, and consequently affords great latitude to those who wish to define it precisely and comprehensively.

At present I mean only to consider it as it respects security for the preservation of peace and tranquillity, as well against dangers from foreign arms and influence, as against dangers arising from domestic causes. As the former of these comes first in order, it is proper it should be the first discussed. Let us therefore proceed to examine whether the people are not right in their opinion, that a cordial union under an efficient national government affords them the best security that can be devised against hostilities from abroad.

The number of wars which have happened or may happen in the

world, will always be found to be in proportion to the number and weight of causes, whether real or pretended, which provoke or invite them. If this remark be just it becomes useful to inquire, whether so many just causes of war are likely to be given by united America, as by disunited America; for if it should turn out that united America will probably give the fewest, then it will follow, that, in this respect, the union tends most to preserve the people in a state of peace with other nations.

The just causes of war for the most part arise either from violations of treaties, or from direct violence. America has already formed treaties with no less than six foreign nations, and all of them, except Prussia, are maritime, and therefore able to annoy and injure us: she has also extensive commerce with Portugal, Spain, and Britain, and, with respect to the two latter, has the additional circumstance of neighborhood to attend to.

It is of high importance to the peace of America, that she observe the law of nations toward all these powers; and to me it appears evident that this will be more perfectly and punctually done by one national government, than it could be either by thirteen separate states, or by three or four distinct confederacies. . . . .

But the safety of the people of America against dangers from foreign force, depends not only on their forbearing to give just causes of war to other nations, but also on their placing and continuing themselves in such a situation as not to invite hostility or insult; for it need not be observed, that there are pretended as well as just causes of war.

It is too true, however disgraceful it may be to human nature, that nations in general will make war whenever they have a prospect of getting anything by it; nay, that absolute monarchs will often make war when their nations are to get nothing by it, but for purposes and objects merely personal, such as a thirst for military glory, revenge for personal affronts, ambition, or private compacts to aggrandize or support their particular families or partisans. These, and a variety of motives, which affect only the mind of the sovereign, often lead him to engage in wars not sanctioned by justice, or the voice and interests of his people. But independent of these inducements to war, which are most prevalent in absolute monarchies, but which well deserve our attention, there are others which affect nations as often as kings; and some of them will on examination be found to grow out of our relative situation and circumstances.

With France and with Britain, we are rivals in the fisheries, and can supply their markets cheaper than they can themselves, notwithstanding any efforts to prevent it by bounties on their own, or duties on foreign fish.

With them and with most other European nations, we are rivals in navigation and the carrying trade; and we shall deceive ourselves, if we suppose that any of them will rejoice to see these flourish in our hands: for as our carrying trade cannot increase, without in some degree diminishing theirs, it is more their interest, and will be more their policy, to restrain, than to promote it.

In the trade to China and India, we interfere with more than one nation, inasmuch as it enables us to partake in advantages which they had in a manner monopolized, and as we thereby supply ourselves with commodities which we used to purchase from them.

The extension of our own commerce, in our own vessels, cannot give pleasure to any nations who possess territories on or near this continent, because the cheapness and excellence of our productions, added to the circumstance of vicinity, and the enterprise and address of our merchants and navigators, will give us a greater share in the advantages which those territories afford, than consists with the wishes or policy of their respective sovereigns.

Spain thinks it convenient to shut the Mississippi against us on the one side, and Britain excludes us from the Saint Lawrence on the other; nor will either of them permit the other waters, which are between them and us, to become the means of mutual intercourse and traffic.

From these and like considerations, which might, if consistent with prudence, be more amplified and detailed, it is easy to see that jealousies and uneasinesses may gradually slide into the minds and cabinets of other nations; and that we are not to expect they should regard our advancement in union, in power and consequence by land and by sea, with an eye of indifference and composure.

The people of America are aware that inducements to war may arise out of these circumstances, as well as from others not so obvious at present; and that whenever such inducements may find fit time and opportunity for operation, pretences to color and justify them will not be wanting. Wisely, therefore, do they consider union and a good national government as necessary to put and keep them in such a situation, as, instead of inviting war, will tend to repress and discourage it. That situation consists in the best possible state of defence, and necessarily depends on the government, the arms, and the resources of the country.

As the safety of the whole is the interest of the whole, and cannot be provided for without government, either one or more or many, let us inquire whether one good government is not, relative to the object in question, more competent than any other given number whatever.

One government can collect and avail itself of the talents and experience of the ablest men, in whatever part of the union they may be found. It can move on uniform principles of policy. It can harmonize, assimi-

late, and protect the several parts and members, and extend the benefit of its foresight and precautions to each. In the formation of treaties it will regard the interest of the whole, and the particular interests of the parts as connected with that of the whole. It can apply the resources and power of the whole to the defence of any particular part, and that more easily and expeditiously than State governments, or separate confederacies can possibly do, for want of concert and unity of system. It can place the militia under one plan of discipline, and by putting their officers in a proper line of subordination to the chief magistrate, will in a manner consolidate them into one corps, and thereby render them more efficient than if divided into thirteen or into three or four distinct independent bodies.

What would the militia of Britain be, if the English militia obeyed the government of England, if the Scotch militia obeyed the government of Scotland, and if the Welsh militia obeyed the government of Wales? Suppose an invasion: would those three governments (if they agreed at all) be able with all their respective forces, to operate against the enemy so effectually as the single government of Great Britain would?

We have heard much of the fleets of Britain; and if we are wise, the time may come, when the fleets of America may engage attention. But if one national government had not so regulated the navigation of Britain as to make it a nursery for seamen—if one national government had not called forth all the national means and materials for forming fleets, their prowess and their thunder would never have been celebrated. Let England have its navigation and fleet—let Scotland have its navigation and fleet—let Wales have its navigation and fleet—let Ireland have its navigation and fleet—let those four of the constituent parts of the British empire be under four independent governments, and it is easy to perceive how soon they would each dwindle into comparative insignificance.

Apply these facts to our own case. Leave America divided into thirteen, or if you please into three or four independent governments, what armies could they raise and pay, what fleets could they ever hope to have? If one was attacked, would the others fly to its succor, and spend their blood and money in its defence? Would there be no danger of their being flattered into neutrality by specious promises, or seduced by a too great fondness for peace to decline hazarding their tranquillity and present safety for the sake of neighbors, of whom perhaps they have been jealous, and whose importance they are content to see diminished? Although such conduct would not be wise, it would nevertheless be natural. The history of the states of Greece, and of other countries, abound with such instances; and it is not improbable that what has so often happened would, under similar circumstances, happen again.

But admit that they might be willing to help the invaded state or

confederacy. How, and when, and in what proportion shall aids of men and money be afforded? Who shall command the allied armies, and from which of the associates shall he receive his orders? Who shall settle the terms of peace, and in case of disputes what umpire shall decide between them, and compel acquiescence? Various difficulties and inconveniencies would be inseparable from such a situation; whereas one government, watching over the general and common interests, and combining and directing the powers and resources of the whole, would be free from all these embarrassments, and conduce far more to the safety of the people.

But whatever may be our situation, whether firmly united under one national government, or split into a number of confederacies, certain it is, that foreign nations will know and view it exactly as it is, and they will act toward us accordingly. If they see that our national government is efficient and well administered—our trade prudently regulated—our militia properly organized and disciplined—our resources and finances discreetly managed—our credit re-established—our people free, contented, and united, they will be much more disposed to cultivate our friendship, than to provoke our resentment. If, on the other hand, they find us either destitute of an effectual government (each State doing right or wrong as to its rulers may seem convenient), or split into three or four independent and probably discordant republics or confederacies, one inclining to Britain, another to France, and a third to Spain, and perhaps played off against each other by the three, what a poor pitiful figure will America make in their eyes! How liable would she become not only to their contempt, but to their outrage; and how soon would dear-bought experience proclaim that when a people or family so divide, it never fails to be against themselves!

Oliver Ellsworth.

BORN in Winslow, Conn., 1745. DIED there, 1807.

A TARIFF THE PROPER SOURCE OF NATIONAL REVENUE.

[*Speech in the Connecticut Convention, 7 January,* 1788.]

THROUGH the whole of this debate, I have attended to the objections which have been made against this clause; and I think them all to be unfounded. The clause is general; it gives the general legislature "power to lay and collect taxes, duties, imposts, and excises, to

pay the debts and provide for the common defence and general welfare of the United States." There are three objections against this clause—first, that it is too extensive, as it extends to all the objects of taxation; secondly, that it is partial; thirdly, that Congress ought not to have power to lay taxes at all.

The first objection is, that this clause extends to all the objects of taxation. But though it does extend to all, it does not extend to them exclusively. It does not say that Congress shall have all these sources of revenue, and the States none. All excepting the impost, still lie open to the States. This State owes a debt; it must provide for the payment of it. So do all the other States. This will not escape the attention of Congress. When making calculations to raise a revenue, they will bear this in mind. They will not take away that which is necessary for the States. They are the head, and will take care that the members do not perish. The State debt, which now lies heavy upon us, arose from the want of powers in the federal system. Give the necessary powers to the national government, and the State will not be again necessitated to involve itself in debt for its defence in war. It will lie upon the national government to defend all the States, to defend all its members, from hostile attacks. The United States will bear the whole burden of war. It is necessary that the power of the general legislature should extend to all the objects of taxation, that government should be able to command all the resources of the country; because no man can tell what our exigencies may be. Wars have now become rather wars of the purse than of the sword. Government must, therefore, be able to command the whole power of the purse; otherwise a hostile nation may look into our Constitution, see what resources are in the power of government, and calculate to go a little beyond us; thus they may obtain a decided superiority over us, and reduce us to the utmost distress. A government which can command but half its resources is like a man with but one arm to defend himself.

The second objection is, that the impost is not a proper mode of taxation; that it is partial to the Southern States. I confess I am mortified when I find gentlemen supposing that their delegates in Convention were inattentive to their duty, and made a sacrifice of the interests of their constituents. If, however, the impost be a partial mode, this circumstance, high as my opinion of it is, would weaken my attachment to it; for I abhor partiality. But I think there are three special reasons why an impost is the best way of raising a national revenue.

The first is, it is the most fruitful and easy way. All nations have found it to be so. Direct taxation can go but little way toward raising a revenue. To raise money in this way, people must be provident; they must constantly be laying up money to answer the demands of the col-

lector. But you cannot make people thus provident. If you do anything to the purpose, you must come in when they are spending, and take a part with them. This does not take away the tools of a man's business, or the necessary utensils of his family: it only comes in when he is taking his pleasure, and feels generous; when he is laying out a shilling for superfluities, it takes twopence of it for public use, and the remainder will do him as much good as the whole. . . . .

The experiments, which have been made in our own country, show the productive nature of indirect taxes. The imports into the United States amount to a very large sum. They will never be less, but will continue to increase for centuries to come. As the population of our country increases, the imports will necessarily increase. . . . .

It is a strong argument in favor of an impost, that the collection of it will interfere less with the internal police of the States than any other species of taxation. It does not fill the country with revenue officers, but is confined to the sea-coast, and is chiefly a water operation. Another weighty reason in favor of this branch of the revenue is, if we do not give it to Congress, the individual States will have it. It will give some States an opportunity of oppressing others, and destroy all harmony between them. If we would have the States friendly to each other, let us take away this bone of contention, and place it, as it ought in justice to be placed, in the hands of the general government.

"But," says an honorable gentleman near me, "the impost will be a partial tax; the Southern States will pay but little in comparison with the Northern." I ask, What reason is there for this assertion? "Why," says he, "we live in a cold climate, and want warming." Do not they live in a hot climate, and want quenching? Until you get as far South as the Carolinas, there is no material difference in the quantity of clothing which is worn. In Virginia, they have the same course of clothing that we have; in Carolina, they have a great deal of cold, raw, chilly weather; even in Georgia, the river Savannah has been crossed upon the ice. And if they did not wear quite so great a quantity of clothing in those States as with us, yet people of rank wear that which is of a much more expensive kind. In these States, we manufacture one-half of our clothing, and all our tools of husbandry; in those, they manufacture none, nor ever will. They will not manufacture, because they find it much more profitable to cultivate their lands, which are exceedingly fertile. Hence they import almost everything, not excepting the carriages in which they ride, the hoes with which they till the ground, and the boots which they wear. If we doubt of the extent of their importations, let us look at their exports. So exceedingly fertile and profitable are their lands, that a hundred large ships are every year loaded with rice and indigo from the single port of Charleston. The rich return of these cargoes of immense

value will be all subject to the impost. Nothing is omitted; a duty is to be paid upon the blacks which they import. From Virginia, their exports are valued at a million sterling per annum; the single article of tobacco amounts to seven or eight hundred thousand. How does this come back? Not in money; for the Virginians are poor, to a proverb, in money. They anticipate their crops; they spend faster than they earn; they are ever in debt. Their rich exports return in eatables, in drinkables, and in wearables. All these are subject to the impost. In Maryland, their exports are as great in proportion as those in Virginia. The imports and exports of the Southern States are quite as great in proportion as those of the Northern. Where, then, exists this partiality, which has been objected? It exists nowhere but in the uninformed mind.

But there is one objection, Mr. President, which is broad enough to cover the whole subject. Says the objector, Congress ought not to have power to raise any money at all. Why? Because they have the power of the sword; and if we give them the power of the purse, they are despotic. But I ask, sir, if ever there were a government without the power of the sword and the purse? This is not a new coined phrase; but it is misapplied; it belongs to quite another subject. It was brought into use in Great Britain, where they have a king vested with hereditary power. Here, say they, it is dangerous to place the power of the sword and the purse in the hands of one man, who claims an authority independent of the people; therefore we will have a Parliament. But the King and Parliament together, the supreme power of the nation,—they have the sword and the purse. And they must have both; else how could the country be defended? For the sword without the purse is of no effect; it is a sword in the scabbard. But does it follow, because it is dangerous to give the power of the sword and purse to an hereditary prince, who is independent of the people, that therefore it is dangerous to give it to the Parliament—to Congress, which is your Parliament—to men appointed by yourselves, and dependent upon yourselves? This argument amounts to this: you must cut a man in two in the middle to prevent his hurting himself.

Revolutionary Songs and Ballads.

YANKEE DOODLE.

[*"The Yankee's Return from Camp." From a Collection made by Isaiah Thomas,* 1813.]

FATHER and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus—Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle, dandy,
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as 'Squire David;
And what they wasted every day
I wish it could be saved.

The 'lasses they eat every day
Would keep an house a winter;
They have as much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As Siah's underpinning;
And father went as nigh again,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so, I shrinked it off,
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin shell
As big as mother's bason;
And every time they touched it off,
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little clubs
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington,
And gentlefolks about him,
They say he's grown so tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.

He got him on his meeting clothes,
Upon a slapping stallion,
He set the world along in rows,
In hundreds and in millions.

The flaming ribbons in his hat,
They looked so tearing fine ah,
I wanted pockily to get,
To give to my Jemimah.

I see another snarl of men
A digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about, till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

TAXATION OF AMERICA.

[*Written by Peter St. John, of Norwalk, Connecticut, in* 1765.]

WHILE I relate my story,
Americans give ear;
Of Britain's fading glory
You presently shall hear;
I'll give a true relation,
Attend to what I say
Concerning the taxation
Of North America.

The cruel lords of Britain,
Who glory in their shame,
The project they have hit on
They joyfully proclaim;
'Tis what they're striving after
Our right to take away,
And rob us of our charter
In North America.

There are two mighty speakers,
Who rule in Parliament,
Who ever have been seeking
Some mischief to invent;
'Twas North, and Bute his father,
The horrid plan did lay
A mighty tax to gather
In North America.

They searched the gloomy regions
Of the infernal pit,
To find among their legions
One who excelled in wit;
To ask of him assistance,
Or tell them how they may
Subdue without resistance
This North America.

Old Satan the arch-traitor,
Who rules the burning lake,
Where his chief navigator,
Resolved a voyage to take;
For the Britannic ocean
He launches far away,
To land he had no notion
In North America.

He takes his seat in Britain,
It was his soul's intent
Great George's throne to sit on,
And rule the Parliament:
His comrades were pursuing
A diabolic way,
For to complete the ruin
Of North America.

He tried the art of magic
To bring his schemes about,
At length the gloomy project
He artfully found out;

The plan was long indulgèd
  In a clandestine way,
But lately was divulgèd
  In North America.

These subtle arch-combiners
  Addressed the British court,
All three were undersigners
  Of this obscure report—
There is a pleasant landscape
  That lieth far away
Beyond the wide Atlantic,
  In North America.

There is a wealthy people,
  Who sojourn in that land,
Their churches all with steeples
  Most delicately stand;
Their houses like the gilly,
  Are painted red and gay:
They flourish like the lily
  In North America.

Their land with milk and honey
  Continually doth flow,
The want of food or money
  They seldom ever know:
They heap up golden treasure,
  They have no debts to pay,
They spend their time in pleasure
  In North America.

On turkeys, fowls and fishes,
  Most frequently they dine,
With gold and silver dishes
  Their tables always shine.
They crown their feasts with butter,
  They eat, and rise to play;
In silks their ladies flutter,
  In North America.

With gold and silver laces
  They do themselves adorn,
The rubies deck their faces,
  Refulgent as the morn!
Wine sparkles in their glasses,
  They spend each happy day
In merriment and dances
  In North America.

Let not our suit affront you,
When we address your throne;
O King, this wealthy country
And subjects are your own,
And you, their rightful sovereign,
They truly must obey,
You have a right to govern
This North America.

O King, you've heard the sequel
Of what we now subscribe:
Is it not just and equal
To tax this wealthy tribe?
The question being askèd,
His majesty did say,
My subjects shall be taxèd
In North America.

Invested with a warrant,
My publicans shall go,
The tenth of all their current
They surely shall bestow;
If they indulge rebellion,
Or from my precepts stray,
I'll send my war battalion
To North America.

I'll rally all my forces
By water and by land,
My light dragoons and horses
Shall go at my command;
I'll burn both town and city,
With smoke becloud the day,
I'll show no human pity
For North America.

Go on, my hearty soldiers,
You need not fear of ill—
There's Hutchinson and Rogers,
Their functions will fulfil—
They tell such ample stories,
Believe them sure we may,
One-half of them are tories
In North America.

My gallant ships are ready
To waft you o'er the flood,
And in my cause be steady,
Which is supremely good;

Go ravage, steal and plunder,
And you shall have the prey;
They quickly will knock under
In North America.

The laws I have enacted
I never will revoke,
Although they are neglected,
My fury to provoke.
I will forbear to flatter,
I'll rule the mighty sway,
I'll take away the charter
From North America.

O George! you are distracted,
You'll by experience find
The laws you have enacted
Are of the blackest kind.
I'll make a short digression,
And tell you by the way,
We fear not your oppression
In North America.

Our fathers were distressèd,
While in their native land;
By tyrants were oppressèd
As we do understand;
For freedom and religion
They were resolved to stray,
And trace the desert regions
Of North America.

Heaven was their sole protector
While on the roaring tide,
Kind fortune their director,
And Providence their guide.
If I am not mistaken,
About the first of May,
This voyage was undertaken
For North America.

If rightly I remember,
This country to explore,
They landed in November
On Plymouth's desert shore.
The savages were nettled,
With fear they fled away,
So peaceably they settled
In North America.

We are their bold descendants,
For liberty we'll fight,
The claim to independence
We challenge as our right;
'Tis what kind Heaven gave us,
Who can take it away?
O, Heaven sure will save us
In North America.

We never will knock under,
O, George! we do not fear
The rattling of your thunder,
Nor lightning of your spear:
Though rebels you declare us,
We're strangers to dismay;
Therefore you cannot scare us
In North America.

To what you have commanded
We never will consent,
Although your tooops are landed
Upon our continent;
We'll take our swords and muskets,
And march in dread array,
And drive the British red-coats
From North America.

We have a bold commander,
Who fears not sword or gun,
The second Alexander,
His name is Washington.
His men are all collected,
And ready for the fray,
To fight they are directed
For North America.

We've Greene and Gates and Putnam
To manage in the field,
A gallant train of footmen,
Who'd rather die than yield;
A stately troop of horsemen
Trained in a martial way,
For to augment our forces
In North America.

Proud George, you are engagèd
All in a dirty cause,
A cruel war have wagèd
Repugnant to all laws.

Go tell the savage nations
  You're crueler than they,
To fight your own relations
  In North America.

Ten millions you've expended,
  And twice ten millions more;
Our riches, you intended
  Should pay the mighty score.
Who now will stand your sponsor,
  Your charges to defray?
For sure you cannot conquer
  This North America.

I'll tell you, George, in metre,
  If you'll attend awhile;
We've forced your bold Sir Peter
  From Sullivan's fair isle.
At Monmouth, too, we gainèd
  The honors of the day—
The victory we obtainèd
  For North America.

Surely we were your betters
  Hard by the Brandywine;
We laid him fast in fetters
  Whose name was John Burgoyne;
We made your Howe to tremble
  With terror and dismay;
True heroes we resemble,
  In North America.

Confusion to the tories,
  That black infernal name
In which Great Britain glories,
  Forever to her shame;
We'll send each foul revolter
  To smutty Africa,
Or noose him in a halter
  In North America.

A health to our brave footmen,
  Who handle sword and gun,
To Greene and Gates and Putnam
  And conquering Washington;
Their names be wrote in letters
  Which never will decay,
While sun and moon do glitter
  On North America.

Success unto our allies
In Holland, France and Spain,
Who man their ships and galleys,
Our freedom to maintain;
May they subdue the rangers
Of proud Britannia,
And drive them from their anchors
In North America.

Success unto the Congress
Of these United States,
Who glory in the conquests
Of Washington and Gates;
To all, both land and seamen,
Who glory in the day
When we shall all be freemen
In North America.

Success to legislation,
That rules with gentle hand,
To trade and navigation
By water and by land.
May all with one opinion
Our wholesome laws obey,
Throughout this vast dominion
Of North America.

A NEW SONG.

[*Published in the Pennsylvania Packet.* 1773.]

AS near beauteous Boston lying,
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pendant flying,
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode;

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of freedom fear forgetting,
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axe and chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Toward the herbage-freighted vessels
They approached with dreadful speed.

O'er their heads aloft in mid-sky,
Three bright angel forms were seen;
This was Hampden, that was Sidney,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you'll banish,
Soon the triumph shall be won;
Scarce shall setting Phœbus vanish
Ere the deathless deed be done."

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
Hatches burst and chests displayed;
Axes, hammers, help afforded;
What a glorious crash they made.

Squash into the deep descended
Cursed weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended;
British rights shall ne'er be lost.

Captains! once more hoist your streamers,
Spread your sails and plough the wave;
Tell your masters they were dreamers
When they thought to cheat the brave.

THE BALLAD OF NATHAN HALE.

[*Moore's "Songs and Ballads of the American Revolution."* 1856.]

THE breezes went steadily through the tall pines,
A-saying "oh! hu-ush!" a-saying "oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her young,
In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.
"For the tyrants are near, and with them appear
What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home
In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the brook.
With mother and sister and memories dear,
He so gayly forsook; he so gayly forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
The tattoo had beat; the tattoo had beat.
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking-place,
To make his retreat; to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he passed through the wood; as he passed through the wood;
And silently gained his rude launch on the shore,
As she played with the flood; as she played with the flood.

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will; had a murderous will.
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill; to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell; in that little stone cell.
But he trusted in love, from his Father above.
In his heart, all was well; in his heart, all was well.

An ominous owl, with his solemn bass voice,
Sat moaning hard by; sat moaning hard by:
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
For he must soon die; for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrained,—
The cruel general! the cruel general!—
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gained,
And said that was all; and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,
Down the hill's grassy side; down the hill's grassy side.
'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,
His cause did deride; his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent; for him to repent.
He prayed for his mother, he asked not another,
To Heaven he went; to Heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy showed,
As he trod the last stage; as he trod the last stage.
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they owe.
No fears for the brave; no fears for the brave."

1776.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

[*Preserved in Griswold's "Curiosities of American Literature."* 1843.]

ON Christmas-day in seventy-six,
Our ragged troops, with bayonets fixed,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see! the boats below!
The light obscured by hail and snow!
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair freedom's land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we passed the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumbed with frost.
Greene on the left at six began,
The right was led by Sullivan
Who ne'er a moment lost.

Their pickets stormed, the alarm was spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scampered here, some scampered there,
And some for action did prepare;
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns, and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o'er, the bright canteen,
In centre, front, and rear was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

THE FATE OF JOHN BURGOYNE.

[*From the Same.*]

WHEN Jack the king's commander
Was going to his duty,
Through all the crowd he smiled and bowed
To every blooming beauty.

The city rung with feats he'd done
In Portugal and Flanders,
And all the town thought he'd be crowned
The first of Alexanders.

To Hampton Court he first repairs
To kiss great George's hand, sirs;
Then to harangue on state affairs
Before he left the land, sirs.

The "Lower House" sat mute as mouse
To hear his grand oration;
And "all the peers," with loudest cheers,
Proclaimed him to the nation.

Then off he went to Canada,
Next to Ticonderoga,
And quitting those away he goes
Straightway to Saratoga.

With great parade his march he made
To gain his wished-for station,
While far and wide his minions hied
To spread his "Proclamation."

To such as stayed he offers made
Of "pardon on submission;
But savage bands should waste the lands
Of all in opposition."

But ah, the cruel fates of war!
This boasted son of Britain,
When mounting his triumphal car,
With sudden fear was smitten.

The sons of Freedom gathered round,
His hostile bands confounded,
And when they'd fain have turned their back
They found themselves surrounded!

In vain they fought, in vain they fled;
Their chief, humane and tender,
To save the rest soon thought it best
His forces to surrender.

Brave St. Clair, when he first retired,
Knew what the fates portended;
And Arnold and heroic Gates
His conduct have defended.

Thus may America's brave sons
With honor be rewarded,
And be the fate of all her foes
The same as here recorded.

THE PROGRESS OF SIR JACK BRAG.

[*McCarty's National Song Book.*]

SAID Burgoyne to his men, as they passed in review,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
These rebels their course very quickly will rue,
And fly as the leaves 'fore the autumn tempest flew,
When him who is your leader they know, boys!
They with men have now to deal,
And we soon will make them feel—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
That a loyal Briton's arm, and a loyal Briton's steel,
Can put to flight a rebel, as quick as other foe, boys!
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

As to Sa-ra-tog' he came, thinking how to jo the game,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
He began to see the grubs, in the branches of his fame,
He began to have the trembles, lest a flash should be the flame
For which he had agreed his perfume to forego, boys!
No lack of skill, but fates,
Shall make us yield to Gates,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
The devils may have leagued, as you know, with the States,
But we never will be beat by any mortal foe, boys!
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

YANKEE DOODLE'S EXPEDITION TO RHODE ISLAND.

[*A Tory Account of the unsuccessful attack on the British in Newport, July,* 1778. *From Rivington's Gazette,* 3 *Oct.,* 1778.]

FROM Lewis, Monsieur Gerard came,
To Congress in this town, sir,
They bowed to him, and he to them,
And then they all sat down, sir.

Begar, said Monsieur, one grand coup
You shall bientot behold, sir;
This was believed as gospel true,
And Jonathan felt bold, sir.

So Yankee Doodle did forget
The sound of British drum, sir,
How oft it made him quake and sweat,
In spite of Yankee rum, sir.

He took his wallet on his back,
His rifle on his shoulder,
And vowed Rhode Island to attack,
Before he was much older.

In dread array their tattered crew
Advanced with colors spread, sir,
Their fifes played Yankee doodle, doo,
King Hancock at their head, sir.

What numbers bravely crossed the seas
I cannot well determine,
A swarm of rebels and of fleas,
And every other vermin.

Their mighty hearts might shrink they thought,
For all flesh only grass is,
A plenteous store they therefore brought
Of whiskey and molasses.

They swore they'd make bold Pigot squeak,
So did their good ally, sir,
And take him prisoner in a week,
But that was all my eye, sir.

As Jonathan so much desired
To shine in martial story,
D'Estaing with politesse retired,
To leave him all the glory.

He left him what was better yet,
At least it was more use, sir,
He left him for a quick retreat,
A very good excuse, sir.

To stay, unless he ruled the sea,
He thought would not be right, sir,
And Continental troops, said he,
On islands should not fight, sir,

Another cause with these combined,
To throw him in the dumps, sir,
For Clinton's name alarmed his mind,
And made him stir his stumps, sir.

A FABLE.

[*Rivington's Royal Gazette.* 1778.]

REJOICE, Americans, rejoice!
Praise ye the Lord with heart and voice!
The treaty's signed with faithful France,
And now, like Frenchmen, sing and dance!

But when your joy gives way to reason,
And friendly hints are not deemed treason,
Let me, as well as I am able,
Present your Congress with a fable.

Tired out with happiness, the frogs
Sedition croaked through all their bogs;
And thus to Jove the restless race,
Made out their melancholy case.

"Famed, as we are, for faith and prayer,
We merit sure peculiar care;
But can we think great good was meant us,
When logs for Governors were sent us?

"Which numbers crushed they fell upon,
And caused great fear,—till one by one,
As courage came, we boldly faced 'em,
Then leaped upon 'em, and disgraced 'em!

"Great Jove," they croaked, "no longer fool us,
None but ourselves are fit to rule us;
We are too large, too free a nation,
To be encumbered with taxation!

"We pray for peace, but wish confusion,
Then right or wrong, a—revolution!
Our hearts can never bend to obey;
Therefore no king—and more we'll pray."

Jove smiled, and to their fate resigned
The restless, thankless, rebel kind;
Left to themselves, they went to work,
First signed a treaty with king Stork.

He swore that they, with his alliance,
To all the world might bid defiance;
Of lawful rule there was an end on't,
And frogs were henceforth—independent.

At which the croakers, one and all,
Proclaimed a feast, and festival!
But joy to-day brings grief to-morrow;
Their feasting o'er, now enter sorrow!

The Stork grew hungry, longed for fish;
The monarch could not have his wish;
In rage he to the marshes flies,
And makes a meal of his allies.

Then grew so fond of well-fed frogs,
He made a larder of the bogs!
Say, Yankees, don't you feel compunction,
At your unnatural rash conjunction?

Can love for you in him take root,
Who's Catholic, and absolute?
I'll tell these croakers how he'll treat 'em;
Frenchmen, like storks, love frogs—to eat 'em.

THE PRESENT AGE.

[*The New Hampshire Gazette.* 1779.]

OF all the ages ever known,
The present is the oddest;
For all the men are honest grown,
And all the women modest.

Nor lawyers now are fond of fees,
Nor clergy of their dues;
No idle people now one sees,
At church no empty pews.

No courtiers now their friends deceive
With promises of favor;
For what they made 'em once believe
Is done and done forever.

Our nobles—Heaven defend us all!
I'll nothing say about 'em;
For they are great and I'm but small,
So muse, jog on without 'em.

Our gentry are a virtuous race,
Despising earthly treasures;
Fond of true honor's noble chase,
And quite averse to pleasures.

The ladies dress so plain indeed,
You'd think 'em Quakers all,
Witness the wool-packs on their heads,
So comely and so small.

No tradesman now forsakes his shop,
For politics or news;
Or takes his dealer at a hop
Through interested views.

No soaking sot forsakes his spouse
For mugs of mantling nappy;
Nor taverns tempt him from his house,
Where all are pleased and happy.

Our frugal taste the State secures,
Whence then can woes begin?
For luxury's turned out of doors,
And prudence taken in.

From hence proceeds the abundant flow
Of plenty through the land;
Where all provisions, all men know,
Are cheap on every hand.

No pleasure-chaises fill the streets,
Nor crowd the roads on Sunday;
So horses, ambling through the week,
Obtain a respite one day.

All gaming, tricking, swearing, lying,
Is grown quite out of fashion;
For modern youth's so self-denying
It flies all lawless passion.

Happy the nation thus endowed!
So void of wants and crimes;
Where all are rich and none are proud,
Oh! these are glorious times.

Your characters (with wondering stare
Cries Tom) are mighty high, sir;
But pray forgive me, if I swear,
I think they're all a lie, sir.

Ha! think you so, my honest clown?
Then take another light on't;
Just turn the picture upside down,
I fear you'll see the right on't.

THE DANCE.

[*Published in* 1781, *after the Surrender of Cornwallis.*]

CORNWALLIS led a country dance,
The like was never seen, sir,
Much retrogade and much advance,
And all with General Greene, sir.

They rambled up and rambled down,
Joined hands, then off they run, sir,
Our General Greene to Charlestown,
The earl to Wilmington, sir.

Greene in the South then danced a set,
And got a mighty name, sir,
Cornwallis jigged with young Fayette,
But suffered in his fame, sir.

Then down he figured to the shore,
Most like a lordly dancer,
And on his courtly honor swore
He would no more advance, sir.

Quoth he, my guards are weary grown
With footing country dances,
They never at St. James's shone,
At capers, kicks or prances.

Though men so gallant ne'er were seen,
While sauntering on parade, sir,
Or wriggling o'er the park's smooth green,
Or at a masquerade, sir,

Yet are red heels and long-laced skirts,
For stumps and briars meet, sir?
Or stand they chance with hunting-shirts,
Or hardy veteran feet, sir?

Now housed in York he challenged all,
At minuet or all 'amande,
And lessons for a courtly ball
His guards by day and night conned.

This challenge known, full soon there came,
A set who had the bon ton,
De Grasse and Rochambeau, whose fame
Fut brillant pour un long tems.

And Washington, Columbia's son,
Whom easy nature taught, sir,
That grace which can't by pains be won,
Or Plutus' gold be bought, sir.

Now hand in hand they circle round
This ever-dancing peer, sir;
Their gentle movements soon confound
The earl as they draw near, sir.

His music soon forgets to play—
His feet can no more move, sir,
And all his bands now curse the day
They jiggèd to our shore, sir.

Now Tories all, what can ye say?
Come—is not this a griper,
That while your hopes are danced away,
'Tis you must pay the piper?

THE CONGRESS.

[*Tory Song, to the tune of "Nancy Dawson." Printed in Towne's Evening Post.* 1776.]

YE Tories all rejoice and sing
Success to George our gracious king;
The faithful subjects tribute bring
And execrate the Congress.

These hardy knaves and stupid fools,
Some apish and pragmatic mules,
Some servile acquiescing tools,—
These, these compose the Congress.

When Jove resolved to send a curse,
And all the woes of life rehearse,—
Not plague, not famine, but much worse,—
He cursed us with a Congress.

Then peace forsook this hapless shore;
Then cannons blazed with horrid roar;
We hear of blood, death, wounds and gore,
The offspring of the Congress.

Imperial Rome from scoundrels rose;
Her grandeur's hailed in verse and prose;
Venice the dregs of sea compose;
So sprung the mighty Congress.

When insects vile emerge to light
They take their short inglorious flight,
Then sink again to native night:
An emblem of the Congress.

With freemen's rights they wanton play;
At their command, we fast and pray;
With worthless paper they us pay;
A fine device of Congress.

With poverty and dire distress,
With standing armies us oppress;
Whole troops to Pluto swiftly press,
As victims to the Congress.

Time-serving priests to zealots preach,
Who king and parliament impeach;
Seditious lessons to us teach
At the command of Congress.

. . . . . .

The world's amazed to see the pest
The tranquil land with wars infest;
Britannia puts them to the test,
And tries the strength of Congress.

O goddess, hear our hearty prayers!
Confound the villains by the ears;
Disperse the plebeians—try the peers,
And execute the Congress.

See, see, our hope begins to dawn;
Bold Carleton scours the northern lawn;
The sons of faction sigh forlorn;
Dejected is the Congress.

Clinton, Burgoyne, and gallant Howe,
Will soon reward our conduct true,
And to each traitor give his due;
Perdition waits the Congress.

See noble Dunmore keeps his post;
Maraudes and ravages the coast;
Despises Lee and all his host,
That hair-brain tool of Congress.

There's Washington and all his men—
Where Howe had one, the goose had ten—
Marched up the hill, and down again,
And sent returns to Congress.

Prepare, prepare, my friends prepare,
For scenes of blood, the field of war;
To royal standard we'll repair,
And curse the haughty Congress.

Huzza! Huzza! we thrice huzza!
Return peace, harmony, and law!
Restore such times as once we saw
And bid adieu to Congress.

BOLD HAWTHORNE.

[*The Surgeon's record of the Cruise of the "Fair American," Captain Daniel Hawthorne, Commander.* 1777.]

THE twenty-second of August,
Before the close of day,
All hands on board of our privateer,
We got her under weigh;
We kept the Eastern shore along,
For forty leagues or more,
Then our departure took for sea,
From the isle of Mauhegan shore.

Bold Hawthorne was commander,
A man of real worth,
Old England's cruel tyranny
Induced him to go forth;
She, with relentless fury,
Was plundering all our coast,
And thought, because her strength was great,
Our glorious cause was lost.

Yet boast not, haughty Britons,
Of power and dignity,
By land thy conquering armies,
Thy matchless strength at sea;
Since taught by numerous instances
Americans can fight,
With valor can equip their stand,
Your armies put to flight.

Now farewell to fair America,
Farewell our friends and wives;
We trust in Heaven's peculiar care,
For to protect their lives;
To prosper our intended cruise
Upon the raging main,
And to preserve our dearest friends
Till we return again.

The wind it being leading,
It bore us on our way,
As far unto the southward
As the Gulf of Florida;
Where we fell in with a British ship,
Bound homeward from the main;
We gave her two bow-chasers,
And she returned the same.

We hauled up our courses,
And so prepared for fight;
The contest held four glasses,
Until the dusk of night;
Then having sprung our main-mast,
And had so large a sea,
We dropped astern and left our chase
Till the returning day.

Next morn we fished our main-mast,
The ship still being nigh,
All hands made for engaging
Our chance once more to try;
But wind and sea being boisterous
Our cannon would not bear,
We thought it quite imprudent
And so we left her there.

We cruised to the eastward,
Near the coast of Portugal,
In longitude of twenty-seven
We saw a lofty sail;

We gave her chase, and soon perceived
  She was a British snow
Standing for fair America,
  With troops for General Howe.

Our captain did inspect her
  With glasses, and he said,
"My boys, she means to fight us,
  But be you not afraid;
All hands repair to quarters,
  See everything is clear,
We'll give her a broadside, my boys,
  As soon as she comes near."

She was prepared with nettings,
  And her men were well secured,
And bore directly for us,
  And put us close on board;
When the cannon roared like thunder,
  And the muskets fired amain,
But soon we were along-side
  And grappled to her chain.

And now the scene it altered,
  The cannon ceased to roar,
We fought with swords and boarding-pikes
  One glass or something more,
Till British pride and glory
  No longer dared to stay,
But cut the Yankee grapplings,
  And quickly bore away.

Our case was not so desperate
  As plainly might appear;
Yet sudden death did enter
  On board our privateer.
Mahoney, Crew, and Clemmons,
  The valiant and the brave,
Fell glorious in the contest,
  And met a watery grave.

Ten other men were wounded
  Among our warlike crew,
With them our noble captain,
  To whom all praise is due;
To him and all our officers
  Let's give a hearty cheer;
Success to fair America
  And our good privateer.

Lindley Murray.

BORN in Swetara, Penn., 1745. DIED near York, England, 1826.

THE HAPPY AND VIRTUOUS MORAVIANS.

[*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray.* 1827.]

PERCEIVING that neither the springs, nor the situation, produced any beneficial effects, and travelling being one of the means for the recovery of health, which had been recommended to me, we left the mountains, and bent our course toward Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, a healthful and pleasant town about fifty miles from Philadelphia. This is a settlement of the Moravians. The situation of the place, its refreshing and salutary air, joined to the character of its inhabitants, made a cheering impression upon us; and we took up our quarters at the inn with pleasure, and with the hope of advantage. . . . .

There was here much to occupy the mind, and to gratify curiosity. The different houses appropriated to the single brethren, the single sisters, and the widows, with the various economy of the society, were subjects of an interesting nature. The spirit of moderation, the government of the passions, and the tranquillity and happiness, which appeared to pervade every part of this retired settlement, made on our minds a strong and pleasing impression. We several times visited the different departments; and, at our inn, received occasionally the visits of a number of their most respectable members. They were very communicative, and attended, with liberality and good-humor, to the ideas which we suggested, for the improvement of particular parts of their economy. Among other observations, we took occasion to inquire, whether the practice of the elders and elderesses in selecting a partner for a young man who wished to marry, was not sometimes attended with serious inconveniences. But they seemed to have no doubt that this regulation produced more happy marriages than would be effected by leaving the parties to choose for themselves. A lively and sensible person, with whose conversation we were particularly pleased, took occasion to give us his own experience on the subject. He expressed himself to the following effect: "When I wished to change my situation in life, I applied to one of our elders and communicated the matter to him. He asked me whether I had any particular young woman in view. I replied in the negative; and that I wished my superiors to choose for me. Pleased with my answer, and the confidence reposed in them, he assured me that the greatest care should be taken, to select for me a partner who should be, in every respect, proper for me. The elders and elderesses consulted

together and, after a suitable time, fixed on a young woman, whose disposition and qualifications were correspondent to my own, and which they thought were adapted to make me happy. We were introduced to each other in the presence of our superiors. The interview was favorable; we became mutually attached; and, in a short time, we were married. The event has perfectly answered our most sanguine hopes. I probably should not have chosen so happily, if I had been left to decide for myself; but I am certain I could not have made a better choice." He concluded his observations with a degree of animation and satisfaction, which precluded all doubt of the truth of his assertions.

The roads and scenery about Bethlehem were very delightful. I frequently enjoyed the pleasure they afforded, by riding in a small open carriage, which gave me a good opportunity of surveying the beauties of the country. In one of these excursions I observed a gate which opened into some grounds that were very picturesque. Without proper consideration, I desired the servant who accompanied me to open the gate. Almost immediately I observed a group of cheerful, neatly dressed young females approaching. They had been gathering blackberries, a rich fruit in that country; and each of them had a little basket in her hand filled with this sort of fruit. I soon perceived that I had committed a trespass, in offering to enter the grounds appropriated entirely to the walks of females. When they came near me I apologized for the intrusion by alleging that I did not know the peculiar use to which the enclosure was applied. With great good-nature and genuine politeness, some of them intimated that I was perfectly excusable. I believe the number of this cheerful group was about thirty, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. The sight of so much apparent innocence and happiness was extremely pleasing; and whilst they stood near the carriage, from which I could not conveniently alight, I thought it would be proper to express my respect and good wishes for them. I therefore took the liberty of addressing them in a short speech; which, as near as I can recollect, was to the following purport:—I observed that it gave me particular pleasure to see them all so happy: that their situation was, indeed, enviable, and singularly adapted to produce much real enjoyment and to protect them from the follies, the vices, and the miseries of the world; that if they knew the troubles and exposures which are to be met with in the general intercourse of life, they would doubly enjoy their safe and tranquil seclusion from those dangers, and be thankful for the privileges they possessed. My harangue seemed to have a good effect upon them. They smiled, and some of them said that they were indeed happy in their situation. A few of them then held up their little baskets and desired I would help myself to some fruit. I thanked them; and took more than I wanted, that I might the better gratify

their benevolence. I then parted with this pleasing company and pursued another road, well satisfied with a mistake and adventure which had yielded me so much heart-felt satisfaction.

I must not omit to mention that these good young persons reported to their superiors the whole of this transaction, with what had been said on the occasion. But I found that, notwithstanding my intrusion, I had lost no credit with the elderesses. For they sent to inform the sick gentleman (this was the term by which I was designated), that he had full liberty, and was welcome, whenever he chose, to ride in the grounds appropriated to the walks of the females. I acknowledged the favor of so great a privilege; but as I could not think it entirely warrantable and proper to make use of it, I never repeated my visit to this interesting place.

Of the various institutions at this settlement, we particularly admired that for the benefit of widows. This house met our entire approbation. An asylum for those who had lost their most valuable earthly treasures, and who could neither receive from the world, nor confer upon it much, if any, important service, appeared to have a just foundation in wisdom and benevolence. But to detach from many of the advantages and duties of society young persons in the full possession of health, strength, and spirits seemed to us to be, on the whole view of the subject, a very questionable policy; though certainly some very important moral uses were derived from the institutions which respected the single brethren and the single sisters.

Having formed some acquaintance with several worthy persons in this happy town, and being much gratified with our visit, we took our leave with regret. I cannot easily forget the pleasing impressions which this settlement left upon my mind. The grandeur of the neighboring hills; the winding course of its adjacent beautiful river; and the serene, enlivening state of the atmosphere;—joined to the modest and tranquil appearance of the inhabitants; their frequent and devout performance of Divine worship; and their unaffected politeness and good humor; are sufficient to render Bethlehem a most interesting and delightful retreat. To the calm and soothing virtues of life it is, certainly, a situation peculiarly favorable. But the moral excellences connected with arduous and dignified exertion meet, perhaps, with but few occasions here to call them forth.

ACCOUNT OF A FAMOUS GRAMMAR.

[*From the Same.*]

I WAS often solicited to compose and publish a Grammar of the English language for the use of some teachers who were not perfectly satisfied with any of the existing grammars. I declined, for a considerable time, complying with this request, from a consciousness of my inability to do the subject that justice, which would be expected in a new publication of this nature. But being much pressed to undertake the work I, at length, turned my attention seriously to it. I conceived that a grammar containing a careful selection of the most useful matter, and an adaptation of it to the understanding and the gradual progress of learners, with a special regard to the propriety and purity of all the examples and illustrations, would be some improvement on the English grammars which had fallen under my notice. With this impression, I ventured to produce the first edition of a work on this subject. It appeared in the spring of the year 1795. I will not assert that I have accomplished all that I proposed. But the approbation and the sale which the book obtained have given me some reason to believe that I have not altogether failed in my endeavors to elucidate the subject, and to facilitate the labors of both teachers and learners of English grammar.

In a short time after the appearance of the work a second edition was called for. This unexpected demand induced me to revise and enlarge the book. It soon obtained an extensive circulation. And the repeated editions through which it passed in a few years encouraged me, at length, to improve and extend it still further; and, in particular, to support by some critical discussions the principles upon which many of its positions are founded. . . . .

But my views in writing and publishing were not of a pecuniary nature. My great objects were, as I before observed, to be instrumental in doing a little good to others, to youth in particular; and to give my mind a rational and salutary employment. It was, I believe, my early determination that if any profits should arise from my literary labors I would apply them, not to my own private use, but to charitable purposes, and for the benefit of others. My income was sufficient to support the expenses of my family and to allow of a little to spare; and I had not any children to provide for. There was, consequently, no inducement to warrant me in deviating from the determination I had made: and as I have hitherto adhered, I trust I shall continue faithfully to adhere, to my original views and intentions.

Benjamin Rush.

Born in Byberry, near Philadelphia, Penn., 1745. Died in Philadelphia, 1813.

A REFORMER OF THE LAST CENTURY.

["*Biographical Anecdotes of Benjamin Lay.*"—*Essays, Literary, Moral and Philosophical.* 1798.]

THERE was a time when the name of this celebrated Christian philosopher was familiar to every man, woman, and to nearly every child, in Pennsylvania. His size, which was not much above four feet, his dress, which was always the same, consisting of light-colored plain clothes, a white hat, and half-boots;—his milk-white beard, which hung upon his breast; and, above all, his peculiar principles and conduct, rendered him to many, an object of admiration, and to all, the subject of conversation.

He was born in England, and spent the early part of his life at sea. His first settlement was in Barbadoes, as a merchant, where he was soon convinced of the iniquity of the slave trade. He bore an open testimony against it, in all companies, by which means he rendered himself so unpopular, that he left the island in disgust, and settled in the then province of Pennsylvania. He fixed his home at Abington, ten miles from Philadelphia, from whence he made frequent excursions to the city, and to different parts of the country.

At the time of his arrival in Pennsylvania, he found many of his brethren, the people called Quakers, had fallen so far from their original principles, as to keep negro slaves. He remonstrated with them, both publicly and privately, against the practice; but, frequently with so much indifferent zeal, as to give great offence. He often disturbed their public meetings, by interrupting or opposing their preachers, for which he was once carried out of a meeting-house, by two or three friends. Upon this occasion he submitted with patience to what he considered a species of persecution. He lay down at the door of the meeting-house, in a shower of rain, till divine worship was ended; nor could he be prevailed upon to rise, till the whole congregation had stepped over him in their way to their respective homes.

To show his indignation against the practice of slave-keeping, he once carried a bladder filled with blood into a meeting; and, in the presence of the whole congregation, thrust a sword, which he had concealed under his coat, into the bladder, exclaiming at the same time, "Thus shall God shed the blood of those persons who enslave their fellow-creatures." The terror of this extravagant and unexpected act, produced swoonings in several of the women of the congregation.

He once went into the house of a friend in Philadelphia, and found him seated at breakfast, with his family around him. Being asked by him to sit down and breakfast with them, he said, "Dost thou keep slaves in thy house?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, he said, "Then I will not partake with thee of the fruits of thy unrighteousness."

He took great pains to convince a farmer and his wife, in Chester County, of the iniquity of keeping negro slaves, but to no purpose. They not only kept their slaves, but defended the practice. One day he went into their house, and after a short discourse with them upon the wickedness, and particularly the inhumanity, of separating children from their parents, which was involved in the slave trade, he seized the only child of the family (a little girl about three years old), and pretended to run away with her. The child cried bitterly, "I will be good, —I will be good," and the parents showed signs of being alarmed. Upon observing the scene, Mr. Lay said, very emphatically,—"You *see*, and *feel* now a little of the distress you occasion every day, by the inhuman practice of slave-keeping."

This singular philosopher did not limit his pious testimony against vice, to slave-keeping alone. He was opposed to every species of extravagance. Upon the introduction of tea, as an article of diet, into Pennsylvania, his wife bought a small quantity of it, with a set of cups and saucers, and brought them home with her. Mr. Lay took them from her, brought them back again to the city, and from the balcony of the court-house scattered the tea, and broke the cups and saucers, in the presence of many hundred spectators, delivering, at the same time, a striking lecture upon the folly of preferring that foreign herb, with its expensive appurtenances, to the simple and wholesome diet of our country.

He possessed a good deal of wit, and was quick at repartee. A citizen of Philadelphia, who knew his peculiarities, once met him in a crowd, at a funeral, in Germantown. Being desirous of entering into a conversation with him that should divert the company, the citizen accosted him, with the most respectful ceremony, and declared himself to be "his most humble servant." "Art thou my servant?" said Mr. Lay. "Yes—I am," said the citizen. "Then," said Mr. Lay (holding up his foot towards him), "clean this shoe." This unexpected reply turned the laugh upon the citizen. Being desirous of recovering himself in the opinion of the company, he asked him to instruct him in the way to heaven. "Dost thou indeed wish to be taught?" said Mr. Lay. "I do," said the citizen. "Then," said Mr. Lay, "do justice—love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

He wrote a small treatise upon negro slavery, which he brought to Dr. Franklin to be printed. Upon looking over it, the Doctor told him

that it was not paged, and that there appeared to be no order or arrangement in it. "It is no matter," said Mr. Lay, "print any part thou pleasest first." This book contained many pious sentiments, and strong expressions against negro slavery; but even the address and skill of Dr. Franklin were not sufficient to connect its different parts together, so as to render it an agreeable or useful work. This book is in the library of the city of Philadelphia.

Mr. Lay was extremely attentive to young people. He took great pleasure in visiting schools, where he often preached to the youth. He frequently carried a basket of religious books with him, and distributed them as prizes among the scholars.

He was fond of reading. In the print of him, which is to be seen in many houses in Philadelphia, he is represented with "Tryon on Happiness" in his hand, a book which he valued very much, and which he frequently carried with him, in his excursions from home.

He was kind and charitable to the poor, but had no compassion for beggars. He used to say, "There was no man or woman, who was able to go abroad to beg, that was not able to earn fourpence a day, and this sum, he said, was enough to keep any person above want, or dependence, in this country."

He was a severe enemy to idleness, insomuch that when he could not employ himself out-of-doors, or when he was tired of reading, he used to spend his time in spinning. His common sitting-room was hung with skeins of thread, spun entirely by himself. All his clothes were of his own manufactory.

He was extremely temperate in his diet, living chiefly upon vegetables. Turnips boiled, and afterwards roasted, were his favorite dinner. His drink was pure water. From a desire of imitating our Saviour, in everything, he once attempted to fast for forty days. This experiment, it is said, had nearly cost him his life. He was obliged to desist from it, long before the forty days were expired; but the fasting, it was said, so much debilitated his body, as to accelerate his death. He lived above eighty years, and died in his own house in Abington, about thirty years ago.

In reviewing the history of this extraordinary man, we cannot help absolving him of his weaknesses, when we contemplate his many active virtues. He was the pioneer of that war which has since been carried on, so successfully, against the commerce and slavery of the negroes. Perhaps the turbulence and severity of his temper were necessary to rouse the torpor of the human mind, at the period in which he lived, to this interesting subject. The meekness and gentleness of Anthony Benezet, who completed what Mr. Lay began, would probably have been as insufficient for the work performed by Mr. Lay, as the humble

piety of De Renty, or of Thomas À Kempis, would have been to have accomplished the works of the zealous Luther, or the intrepid Knox in the sixteenth century.

The success of Mr. Lay in sowing the seeds of a principle which bids fair to produce a revolution in morals, commerce, and government, in the new and in the old world, should teach the benefactors of mankind not to despair, if they do not see the fruits of their benevolent propositions, or undertakings, during their lives. No one seed of truth or virtue ever perished. Wherever it may be sowed, or even scattered, it will preserve and carry with it the principle of life. Some of these seeds produce their fruits in a short time, but the most valuable of them, like the venerable oak—are centuries in growing; but they are unlike the pride of the forest, as well as all other vegetable productions, in being incapable of a decay. They exist and bloom forever.

THE CONSISTENT LIFE OF BENEZET.

[*"Biographical Anecdotes of Anthony Benezet."—From the Same.*]

THIS excellent man was placed by his friends in early life in a counting-house, but finding commerce opened temptations to a worldly spirit, he left his master, and bound himself as an apprentice to a cooper. Finding this business too laborious for his constitution, he declined it, and devoted himself to school-keeping; in which useful employment he continued during the greatest part of his life.

He possessed uncommon activity and industry in everything he undertook. He did everything as if the words of his Saviour were perpetually sounding in his ears, "Wist ye not, that I must be about my Father's business?"

He used to say, "the highest act of charity in the world was to bear with the *unreasonableness* of mankind."

He generally wore plush clothes, and gave as a reason for it, that after he had worn them for two or three years, they made comfortable and decent garments for the poor.

He once informed a young friend, that his memory began to fail him; "but this," said he, "gives me one great advantage over thee; for thou canst find entertainment in reading a good book only *once*, but I enjoy that pleasure as often as I read it; for it is always new to me."

He published several valuable tracts in favor of the emancipation of the blacks, and of the civilizing and christianizing the Indians. He also published a pamphlet against the use of ardent spirits. All these pub-

lications were circulated with great industry, and at his own expense, throughout every part of the United States.

He wrote letters to the queen of Great Britain, and to the queen of Portugal, to use their influence with their respective courts to abolish the African trade. He accompanied his letter to the queen of Great Britain with a present of his works. The queen received them with great politeness, and said after reading them "that the author appeared to be a very good man."

He also wrote a letter to the king of Prussia, in which he endeavored to convince him of the unlawfulness of war.

During the time the British army was in possession of the city of Philadelphia, he was indefatigable in his endeavors to render the situation of the persons who suffered from captivity as easy as possible. He knew no fear in the presence of his fellow-men, however dignified they were by titles or station, and such were the propriety and gentleness of his manners in his intercourse with the gentlemen who commanded the British and German troops, that when he could not obtain the objects of his requests, he never failed to secure their civilities, and frequently their esteem.

So great was his sympathy with everything that was capable of feeling pain, that he resolved toward the close of his life, to eat no animal food. Upon coming into his brother's house one day, when his family was dining upon poultry, he was asked by his brother's wife to sit down and dine with them. "What! (said he) would you have me eat my neighbors?"

This misapplication of a moral feeling, was supposed to have brought on such a debility in his stomach and bowels, as produced a disease in those parts of which he finally died.

Few men, since the days of the apostles, ever lived a more disinterested life. And yet upon his death-bed, he said he wished to live a little longer, that "he might bring down SELF."

The last time he ever walked across his room, was to take from his desk six dollars which he gave to a poor widow whom he had long assisted to maintain.

He bequeathed, after the death of his widow, a house and lot in which consisted his whole estate, to the support of a school for the education of negro children, which he had founded and taught for several years before his death.

He died in May, 1784, in the seventy-first year of his age.

His funeral was attended by persons of all religious denominations, and by many hundred black people.

Colonel J——n, who had served in the American army, during the late war, in returning from the funeral pronounced an eulogium upon

him. It consisted only of the following words: "I would rather," said he, "be Anthony Benezet in that coffin, than George Washington with all his fame."

Robert R. Livingston.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1746. Died at Clermont, N. Y., 1813.

ON THE CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

[*Circular Letter from the Secretary of Foreign Affairs to the Governors of the Several States.—The Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution.* 1830.]

SIR: Where a Government is composed of independent States, united not by the power of a sovereign but by their common interest, the Executive Departments form a centre of communication between each State and their Chief Council, and are so far links of the chain, which should bind them together, as they render to each similar views of great national objects, and introduce uniformity in their measures for the establishment of general interests. A mistaken idea of our own importance to other nations, of their attachment to us, and of the weakness of our common enemy, having lulled us into a very imprudent security, I beg leave to state to your Excellency the information last received from Europe. Our success in this important war, under the favor of Heaven, must be built upon the weakness of our enemy, the strength and perseverance of her foes in Europe, and our own exertions.

It is an undeniable fact, that Britain has not, in the course of the last campaign, gained any advantage of her enemies, but, on the contrary, has seen their fleets ride triumphant in the seas she proudly called her own, and an army, in which she placed her fondest hopes, made captive. But, on the other hand, we are compelled to admit that she has met with no such reverse of fortune as materially to debilitate her, or weaken her resources for another campaign. Her trade has for the most part returned in safety. Her fleets have blocked up those of the Dutch, and, upon the separation of the combined fleets, recovered the superiority in the European seas. The army taken in America is only so far decidedly ruinous to her affairs here, as we know how to avail ourselves of the advantage it affords.

That her pride is not humbled, that she did not wish for peace prior to this advantage, is obvious,—1st. From her refusing to make a separate treaty with the Dutch, who, under the mediation of the Empress of Russia, seemed anxiously to wish it; 2dly. From her neglect to notice

the last proposals of the mediating powers, which yet remain unanswered; so that if any alteration is made in their sentiments on this subject, they must originate in their ill success in America, for in every other quarter their defensive war seems to have been supported with advantage. How far this will operate admits of a doubt, which prudence directs us not to rely upon. Money, the great support of modern wars, has been raised with more facility in England than in any country in the world; and we find the minority last year censuring Lord North for giving the advantage of lending to his friends. Their losses may indeed render subscriptions more expensive to the public; but there is no well grounded room to suppose they will not fill up; and still less reason to believe, if the means for carrying on the war are attainable, that the vindictive spirit of the King and his ministry, and the overweening pride of the nation, will soon yield to make a peace which involves their disgrace and humiliation. But as strength or weakness are mere comparative terms, we can form no judgment of the measures of Britain but by attending to the force and disposition of her enemies.

The United Provinces were evidently dragged into the war, and have prosecuted it as if they momentarily expected a peace. The Colonies in the West Indies have been taken, without being in a state to make the smallest resistance, and the active interposition of France alone saved those in the East from sharing the same fate. Our last letters from Holland place the distress of their commerce in a strong point of view. They are unhappily rent by parties, which clog the wheels of government; though it is said the party opposed to England are the most numerous and growing in strength, so that at some future day we may reasonably hope they will assume the entire ascendancy; yet we can build very little on this till the close of another year. This much is certain, they are not yet allied to us, nor have they given us reason to believe that they intend to be so. They wish for peace, and will take no measures that can obstruct it. They have lent us no money, nor are they likely to do it; from whence we may presume, either that they doubt our success, or do not much interest themselves in it.

Our expectations from Spain are scarcely more flattering. Some little aids of money have been received after long solicitation, hardly so much as paid the expense of soliciting. We have reason to suppose that no more will be granted. They are still cold with regard to our alliance; nothing but brilliant success can bring it to a conclusion. Nor have we the smallest reason to expect any pecuniary aid from her, even if she should confederate with us in time to be of use for the next campaign. She has at this moment very many and very expensive operations on hand; and, till she has allied herself to us, we have no certainty that she will choose to continue the war for the attainment of our indepen-

dence, if Britain should be sufficiently humbled to sacrifice to her the objects which led her into the war.

To France, then, we turn, as the only enemy of Great Britain, who is at the same time our ally, who will persevere in the war for the attainment of our independence. She has already done so much for us, in order to afford us the means of doing something for ourselves, that she may reasonably hope to find the effects of her benevolence. Her fleets have protected our coasts, her armies have fought our battles; she has made various efforts to restore our finances, by paying the interest of our loans, by obtaining credit in Europe on our account for clothing, arms, and necessaries; by advancing money, and by opening and guaranteeing a loan for us, to a considerable amount, in Holland, when, by the abolition of paper, our finances were totally deranged. These sums are nearly expended, and another campaign is about to be opened. France assures that it is not in her power to make us any further grants of money; her ministers repeat this to us in every letter, in a tone that persuades us of their determination on that point.

What then is to be done? Are we to relinquish the hopes, which the present debility of the enemy affords us, of expelling them by one decided effort, and compensating all our losses by the enjoyment of an active commerce? Are we to return to the wretched, oppressive system we have quitted? Are we to carry on a weak defensive war with an unpaid army, whose precarious subsistence must depend upon what can be torn by violence from the industrious husbandman? Shall we vainly, and I think disgracefully, supplicate all the powers of Europe for those means, which we have in our own hands, if we dare call them forth, and which, after all, must be called forth, if we continue the war (and upon that subject there can be no doubt, till the end for which we took up arms is attained). The only question is, whether each State shall fairly and regularly contribute its quota, or whether that which happens to be the seat of war shall (as has too often been the case) bear the whole burden, and suffer more from the necessities of our own troops than the ravages of the enemy; whether we shall drive the enemy from their posts with a strong body of regular troops, or whether we shall permit them to extend their devastations, while, with our battalions and fluctuating corps of militia, we protract a weak defensive war, till our allies are discouraged, and some unfavorable change takes place in the system of Europe.

Your Excellency, I am persuaded, will pardon the freedom with which I write. You see the necessity which dictates my letter, and were it in my power to communicate all that our friends in Europe think of our inactivity, I am persuaded you would urge your State to exertion in much stronger terms than I dare venture to use. . . . .

It is true we are at present in such a situation as to have no apprehensions for the final establishment of our independence; but surely it is a matter of some moment to us, whether we shall obtain it, or at least be freed from the ravages of the enemy and the burden of the war, in the course of six months, at the expense of eight millions of dollars, or whether we shall wait for it till a general and perhaps a distant peace, and be subject in the meanwhile to infinitely more expense, and all the distress that attends a country which is the seat of war.

But, Sir, it is time to dismiss a subject which wants no arguments to illustrate it. I am confident that you will use every means to convince the State over which you preside of the danger which will result from relying more upon the weakness of the enemy than their own strength, more upon the aid of their allies than their own exertions, more upon unjust, partial, hazardous, and expensive expedients, than upon an equal and regular support of the measures which Congress, upon the most mature deliberation, have recommended to their attention.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

PHILADELPHIA, 19 *February*, 1782.

A COMPARISON OF TWO NATIONS.

[*Letter to John Adams. From the Same.*]

DEAR SIR: I write merely to put you on your guard against any falsehood the enemy may think it necessary to publish about the time of opening their budget. All is well here. There has been no action to the southward. Many of the tories in North Carolina, enraged at being deserted, have joined our army, and, as is said, executed some of their leaders. The enemy have drawn all their troops into Charleston, and our advanced parties are as low down as Haddell's point.

I congratulate you upon the brilliant expedition of the Marquis de Bouille. It does him the highest honor, and his subsequent conduct forms such a contrast to that of the English, as must, I should suppose, have great influence upon the minds of the people with you, and forward your negotiations. The one fighting to oppress and enslave a free people, the other to establish their rights; the one attempting to tyrannize over the ocean, and fetter the commerce of the world, the other resisting that tyranny, and rendering trade as free as nature made it; the one insulting, plundering, and abusing an old friend, an ally, in the midst of profound peace, the other extending in war mercy to their

bitterest enemies, and marching to conquest with domestic peace in their train; the one burning defenceless towns and peaceful villages, where they have been hospitably entertained, the other guarding from violence with scrupulous attention the firesides of their inveterate foes; the one murdering in cold blood, or more cruelly by want and misery in prison ships, those who speak the same language, profess the same religion, and spring from the same ancestors; the other forgetting difference of religion, language, and hereditary enmity, spare the vanquished, administer to their wants, offer consolation to their distress, and prove more by their conduct than by their professions, that they are armed in the cause of humanity.

The one, without regard to truth or decency, boasts of victories never gained, and ostentatiously exaggerates the little advantages which superior numbers have sometimes given, while the other leaves the debility of their enemy to express the brilliancy of their actions. The one—but I should never have done if I were to mark the points in which the British differ from a brave, humane, and polished nation. The recapture of St. Eustatia in all its circumstances, and the disgraceful defence of Yorktown, prove that they are no longer the people we once thought them; if ever they were brave and generous, they have lost those virtues with the spirit of freedom. Adieu, my Dear Sir, may your exertions in the cause of your country be attended with all the success they merit.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON.

PHILADELPHIA, 9 *January*, 1782.

TO THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI.

[*From an Oration delivered* 4 *July*, 1787.]

I COULD have wished, gentlemen, that the task I am now about to perform, had been assigned to some abler speaker; and in that view, I long since tendered my apology for declining it, and hoped, till lately, that it had been accepted. Disappointed in this hope and unwilling to treat any mark of your favor with neglect, I determined to obey your commands, although I was satisfied, that in the execution of them, I should not answer your expectations. There is a style of eloquence adapted to occasions of this kind, to which I feel myself unequal; a style which requires the glowing imagination of younger speakers, who, coming recently from the schools of rhetoric, know how to dress their sentiments in all its flowery ornaments. The turbulence of the

times, since I first entered upon public life, and the necessity they imposed upon those who engaged in them, of attending rather to things than words, will, I fear, render me, if not an useless, at least an unpolished speaker.

If the mind dwells with pleasure on interesting events; if the soul pants to emulate the noble deeds it contemplates; if virtue derives new force from the successful struggles of the virtuous, it is wise to set apart certain seasons, when, freed from meaner cares, we commemorate events which have contributed to the happiness of mankind, or afford examples worthy their imitation. What are we this day called upon to commemorate? Some signal victory, in which the victor weeps the loss of friends, and humanity mourns over the graves of the vanquished? The birth of some prince whom force, fraud, or accident has entitled to a throne? Or even that of some patriot, who has raised the reputation and defended the rights of his country? No, gentlemen, a nobler subject than the splendor of victories, or the birth of princes demands our attention. We are called upon to commemorate the successful battles of freedom and the birth of nations!

It may be expected, and, indeed, I believe it is usual on such occasions, that I should tread the steps we have taken, from the dawn of oppression to the bright sunshine of independence; that I should celebrate the praise of patriots who have been actors in the glorious scene, and more particularly that I should lead you to the shrines of those that have offered up their lives in support of their principles, and sealed with their blood your charters of freedom. Had I no other object in view than to amuse you and indulge my own feelings, I should take this path; for what task more delightful than to contemplate the successful struggles of virtue; to see her at one moment panting under the grasp of oppression, and rising in the next with renewed strength, as if, like the giant son of earth, she had acquired vigor from the fall; to see hope and disappointment, plenty and want, defeats and victories, following each other in rapid succession, and contributing, like light and shade, to the embellishment of the piece! What more soothing to the soft and delicate emotions of humanity, than to wander with folded arms, and slow and pensive step, amidst the graves of departed heroes; to indulge the mingled emotions of grief and admiration; at one moment giving way to private sorrow, and lamenting the loss of a friend, a relation, a brother,—in the next, glowing with patriot warmth, gazing with ardor on their wounds, and invoking their spirits, while we ask of Heaven to inspire us with equal fortitude! But, however pleasing this task, the desire of being useful impels me, at this interesting moment, to forego this pleasure; to call you from this tender scene, to remind you, that you are the citizens of a free State, to bid you rejoice with Roman pride that

those you love have done their duty, to exhort you to crown the glorious work which they have begun. For, alas! my friends, though they have nobly performed the part assigned them, the work is still unfinished and much remains for us to do. It may not, therefore, be improper, amidst the congratulations I make you on this day—this day distinguished in the annals of fame, for the triumph of freedom and the birth of nations, to inquire how far it has been productive of the advantages we might reasonably have expected and where they have fallen short of our expectations.

To investigate the causes that have conduced to our disappointment, two objects demand our attention—our internal and federal governments. Either, to those who are disposed to view only the gloomy side of the picture, will afford sufficient matter for censure, and too much cause of uneasiness. Many desponding spirits, misled by these reflections, have ceased to rejoice in independence, and to doubt whether it is to be considered as a blessing. God forbid that there should be any such among us: for whatever may be the pressure of our present evils, they will cease to operate, when we resolve to remove them; the remedy is within our reach, and I have sufficient confidence in our own fortitude to hope that it will be applied. . . . .

Having observed that our internal constitutions are adequate to the purposes for which they were formed, and that the inconveniences we have sometimes felt under them were imputable to causes which it was in our power to remove; I might perhaps add, that the continuance of those evils were proofs of the happiness these governments impart; since, had they not been more than balanced by advantages, they would have pressed with such weight as to have compelled the people to apply the remedy the constitution affords. But, when I turn my eyes to the other great object of a patriot's attention, our federal government, I confess to you, my friends, I sicken at the sight. Nothing presents itself to my view, but a nerveless council, united by imaginary ties, brooding over ideal decrees, which caprice or fancy is at pleasure to annul or execute! I see trade languish, public credit expire—and that glory which is not less necessary to the prosperity of a nation, than reputation to individuals, a victim to opprobrium and disgrace. Here, my friends, you are particularly interested; for I believe, I should do little justice to the motives that induced you to brave the dangers and hardships of a ten years' war, if I supposed you had nothing more in view than humble peace and ignominious obscurity. Brave souls are influenced by nobler motives; and I persuade myself, that the rank and glory of the nation you have established, were among the strongest that nerved your arms and invigorated your hearts. Let us not then, my friends, lose sight of this splendid object: having pursued it through fields of blood, let us

not relinquish the chase, when nothing is necessary to its attainment but union, firmness, and temperate deliberation.

In times of extreme danger, whoever has the courage to seize the helm, may command the ship: each mariner, distrusting his own skill, is ready to repose upon that of others. Congress, not attending to this reflection, were misled by the implicit respect, that during the war was paid to their recommendations; and, without looking forward to times, when the circumstances which made the basis of their authority, should no longer exist, they formed a constitution adapted only to such circumstances. Weak in itself, a variety of causes have conspired to render it weaker. Some States have totally neglected their representation in Congress, while some others have been inattentive, in their choice of delegates, to those qualities which are essential to the support of its reputation—objects of some moment, where authority is founded on opinion only. To these, I am sorry, gentlemen, to add a third, which operates with peculiar force in some States—the love of power, of which the least worthy are always the most tenacious. To deal out a portion of it to Congress, would be to share that which some, among those who are elected by popular favor, already find too little for their own ambition. To preserve it, rulers of free States practise a lesson they have received from eastern tyrants; and as these, to preserve the succession, put out the eyes of all that may approach the seat of power, so those strive to blind the people, whose discernment they fear may expel them from it.

I will not wear your patience and my own, by contending with those chimeras they have raised, to fright the people from remedying the only real defect of this government; nor will I dwell upon that wretched system of policy which has sunk the interest and reputation of such States in the great council of America, and drawn upon them the hatred and contempt of their neighbors. Who will deny that the most serious evils daily flow from the debility of our federal constitution? Who but owns that we are at this moment colonies, for every purpose but that of internal taxation, to the nation, from which we vainly hoped our sword had freed us? Who but sees with indignation British ministers daily dictating laws for the destruction of our commerce? Who but laments the ruin of that brave, hardy, and generous race of men, who are necessary for its support? Who but feels that we are degraded from the rank we ought to hold among the nations of the earth? Despised by some, maltreated by others, and unable to defend ourselves against the cruel depredations of the most contemptible pirates. At this moment, yes, great God, at this moment, some among those, perhaps, who have labored for the establishment of our freedom, are groaning in barbarian bondage. Hands that may have wielded the sword in our defence, are loaded with

chains. Toilsome tasks, gloomy prisons, whips and tortures, are the portion of men who have triumphed with us and exulted in the idea of giving being to nations and freedom to unnumbered generations.

These, sirs, these are a few of the many evils that result from the want of a federal government. Our internal constitutions may make us happy at home, but nothing short of a federal one can render us safe or respectable abroad. Let us not, however, in our eagerness to attain one, forget to preserve the other inviolate; for better is distress abroad, than tyranny or anarchy at home. A precious deposit is given into our keeping; we hold in our hands the fate of future generations. While we acknowledge that no government can exist without confidence in the governing power, let us also remember that none can remain free where that confidence is incautiously bestowed.

How, gentlemen, shall I apologize for having obtruded this serious address upon the gayeties of this happy day? I told you, and told you truly, that I was ill-qualified to play the holiday orator; and I might have added, that the joy of this day is ever attended, in my mind, with a thousand mingled emotions. Reflection of the past brings to memory a variety of tender and interesting events; while hope and fear, anxiety and pleasure, alternately possess me, when I endeavor to pierce the veil of futurity. But never, never before, have they pressed upon me with the weight they do at present. I feel that some change is necessary; and yet I dread lest the demon of jealousy should prevent such change, or the restless spirit of innovation should carry us beyond what is necessary. I look round for aid; I see in you a band of patriots, the supporters of your country's rights; I feel myself indebted to you for the freedom we enjoy; I know that your emotions cannot be very different from my own; and I strive, by giving you the same views on these important subjects, to unite your efforts in the common cause. Let us, then, preserve pure and perfect those principles of friendship for each other—of love for our country, of respect for the Union, which supported us in our past difficulties. Let us reject the trammels of party, and, as far as our efforts will go, call every man to the post his virtues and abilities entitle him to occupy. Let us watch with vigilant attention over the conduct of those in power; but let us not, with coward caution, restrain their efforts to be useful; and let us implore that omnipotent Being, who gave us strength and wisdom in the hour of danger, to direct our great council to that happy mean which may afford us respect and security abroad, and peace, liberty, and prosperity at home.

John Paul Jones.

BORN in Kirkbean, Scotland, 1747. DIED in Paris, France, 1792.

CHIVALROUS LETTER TO THE COUNTESS OF SELKIRK.

[*Life and Correspondence of John Paul Jones.* 1830.]

MADAM: It cannot be too much lamented, that in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feeling and of real sensibility should be under the necessity of winking at any action of persons under his command, which his heart cannot approve; but the reflection is doubly severe when he finds himself obliged, in appearance, to countenance such actions by his authority.

This hard case was mine, when, on the 23d of April last, I landed on St. Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's interest with his king, and esteeming, as I do, his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are overpowered and made prisoners of war.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for you, Madam, that he was from home; for it was my intention to have taken him on board the Ranger, and to have detained him until, through his means, a general and fair exchange of prisoners, as well in Europe as in America, had been effected.

When I was informed, by some men whom I met at landing, that his lordship was absent, I walked back to my boat, determined to leave the island. By the way, however, some officers who were with me, could not forbear expressing their discontent; observing that, in America, no delicacy was shown by the English, who took away all sorts of movable property—setting fire, not only to towns and to the houses of the rich, without distinction, but not even sparing the wretched hamlets and milch-cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of an inclement winter. That party had been with me, the same morning, at Whitehaven; some complaisance, therefore, was their due. I had but a moment to think how I might gratify them, and at the same time do your ladyship the least injury. I charged the two officers to permit none of the seamen to enter the house, or to hurt anything about it—to treat you, Madam, with the utmost respect—to accept of the plate which was offered—and to come away without making a search, or demanding anything else.

I am induced to believe that I was punctually obeyed; since I am informed, that the plate which they brought away is far short of the quantity expressed in the inventory which accompanied it. I have gratified my men; and when the plate is sold, I shall become the pur-

chaser, and will gratify my own feelings by restoring it to you, by such conveyance as you shall please to direct.

Had the earl been on board the Ranger the following evening, he would have seen the awful pomp and dreadful carnage of a sea engagement; both affording ample subject for the pencil, as well as melancholy reflection to the contemplative mind. Humanity starts back from such scenes of horror, and cannot sufficiently execrate the vile promoters of this detestable war.

> "For they, 'twas they unsheath'd the ruthless blade,
> And Heaven shall ask the havoc it has made."

The British ship-of-war Drake, mounting twenty guns, with more than her full complement of officers and men, was our opponent. The ships met, and the advantage was disputed with great fortitude on each side, for an hour and four minutes, when the gallant commander of the Drake fell, and victory declared in favor of the Ranger. The amiable lieutenant lay mortally wounded, besides near forty of the inferior officers and crew killed and wounded; a melancholy demonstration of the uncertainty of human prospects, and of the sad reverse of fortune which an hour can produce. I buried them in a spacious grave, with the honors due to the memory of the brave.

Though I have drawn my sword in the present generous struggle for the rights of men, yet I am not in arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife nor family, and having lived long enough to know that riches cannot ensure happiness. I profess myself a citizen of the world, totally unfettered by the little, mean distinctions of climate or of country, which diminish the benevolence of the heart and set bounds to philanthropy. Before this war was begun, I had, at an early time of life, withdrawn from sea service, in favor of "calm contemplation and poetic ease." I have sacrificed not only my favorite scheme of life, but the softer affections of the heart, and my prospects of domestic happiness, and I am ready to sacrifice my life also, with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture could restore peace and goodwill among mankind.

As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot but be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, Madam, to use your persuasive art, with your husband's, to endeavor to stop this cruel and destructive war, in which Britain never can succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practice of the Britons in America, which savages would blush at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be retaliated on Britain by a justly enraged people. Should you fail in this (for I am persuaded that you will attempt it, and who can resist the power of such an advocate?) your endeavors to effect a general exchange of prisoners will

be an act of humanity which will afford you golden feelings on a death-bed.

I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but should it continue, I wage no war with the fair. I acknowledge their force, and bend before it with submission. Let not, therefore, the amiable Countess of Selkirk regard me as an enemy; I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do anything, consistent with my duty, to merit it.

The honor of a line from your hand in answer to this, will lay me under a singular obligation; and if I can render you any acceptable service in France or elsewhere, I hope you see into my character so far as to command me without the least grain of reserve.

I wish to know exactly the behavior of my people, as I am determined to punish them if they have exceeded their liberty. I have the honor to be, with much esteem and with profound respect, Madam, etc., etc.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

"RANGER," BREST, 8 *May*, 1778.

ACTION BETWEEN THE "BON HOMME RICHARD" AND THE "SERAPIS."

[*From the Same.*]

ON the 21st we saw and chased two sail off Flamborough Head; the Pallas chased in the N. E. quarter, while the Bon Homme Richard, followed by the Vengeance, chased in the S. W.; the one I chased, a brigantine collier in ballast, belonging to Scarborough, was soon taken, and sunk immediately afterward, as a fleet then appeared to the southward. This was so late in the day, that I could not come up with the fleet before night; at length, however, I got so near one of them as to force her to run ashore between Flamborough Head and the Spurn. Soon after I took another, a brigantine from Holland, belonging to Sunderland, and at daylight the next morning, seeing a fleet steering toward me from the Spurn, I imagined them to be a convoy bound from London for Leith, which had been for some time expected. One of them had a pendant hoisted, and appeared to be a ship of force. They had not, however, courage to come on, but kept back, all except the one which seemed to be armed, and that one also kept to the windward, very near the land, and on the edge of dangerous shoals, where I could not with safety approach. This induced me to make a signal for a pilot, and soon afterward two pilots' boats came off. They informed me that a ship that wore a pendant was an armed merchantman, and that a king's frigate lay there in sight, at anchor, within the Humber, waiting to take

under convoy a number of merchant ships bound to the northward. The pilots imagined the Bon Homme Richard to be an English ship-of-war, and consequently communicated to me the private signal which they had been required to make. I endeavored by this means to decoy the ships out of the port; but the wind then changing, and with the tide becoming unfavorable for them, the deception had not the desired effect, and they wisely put back. The entrance of the Humber is exceedingly difficult and dangerous, and as the Pallas was not in sight I thought it imprudent to remain off the entrance; therefore steered out again to join the Pallas off Flamborough Head. In the night we saw and chased two ships until three o'clock in the morning, when, being at a very small distance from them I made the private signal of reconnoissance, which I had given to each captain before I sailed from Groix: one-half of the answer only was returned. In this position both sides lay to till daylight, when the ships proved to be the Alliance and the Pallas.

On the morning of that day, the 23d, the brig from Holland not being in sight, we chased a brigantine that appeared laying to, to windward. About noon, we saw and chased a large ship that appeared coming round Flamborough Head, from the northward, and at the same time I manned and armed one of the pilot boats to send in pursuit of the brigantine, which now appeared to be the vessel that I had forced ashore. Soon after this, a fleet of forty-one sail appeared off Flamborough Head, bearing N. N. E. This induced me to abandon the single ship which had then anchored in Burlington Bay; I also called back the pilot boat, and hoisted a signal for a general chase. When the fleet discovered us bearing down, all the merchant ships crowded sail toward the shore. The two ships-of-war that protected the fleet at the same time steered from the land, and made the disposition for battle. In approaching the enemy, I crowded every possible sail, and made the signal for the line of battle, to which the Alliance showed no attention. Earnest as I was for the action, I could not reach the commodore's ship until seven in the evening, being then within pistol shot, when he hailed the Bon Homme Richard. We answered him by firing a whole broadside.

The battle being thus begun, was continued with unremitting fury. Every method was practised on both sides to gain an advantage, and rake each other; and I must confess that the enemy's ship, being much more manageable than the Bon Homme Richard, gained thereby several times an advantageous situation, in spite of my best endeavors to prevent it. As I had to deal with an enemy of greatly superior force, I was under the necessity of closing with him, to prevent the advantage which he had over me in point of manœuvre. It was my intention to lay the Bon Homme Richard athwart the enemy's bow; but as that operation required great dexterity in the management of both sails and

helm, and some of our braces being shot away, it did not exactly succeed to my wish. The enemy's bowsprit, however, came over the Bon Homme Richard's poop by the mizzen-mast, and I made both ships fast together in that situation, which, by the action of the wind on the enemy's sails, forced her stern close to the Bon Homme Richard's bow, so that the ships lay square alongside of each other, the yards being all entangled, and the cannon of each ship touching the opponent's. When this position took place, it was eight o'clock, previous to which the Bon Homme Richard had received sundry eighteen-pound shots below the water, and leaked very much. My battery of twelve-pounders, on which I had placed my chief dependence, being commanded by Lieutenant Dale and Colonel Weibert, and manned principally with American seamen and French volunteers, was entirely silenced and abandoned. As to the six old eighteen-pounders that formed the battery of the lower gun-deck, they did no service whatever, except firing eight shot in all. Two out of three of them burst at the first fire, and killed almost all the men who were stationed to manage them. Before this time, too, Colonel de Chamillard, who commanded a party of twenty soldiers on the poop, had abandoned that station after having lost some of his men. I had now only two pieces of cannon (nine-pounders), on the quarter-deck, that were not silenced, and not one of the heavier cannon was fired during the rest of the action. The purser, M. Mease, who commanded the guns on the quarter-deck, being dangerously wounded in the head, I was obliged to fill his place, and with great difficulty rallied a few men, and shifted over one of the lee quarter-deck guns, so that we afterward played three pieces of nine-pounders upon the enemy. The tops alone seconded the fire of this little battery, and held out bravely during the whole of the action, especially the main-top, where Lieutenant Stack commanded. I directed the fire of one of the three cannon against the main-mast, with double-headed shot, while the other two were exceedingly well served with grape and canister shot, to silence the enemy's musketry and clear her decks, which was at last effected. The enemy were, as I have since understood, on the instant of calling for quarter, when the cowardice or treachery of three of my under-officers induced them to call to the enemy. The English commodore asked me if I demanded quarter, and I having answered him in the most determined negative, they renewed the battle with double fury. They were unable to stand the deck; but the fire of their cannon, especially the lower battery, which was entirely formed of ten-pounders, was incessant; both ships were set on fire in various places, and the scene was dreadful beyond the reach of language. To account for the timidity of my three under-officers, I mean the gunner, the carpenter, and the master-at-arms, I must observe that the two first were slightly wounded, and, as the ship had received various shot under

water, and one of the pumps being shot away, the carpenter expressed his fears that she would sink, and the other two concluded that she was sinking, which occasioned the gunner to run aft on the poop, without my knowledge, to strike the colors. Fortunately for me, a cannon-ball had done that before, by carrying away the ensign staff; he was therefore reduced to the necessity of sinking, as he supposed, or of calling for quarter, and he preferred the latter.

All this time the Bon Homme Richard had sustained the action alone, and the enemy, though much superior in force, would have been very glad to have got clear, as appears by their own acknowledgments, and by their having let go an anchor the instant that I laid them on board, by which means they would have escaped, had I not made them well fast to the Bon Homme Richard.

At last, at half-past nine o'clock, the Alliance appeared, and I now thought the battle at an end; but, to my utter astonishment, he discharged a broadside full into the stern of the Bon Homme Richard. We called to him for God's sake to forbear firing into the Bon Homme Richard; yet they passed along the off side of the ship, and continued firing. There was no possibility of his mistaking the enemy's ship for the Bon Homme Richard, there being the most essential difference in their appearance and construction. Besides, it was then full moonlight, and the sides of the Bon Homme Richard were all black, while the sides of the prize were all yellow. Yet, for the greater security, I showed the signal of our reconnoissance, by putting out three lanterns, one at the head, another at the stern, and the third in the middle, in a horizontal line. Every tongue cried that he was firing into the wrong ship, but nothing availed; he passed round, firing into the Bon Homme Richard's head, stern, and broadside, and by one of his volleys killed several of my best men, and mortally wounded a good officer on the forecastle only. My situation was really deplorable; the Bon Homme Richard received various shot under water from the Alliance; the leak gained on the pumps, and the fire increased much on board both ships. Some officers persuaded me to strike, of whose courage and good-sense I entertain a high opinion. My treacherous master-at-arms let loose all my prisoners without my knowledge, and my prospects became gloomy indeed. I would not, however, give up the point. The enemy's main-mast began to shake, their firing decreased fast, ours rather increased, and the British colors were struck at half an hour past ten o'clock.

This prize proved to be the British ship-of-war the Serapis, a new ship of forty-four guns, built on the most approved construction, with two complete batteries, one of them of eighteen-pounders, and commanded by the brave Commodore Richard Pearson. I had yet two enemies to encounter, far more formidable than the Britons, I mean, fire and water. The

Serapis was attacked only by the first, but the Bon Homme Richard was assailed by both; there was five feet water in the hold, and though it was moderate from the explosion of so much gunpowder, yet the three pumps that remained could with difficulty only keep the water from gaining. The fire broke out in various parts of the ship, in spite of all the water that could be thrown in to quench it, and at length broke out as low as the powder magazine, and within a few inches of the powder. In that dilemma, I took out the powder upon deck, ready to be thrown overboard at the last extremity, and it was ten o'clock the next day, the 24th, before the fire was entirely extinguished. With respect to the situation of the Bon Homme Richard, the rudder was cut entirely off, the stern frame and transoms were almost entirely cut away, and the timbers by the lower deck, especially from the main-mast toward the stern, being greatly decayed with age, were mangled beyond my power of description, and a person must have been an eye witness to form a just idea of the tremendous scene of carnage, wreck, and ruin, which everywhere appeared. Humanity cannot but recoil from the prospect of such finished horror, and lament that war should be capable of producing such fatal consequences.

After the carpenters, as well as Captain Cottineau and other men of sense, had well examined and surveyed the ship (which was not finished before five in the evening), I found every person to be convinced that it was impossible to keep the Bon Homme Richard afloat so as to reach a port, if the wind should increase, it being then only a very moderate breeze. I had but little time to remove my wounded, which now became unavoidable, and which was effected in the course of the night and next morning. I was determined to keep the Bon Homme Richard afloat, and, if possible, to bring her into port. For that purpose the first lieutenant of the Pallas continued on board with a party of men to attend the pumps, with boats in waiting ready to take them on board, in case the water should gain on them too fast. The wind augmented in the night, and the next day, the 25th, so that it was impossible to prevent the good old ship from sinking. They did not abandon her till after nine o'clock; the water was then up to the lower deck, and a little after ten I saw, with inexpressible grief, the last glimpse of the Bon Homme Richard. No lives were lost with the ship, but it was impossible to save the stores of any sort whatever. I lost even the best part of my clothes, books, and papers; and several of my officers lost all their clothes and effects.

Having thus endeavored to give a clear and simple relation of the circumstances and events that have attended the little armament under my command, I shall freely submit my conduct therein to the censure of my superiors and the impartial public. I beg leave, however, to observe that the force put under my command was far from being well composed,

and as the great majority of the actors in it have appeared bent on the pursuit of interest only, I am exceedingly sorry that they and I have been at all concerned.

Captain Cottineau engaged the Countess of Scarborough, and took her, after an hour's action, while the Bon Homme Richard engaged the Serapis. The Countess of Scarborough is an armed ship of twenty six-pounders, and was commanded by a king's officer. In the action, the Countess of Scarborough and the Serapis were at a considerable distance asunder; and the Alliance, as I am informed, fired into the Pallas and killed some men. If it should be asked why the convoy was suffered to escape, I must answer that I was myself in no condition to pursue, and that none of the rest showed any inclination; not even Mr. Ricot, who had held off at a distance to windward during the whole action, and withheld by force the pilot boat with my lieutenant and fifteen men. The Alliance, too, was in a state to pursue the fleet, not having had a single man wounded or a single shot fired at her from the Serapis, and only three that did execution from the Countess of Scarborough, at such a distance that one stuck in the side, and the other two just touched and then dropped into the water. The Alliance killed one man only on board the Serapis. As Captain de Cottineau charged himself with manning and securing the prisoners of the Countess of Scarborough, I think the escape of the Baltic fleet cannot so well be charged to his account.

I should have mentioned that the main-mast and mizzen-topmast of the Serapis fell overboard soon after the captain had come on board the Bon Homme Richard.

Jonathan Mitchel Sewall.

BORN in Salem, Mass., 1748. DIED at Portsmouth, N. H., 1808.

A CRY TO BATTLE.

[*"Epilogue to Cato," written in* 1778.—*Miscellaneous Poems.* 1801.]

YOU see mankind the same in every age;
Heroic fortitude, tyrannic rage,
Boundless ambition, patriotic truth,
And hoary treason, and untainted youth,
Have deeply marked all periods and all climes:
The noblest virtues, and the blackest crimes!
Britannia's daring sins and virtues both,
Perhaps once marked the Vandal and the Goth,
And what now gleams with dawning ray at home
Once blazed in full-orbed majesty at Rome.

Did Cæsar, drunk with power, and madly brave,
Insatiate burn, his country to enslave?
Did he for this lead forth a servile host,
And spill the choicest blood that Rome could boast?
Our British Cæsar too has done the same,
And damned this age to everlasting fame.
Columbia's crimsoned fields still smoke with gore!
Her bravest heroes cover all the shore!
The flower of Britain too in martial bloom,
In one sad year sent headlong to the tomb!

. . . . .

Rise then, my countrymen! for fight prepare,
Gird on your swords, and fearless rush to war!
For your grieved country nobly dare to die,
And empty all your veins for liberty.
No pent-up Utica contracts your powers,
But the whole boundless continent is yours!

WAR AND WASHINGTON.

[*As Sung during the Revolution. From the Same.*]

VAIN Britons, boast no longer with proud indignity,
By land your conquering legions, your matchless strength at sea,
Since we, your braver sons incensed, our swords have girded on,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for war and Washington.

Urged on by North and vengeance those valiant champions came,
Loud bellowing Tea and Treason, and George was all on flame,
Yet sacrilegious as it seems, we rebels still live on,
And laugh at all their empty puffs, huzza for Washington!

Still deaf to mild entreaties, still blind to England's good,
You have for thirty pieces betrayed your country's blood.
Like Esop's greedy cur you'll gain a shadow for your bone,
Yet find us fearful shades indeed, inspired by Washington.

Mysterious! unexampled! incomprehensible!
The blundering schemes of Britain their folly, pride, and zeal,
Like lions how ye growl and threat! mere asses have you shown,
And ye shall share an ass's fate, and drudge for Washington!

Your dark unfathomed councils our weakest heads defeat,
Our children rout your armies, our boats destroy your fleet,
And to complete the dire disgrace, cooped up within a town,
You live the scorn of all our host, the slaves of Washington!

Great Heaven! is this the nation whose thundering arms were hurled,
Through Europe, Afric, India? whose navy ruled a world?
The lustre of your former deeds, whole ages of renown,
Lost in a moment, or transferred to us and Washington!

Yet think not thirst of glory unsheaths our vengeful swords
To rend your bands asunder, and cast away your cords.
'Tis heaven-born freedom fires us all, and strengthens each brave son,
From him who humbly guides the plough, to god-like Washington.

For this, oh could our wishes your ancient rage inspire,
Your armies should be doubled, in numbers, force, and fire.
Then might the glorious conflict prove which best deserved the boon,
America or Albion, a George or Washington!

Fired with the great idea, our Fathers' shades would rise,
To view the stern contention, the gods desert their skies;
And Wolfe, 'midst hosts of heroes, superior bending down,
Cry out with eager transport, God save great Washington!

Should George, too choice of Britons, to foreign realms apply,
And madly arm half Europe, yet still we would defy
Turk, Hessian, Jew, and Infidel, or all those powers in one,
While Adams guides our senate, our camp great Washington!

Should warlike weapons fail us, disdaining slavish fears,
To swords we'll beat our ploughshares, our pruning-hooks to spears,
And rush, all desperate! on our foe, nor breathe till battle won,
Then shout, and shout America! and conquering Washington!

Proud France should view with terror, and haughty Spain revere,
While every warlike nation would court alliance here;
And George, his minions trembling round, dismounting from his throne
Pay homage to America and glorious Washington!

Hugh Henry Brackenridge.

BORN near Campbelton, Scotland, 1748. DIED at Carlisle, Penn., 1816.

BUNKER'S HILL.

[*The Battle of Bunker's Hill. A Dramatic Piece in Five Acts.* 1776.]

YOU bold warriors, who resemble
Flames upon the distant hill;
At whose view the heroes tremble,
Fighting with unequal skill.

Loud-sounding drums, now with hoarse murmurs,
Rouse the spirit up to war;
Fear not, fear not, though their numbers
Much to ours superior are.
Hear brave Warren, bold commanding:
"Gallant souls and veterans brave,
See the enemy just landing
From the navy-covered wave.
Close the wings—advance the centre—
Engineers point well your guns—
Clap the matches—let the rent air
Bellow to Britannia's sons."

Now, think you see three thousand moving,
Up the brow of Bunker's hill;
Many a gallant veteran shoving
Cowards on, against their will.
The curling volumes all behind them,
Dusky clouds of smoke arise;
Our cannon-balls, brave boys, shall find them,
At each shot a hero dies.
Once more, Warren, 'midst this terror,
"Charge, brave soldiers, charge again!
Many an expert veteran warrior
Of the enemy is slain.
Level well your charged pieces,
In direction to the town;
They shake, they shake, their lightning ceases;
That shot brought six standards down."

Maids in virgin beauty blooming,
On Britannia's sea-girt isle,
Say no more your swains are coming,
Or with songs the day beguile,
For sleeping found in death's embraces,
On their clay-cold beds they lie;
Death, grim death, alas, defaces
Youth and pleasure, which must die.
"March the right wing, Gardiner, yonder;
The hero spirit lives in thunder;
Take the assailing foe in flank,
Close there, sergeants, close that rank.
The conflict now doth loudly call on
Highest proof of martial skill;
Heroes shall sing of them, who fall on
The slippery brow of Bunker's Hill."

Unkindest fortune, still thou changest,
As the wind upon the wave;
The good and bad alike thou rangest,
Undistinguished in the grave.

Shall kingly tyrants see thee smiling,
Whilst the brave and just must die;
Them of sweet hope and life beguiling
In the arms of victory?
"Behave this day, my lads, with spirit,
Wrap the hill-top as in flame;
Oh! if we fall, let each one merit
Immortality in fame.
From this high ground, like Vesuvius,
Pour the floods of fire along;
Let not, let not numbers move us,
We are yet five hundred strong."

Many a widow, sore bewailing
Tender husbands, shall remain,
With tears and sorrows unavailing,
From this hour to mourn them slain.
The rude scene, striking all by-standers,
Bids the little band retire;
Who can live like salamanders,
In such floods of liquid fire?
"Ah, our troops are sorely pressed—
Howe ascends the smoky hill;
Wheel inward, let these ranks be faced,
We have yet some blood to spill.
Our right wing pushed, our left surrounded,
Weight of numbers five to one;
Warren dead, and Gardiner wounded—
Ammunition is quite gone."

See the steely points, bright gleaming
In the sun's fierce dazzling ray;
Groans arising, life-blood streaming
Purple o'er the face of day.
The field is covered with the dying,
Freemen mixed with tyrants lie,
The living with each other vying
Raise the shout of battle high.
Now brave Putnam, aged soldier:
"Come, my veterans, we must yield;
More equal matched, we'll yet charge bolder,
For the present quit the field.
The God of battles shall revisit
On their heads each soul that dies;
Take courage, boys, we yet sha'n't miss it,
From a thousand victories."

PROVINCIAL HONORS TO AN EXCISEMAN.

[*Modern Chivalry; or, The Adventures of Captain Farrago.* 1796–1806.]

JUST at this instant a noise was heard, and looking up, a crowd of people were discovered at a considerable distance, advancing toward them, but with acclamations that began to be heard. They were dragging a piece of timber of considerable length, which appeared to be just hewn from the woods; and was the natural stem of a small tree, cut down from the stump, and the bark stripped off. At the same time a couple of pack-horses were driven along, which appeared to be loaded with beds and pillow-cases.

The captain was led to believe that these were a number of the country people, who having heard of the revenue officer coming to his district, had come forward to pay their respects to him, and to receive him with that gratulation which is common to honest but illiterate people, in the first paroxysms of their transport. Having understood that country to be chiefly peopled with the descendants of the Irish, or with Irish emigrants themselves, he had supposed that hearing the new officer was a countryman, they had been carried forward, with such zeal to receive him, with huzzaing and tumult. On this occasion, he thought it not amiss to turn the conversation, and to prepare the mind and the manners of the deputy for this scene, which being unusual, might disconcert and embarrass him.

"Teague," said he, "it is not less difficult to preserve equanimity in a prosperous situation, than to sustain with fortitude a depression of fortune. These people, I perceive, in a flow of mind, are coming forward to express, with warmth, the honest but irregular sallies of their joy, on your arrival amongst them. It was usual in the provinces under the Roman republic, when a Quæstor, of whom a favorable impression had preceded, was about to come amongst them. It is a pleasing, but a transient felicity, and a wise man will not count too much upon it. For popular favor is unstable, to a proverb. These very people, in the course of a twelvemonth, if you displease them, may shout as loud at your degradation and removal from dignity. At the same time this ought not to lead you to be indifferent, or at least to seem so, to their well-meant expressions of favor at present; much less to affect a contempt, or even a neglect of them. A medium of ease and gracefulness in receiving their advances, and answering their addresses, whether it is a rustic orator in an extempore harangue, or some scholar of the academy, or school-master, they may have prevailed upon to draw up a speech, and read it to you. There is no manner of doubt but the President of the United States may have been a thousand times embarrassed with the multitude

of addresses delivered or presented to him; and it required no small patience and fortitude to sustain them. Yet it has been remarked, that he has received them all with complacency; showing himself neither elevated with the praise, nor irritated with the intrusion. And it is but reasonable, and what a benevolent man would indulge; for it is a happiness to these creatures, to give themselves the opportunity of being distinguished in this manner."

Duncan, who had heard a rumor in the village of what was going forward, had in the mean time come up, and understanding from the last words of the captain, what had been the drift of the conversation with Teague, and discovering his mistake, interrupted him at this place.— "Captain," said he, "ye need na be cautioning him against applause, and popularity, and the turning o' the head wi' praise and guid usage: for I doubt muckle if it comes to that wi' him yet. I wad rather suspect that these folks have na guid-will toward him. I dinna ken what they mean to do wi' him, but if a body might guess frae the bed ye see there on the pony's back, they mean to toss him in a blanket. But if it were to be judged frae the tree they hae trailing after them, I wad suppose they mean to mak a hanging matter o' it, and tak his life a' thegether. There is na doubt but they are coming in a mob, to make a seizure o' the gauger, and the talk o' the town is o' a punishment I dinna understand, o' tarring and feathering. I have heard o' the stocks, and the gallows, and drowning like a witch, but I never heard o' the like o' that in Scotland. I have heard o' tarring the sheep, to keep them frae the rot, but I never heard o' tarring a human creature. Maybe they mean to put it on his nose, to hinder him frae smelling their whiskey. I see they've got a keg o't there in their rear, drawn upon a sled; at least, I suppose it to be whiskey they hae in that keg, to take a dram, as they gae on wi' the frolic; unless it be the tar that they talk of to put upon the officer."

This last conjecture was the true one. For it was tar; and the stem of a tree which they drew, was what is called a liberty-pole, which they were about to erect, in order to dance round it, with hallooing and the whoop of exultation.

The calvacade now approaching, they began to cast their eyes toward the group of three, as they stood together.

"By de holy faders," said Teague, "I see dey have deir looks upon me. Dey look as wild as de 'White Boys,' or de 'Hearts of Oak' in Ireland. By de holy apostles, dere is no fighting wid pitch-forks; we shall be kilt, and murdered into de bargain."

"Teague," said the captain, "recollect that you are an officer of government, and it becomes you to support its dignity, not betraying unmanly fear, but sustaining the violence even of a mob itself with fortitude."

"Fait, and I had rather be no officer at all," said Teague, "if dis is de way de paple get out o' deir senses in dis country. Take de office yourself; de divil burn me, but I shall be after laying it down, as fast as a hot piraty, if dis is to come of it; to be hooted at like a wild baste, and shot, and hanged upon a tree, like a squirrel, or a Paddy from Cork, on St. Patrick's day, to make fun o' de Irish. I scorn to be choked before I am dead; divil burn de office for me, I'll have none of it. I can take my oat upon de holy cross, dat I am no officer. By Saint Patrick, and if dere are any Irish boys amongst dem I would rather join wid 'em. What is de government wid offices to one dat is choked, and can't spake to his acquaintance in dis world? By de holy apostles, I am no officer; I just took it for a frolic as I was coming up de road, and you may be officer yourself, and good-luck wid de commission; captain, I shall have noting to do wid it."

At this instant the advancing crowd raised a loud shout, crying *Liberty and no excise! liberty and no excise! down with all excise officers!*

Teague began to tremble, and to skulk behind the captain. "By de holy water o' de confession," said he, "dey are like de savages, dey have deir eyes upon me, I shall be scalped; I shall be kilt and have de skin of me head off, like a wolf or a shape. God love you, captain, spake a good word to dem, and tell dem a good story, or I shall be ate up like a toad, or a wild baste in de forests."

The bog-trotter was right; for this moment they had got their eyes upon the group, and began to distinguish him as the officer of the revenue. An exact description had been given them of his person and appearance, for these people had their correspondents, even at the seat of government; and travellers, moreover, had recognized him, and given an account of his physiognomy and apparel.

"There he is, there he is," was the language; "the rascally excise officer; we shall soon take care of him. He is of the name of O'Regan, is he? We shall O'Regan him in a short time."

"Divil burn me, if I am de excise officer," said Teague. "It's all a mistake, gentlemen. It is true I was offered de commission; but de captain here knows dat I would not take it. It is dis Scotchman dat is de officer. By my soul, you may tar and feader him, and welcome."

"No," said the captain, stepping forward, "no, gentlemen: for so I yet call you; though the menaces which you express, and the appearance of force which your preparations exhibit, depart from the desert of that appellation. Nevertheless, as there is still a probability of arresting violence, and reclaiming you from the error of your meditated acts, I address you with the epithet of gentlemen. You are not mistaken in your designation of the officer of the revenue, though he had not the candor to avow himself; but would meanly subject a fellow bog-trotter

to the odium and risk: an act of which, after all the pains that have been taken of his education, to impress him with sentiments of truth and honor, I am greatly ashamed. No, gentlemen, I am unwilling to deceive you, or that the meditated injury should fall on him, who, if he has not the honor of the office, ought not to bear the occasional disadvantage: I am ready to acknowledge and avow, nor shall these wry faces, and contortions of body, which you observe in the red-headed man, prevent me; that he is the *bona fide*, actual excise officer. Nevertheless, gentlemen, let me expostulate with you on his behalf. Let me endeavor to save him from your odium, not by falsehood, but by reason. Is it not a principle of that republican government which you have established, that the will of the majority shall govern; and has not the will of the majority of the United States enacted this law? Will ——"

By this time they had sunk the butt-end of the sapling in the hole dug for it, and it stood erect with a flag displayed in the air, and was called a liberty-pole. The beds and pillow-cases had been cut open, and were brought forward. A committee had been appointed to conduct the operation. It was while they were occupied in doing this, that the captain had without interruption gone on in making his harangue. But these things being now adjusted, a principal person of the committee came forward, just at the last words of the captain.

"The will of the majority," said he; "yes, faith, the will of the majority shall govern. It is right that it should be the case. We know the excise officer very well. Come lay hands upon him."

"Guid folk," said Duncan, "I am no the gauger, it is true; nor am I a friend to the excise law, though I come in company wi' the officer; nevertheless I dinna approve o' this o' your dinging down the government. For what is it but dinging down the government to act against the laws? Did ye never read i' the Bible, that rebellion is worse than witchcraft? Did ye never read o' how mony lairds and dukes were hanged in Scotland lang ago for rebellion? When the government comes to tak this up, ye sal all be made out rebels, and hanged. Ye had better think what ye are about. Ye dinna gie fair play. If ye want to fight, and ony o' ye will turn out wi' me I sal tak a turn wi' him; and no just jump upon a man a' in ae lump, like a parcel o' tinklers at a fair."

The committee had paid no attention to this harangue; but had in the mean time seized Teague, and conveyed him to a cart, in which the keg of tar had been placed. The operation had commenced amid the vociferation of the bog-trotter, crossing himself, and preparing for purgatory. They had stripped him to the waist, and pouring the tar upon his naked body, emptied at the same time a bed of feathers on his head, which, adhering to the viscous fluid, gave him the appearance of a wild

fowl of the forest. The cart being driven off with the prisoner in this state, a great part of the mob accompanied, with the usual exclamation of "Liberty, and no excise law. Down with all excise officers."

William White.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1748. Died there, 1836.

HE VISITS JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH.

[*Written to Bishop Hobart, September,* 1819.—*Memoir of the Life of Bishop White.* 1839.]

HAVING mentioned some literary characters, who became personally known to me in the university, I will not omit, although extraneous to it, that giant of genius and literature, Dr. Samuel Johnson. My introduction to him was a letter from the Rev. Jonathan Odell, formerly missionary at Burlington. The Doctor was very civil to me. I visited him occasionally; and I know some who would be tempted to envy me the felicity of having found him, one morning, in the act of preparing his dictionary for a new edition. His harshness of manners never displayed itself to me, except in one instance; when he told me that had he been prime-minister, during the then recent controversy concerning the stamp-act, he would have sent a ship-of-war, and levelled one of our principal cities with the ground. On the other hand, I have heard from him sentiments expressive of a feeling heart; and convincing me, that he would not have done as he said. Having dined in company with him, in Kensington, at the house of Mr. Elphinstone, well known to scholars of that day, and returning in the stage-coach with the Doctor, I mentioned to him there being a Philadelphia edition of his "Prince of Abyssinia." He expressed a wish to see it. I promised to send him a copy on my return to Philadelphia, and did so. He returned a polite answer, which is printed in Mr. Boswell's second edition of his Life of the Doctor. Mr. (since the Rev. Dr.) Abercrombie's admiration of Dr. Johnson had led to a correspondence with Mr. Boswell, to whom, with my consent, the letter was sent.

This reminds me of another literary character, a friend of Johnson, Dr. Goldsmith. We lodged, for some time, near to one another, in Brick Court, of the Temple. I had it intimated to him, by an acquaintance of both, that I wished for the pleasure of making him a visit. It ensued; and in our conversation it took a turn which excited in me a painful sensation, from the circumstance that a man of such a genius

should write for bread. His "Deserted Village" came under notice; and some remarks were made by us on the principle of it—the decay of the peasantry. He said, that were he to write a pamphlet on the subject, he could prove the point incontrovertibly. On his being asked why he did not set his mind to this, his answer was: "It is not worth my while. A good poem will bring me one hundred guineas; but the pamphlet would bring me nothing." This was a short time before my leaving of England, and I saw the Doctor no more.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

[*Written to Hugh Mercer, November,* 1832.—*From the Same.*]

THE father of our country, whenever in this city, as well during the revolutionary war as in his Presidency, attended divine service in Christ Church of this city; except during one winter; when, being here for the taking of measures with Congress toward the opening of the next campaign, he rented a house near to St. Peter's Church, then in parochial union with Christ Church. During that season, he attended regularly at St. Peter's. His behavior was always serious and attentive; but as your letter seems to intend an inquiry on the point of kneeling during the service, I owe it to truth to declare, that I never saw him in the said attitude. During his Presidency, our vestry provided him with a pew, ten yards in front of the reading-desk. It was habitually occupied by himself, by Mrs. Washington, who was regularly a communicant, and by his secretaries.

Although I was often in company of this great man, and had the honor of dining often at his table, I never heard anything from him that could manifest his opinions on the subject of religion. I knew no man who seemed so carefully to guard against the discoursing of himself or of his acts, or of anything pertaining to him: and it has occasionally occurred to me, when in his company, that if a stranger to his person were present, he would never have known, from anything said by the President, that he was conscious of having distinguished himself in the eyes of the world. His ordinary behavior, although unexceptionably courteous, was not such as to encourage obtrusion on what might be in his mind. . . . .

On the day before his leaving of the Presidential chair a large company dined with him. Among them were the foreign ministers and their ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. Jefferson, with other conspicuous persons of both sexes. During the dinner much hilarity prevailed; but

on the removal of the cloth it was put an end to by the President: certainly without design. Having filled his glass, he addressed the company, with a smile on his countenance, as nearly as can be recollected in the following terms: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man. I do it with sincerity, and wishing you all possible happiness." There was an end of all pleasantry. He who gives this relation accidentally directed his eye to the lady of the British minister (Mrs. Liston), and tears were running down her cheeks.

David Ramsay.

Born in Lancaster Co., Penn., 1749. Died at Charleston, S. C., 1815.

THE PRISONERS OF THE REVOLUTION.

[*The History of the American Revolution.* 1789.]

MANY circumstances concurred to make the American war particularly calamitous. It was originally a civil war in the estimation of both parties, and a rebellion to its termination, in the opinion of one of them. Unfortunately for mankind doubts have been entertained of the obligatory force of the law of nations in such cases. The refinement of modern ages has stripped war of half its horrors, but the systems of some illiberal men have tended to reproduce the barbarism of Gothic times, by withholding the benefits of that refinement from those who are effecting revolutions. An enlightened philanthropist embraces the whole human race, and inquires not whether an object of distress is or is not an unit of an acknowledged nation. It is sufficient that he is a child of the same common parent, and capable of happiness or misery. The prevalence of such a temper would have greatly lessened the calamities of the American war, but while from contracted policy, unfortunate captives were considered as not entitled to the treatment of prisoners, they were often doomed without being guilty, to suffer the punishment due to criminals.

The first American prisoners were taken on the 17th of June, 1775. These were thrown indiscriminately into the jail at Boston, without any consideration of their rank. Gen. Washington wrote to Gen. Gage on this subject, to which the latter answered by asserting that the prisoners had been treated with care and kindness, though indiscriminately "as he acknowledged no rank that was not derived from the King." To which Gen. Washington replied: "You affect, sir, to despise all rank not derived

from the same source with your own; I cannot conceive one more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original fountain of all power." . .

The capture of Gen. Lee proved calamitous to several individuals. Six Hessian field officers were offered in exchange for him, but this was refused. It was said by the British, that Lee was a deserter from their service, and as such could not expect the indulgences usually given to prisoners of war. The Americans replied, that as he had resigned his British commission previously to his accepting one from the Americans, he could not be considered as a deserter. He was nevertheless confined, watched, and guarded. Congress thereupon resolved, that Gen. Washington be directed to inform Gen. Howe, that should the proffered exchange of Gen. Lee for six field officers not be accepted, and the treatment of him as above mentioned be continued, the principles of retaliation should occasion five of the said Hessian field officers, together with Lt.-Col. Archibald Campbell to be detained, in order that the said treatment which Gen. Lee received should be exactly inflicted on their persons. The Campbell thus designated as the subject of retaliation was a humane man, and a meritorious officer, who had been captured by some of the Massachusetts privateers near Boston, to which, from the want of information, he was proceeding soon after the British had evacuated it. The above act of Congress was forwarded to Massachusetts, with a request that they would detain Lt.-Col. Campbell and keep him in safe custody till the further order of Congress. The council of Massachusetts exceeded this request, and sent him to Concord jail, where he was lodged in a gloomy dungeon of twelve or thirteen feet square. The attendance of a single servant on his person was denied him, and every visit from a friend refused.

The prisoners captured by Sir William Howe, in 1776, amounted to many hundreds. The officers were admitted to parole, and had some waste houses assigned to them as quarters; but the privates were shut up in the coldest season of the year in churches, sugar-houses, and such like large open buildings. The severity of the weather, and the rigor of their treatment, occasioned the death of many hundreds of these unfortunate men. The filth of the places of their confinement, in consequence of fluxes which prevailed among them, was both offensive and dangerous. Seven dead bodies have been seen in one building, at one time, and all lying in a situation shocking to humanity. The provisions served out to them were deficient in quantity, and of an unwholesome quality. These suffering prisoners were generally pressed to enter into the British service, but hundreds submitted to death rather than procure a melioration of their circumstances by enlisting with the enemies of their country. After Gen. Washington's successes at Trenton and Princeton,

the American prisoners fared somewhat better. Those who survived were ordered to be sent out for exchange, but some of them fell down dead in the streets, while attempting to walk to the vessels. Others were so emaciated that their appearance was horrible. A speedy death closed the scene with many.

The American board of war, after conferring with Mr. Boudinot, the commissary-general of prisoners, and examining evidences produced by him, reported among other things: "That there were 900 privates and 300 officers of the American army prisoners in the city of New York, and about 500 privates and 50 officers prisoners in Philadelphia; that since the beginning of October all these prisoners, both officers and privates, had been confined in prison-ships or the Provost; that from the best evidence the subject could admit of, the general allowance of prisoners, at most did not exceed four ounces of meat per day, and often so damaged as not to be eatable; that it had been a common practice with the British, on a prisoner's being first captured, to keep him three, four or five days without a morsel of meat, and then to tempt him to enlist to save his life; that there were numerous instances of prisoners of war perishing in all the agonies of hunger."

About this time there was a meeting of merchants in London, for the purpose of raising a sum of money to relieve the distresses of the American prisoners, then in England. The sum subscribed for that purpose amounted in two months to £4,647 15*s*. Thus while human nature was dishonored by the cruelties of some of the British in America, there was a laudable display of the benevolence of others of the same nation in Europe. The American sailors, when captured by the British, suffered more than even the soldiers which fell into their hands. The former were confined on board prison-ships. They were there crowded together in such numbers, and their accommodations were so wretched, that diseases broke out and swept them off in a manner that was sufficient to excite compassion in breasts of the least sensibility. It has been asserted, on as good evidence as the case will admit, that in the last six years of the war upward of eleven thousand persons died on board the *Jersey*, one of these prison-ships, which was stationed in East River, near New York. On many of these, the rites of sepulture were never, or but very imperfectly, conferred. For some time after the war was ended, their bones lay whitening in the sun, on the shores of Long Island. . .

The distresses of the American prisoners in the Southern States, prevailed particularly toward the close of the war. Colonel Campbell, who reduced Savannah, though he had personally suffered from the Americans, treated all who fell into his hands with humanity. Those who were taken at Savannah and at Ashe's defeat, suffered very much from his successors in South Carolina. The American prisoners, with a few ex-

ceptions, had but little to complain of till after Gates's defeat. Soon after that event, sundry of them, though entitled to the benefits of the capitulation of Charleston, were separated from their families and sent into exile; others, in violation of the same solemn agreement, were crowded into prison-ships, and deprived of the use of their property. When a general exchange of prisoners was effected, the wives and children of those inhabitants who adhered to the Americans were exiled from their homes to Virginia and Philadelphia. Upward of one thousand persons were thrown upon the charity of their fellow-citizens in the more Northern States. This severe treatment was the occasion of retaliating on the families of those who had taken part with the British. In the first months of the year 1781 the British were in force in the remotest settlements of South Carolina, but as their limits were contracted in the course of the year, the male inhabitants who joined them thought proper to retire with the royal army toward the capital. In retaliation for the expulsion of the wives and children of the Whig Americans from the State, Governor Rutledge ordered the brigadiers of militia to send within the British lines the families of such of the inhabitants as adhered to their interest. In consequence of this order, and more especially in consequence of the one which occasioned it, several hundreds of helpless women and children were reduced to great distress.

SOME RESULTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

[*From the Same.*]

THE American revolution, on the one hand, brought forth great vices; but on the other hand, it called forth many virtues, and gave occasion for the display of abilities which, but for that event, would have been lost to the world. When the war began, the Americans were a mass of husbandmen, merchants, mechanics, and fishermen; but the necessities of the country gave a spring to the active powers of the inhabitants, and set them on thinking, speaking, and acting in a line far beyond that to which they had been accustomed. The difference between nations is not so much owing to nature as to education and circumstances. While the Americans were guided by the leading-strings of the mother country they had no scope nor encouragement for exertion. All the departments of government were established and executed for them, but not by them. In the years 1775 and 1776, the country being suddenly thrown into a situation that needed the abilities of all its sons, these generally took their places, each according to the bent of his inclina-

tion. As they severally pursued their objects with ardor, a vast expansion of the human mind speedily followed. This displayed itself in a variety of ways. It was found that the talents for great stations did not differ in kind, but only in degree, from those which were necessary for the proper discharge of the ordinary business of civil society. In the bustle that was occasioned by the war, few instances could be produced of any persons who made a figure, or who rendered essential services, but from among those who had given specimens of similar talents in their respective professions. Those who from indolence or dissipation had been of little service to the community in time of peace, were found equally unserviceable in war. A few young men were exceptions to this general rule. Some of these, who had indulged in youthful follies, broke off from their vicious courses, and on the pressing call of their country became useful servants of the public; but the great bulk of those who were the active instruments of carrying on the revolution were self-made, industrious men. These, who by their own exertions had established, or laid a foundation for establishing, personal independence, were most generally trusted, and most successfully employed in establishing that of their country. In these times of action, classical education was found of less service than good natural parts, guided by common-sense and sound judgment.

Several names could be mentioned of individuals who, without the knowledge of any other language than their mother-tongue, wrote not only accurately, but elegantly, on public business. It seemed as if the war not only required but created talents. Men whose minds were warmed with the love of liberty, and whose abilities were improved by daily exercise, and sharpened with a laudable ambition to serve their distressed country, spoke, wrote, and acted with an energy far surpassing all expectations which could be reasonably founded on their previous acquirements.

The Americans knew but little of one another previous to the revolution. Trade and business had brought the inhabitants of their seaports acquainted with each other, but the bulk of the people in the interior country were unacquainted with their fellow-citizens. A continental army, and Congress composed of men from all the States, by freely mixing together, were assimilated into one mass. Individuals of both, mingling with the citizens, disseminated principles of union among them. Local prejudices abated. By frequent collision asperities were worn off, and a foundation was laid for the establishment of a nation, out of discordant materials. Intermarriages between men and women of different States were much more common than before the war, and became an additional cement to the union. Unreasonable jealousies had existed between the inhabitants of the Eastern and of the Southern States; but

on becoming better acquainted with each other, these in a great measure subsided. A wiser policy prevailed. Men of liberal minds led the way in discouraging local distinctions, and the great body of the people, as soon as reason got the better of prejudice, found that their best interests would be most effectually promoted by such practices and sentiments as were favorable to union. Religious bigotry had broken in upon the peace of various sects, before the American war. This was kept up by partial establishments, and by a dread that the Church of England, through the power of the mother country, would be made to triumph over all other denominations. These apprehensions were done away by the revolution. The different sects, having nothing to fear from each other, dismissed all religious controversy. A proposal for introducing bishops into America, before the war, had kindled a flame among the dissenters; but the revolution was no sooner accomplished than a scheme for that purpose was perfected, with the consent and approbation of all those sects who had previously opposed it. Pulpits which had formerly been shut to worthy men, because their heads had not been consecrated by the imposition of the hands of a bishop or of a presbytery, have since the establishment of independence been reciprocally opened to each other, whensoever the public convenience required it. The world will soon see the result of an experiment in politics, and be able to determine whether the happiness of society is increased by religious establishments, or diminished by the want of them.

John Trumbull.

Born in Watertown, Conn., 1750. Died at Detroit, Mich., 1831.

THE DUNCE'S REFUGE.

[*From "The Progress of Dulness."* 1772–74.—*The Poetical Works of John Trumbull.* 1820.]

OUR hero's wit and learning now may
Be proved by token of diploma,
Of that diploma, which with speed
He learns to construe and to read;
And stalks abroad with conscious stride,
In all the airs of pedant pride,
With passport sign'd for wit and knowledge
And current under seal of college.
Few months now past, he sees with pain
His purse as empty as his brain;

His father leaves him then to fate,
And throws him off, as useless weight;
But gives him good advice, to teach
A school at first and then to preach.
Thou reason'st well; it must be so;
For nothing else thy son can do.
As thieves of old, t' avoid the halter,
Took refuge in the holy altar,
Oft dulness flying from disgrace
Finds safety in that sacred place;
There boldly rears his head, or rests
Secure from ridicule or jests;
Where dreaded satire may not dare
Offend his wig's extremest hair;
Where Scripture sanctifies his strains,
And reverence hides the want of brains.
Next see our youth at school appear,
Procured for forty pounds a year;
His ragged regiment round assemble,
Taught, not to read, but fear and tremble.
Before him, rods prepare his way,
Those dreaded antidotes to play.
Then throned aloft in elbow chair,
With solemn face and awful air,
He tries, with ease and unconcern,
To teach what ne'er himself could learn;
Gives law and punishment alone,
Judge, jury, bailiff, all in one;
Holds all good learning must depend
Upon his rod's extremest end,
Whose great electric virtue's such,
Each genius brightens at the touch;
With threats and blows, incitements pressing,
Drives on his lads to learn each lesson;
Thinks flogging cures all moral ills,
And breaks their heads to break their wills.
The year is done; he takes his leave;
The children smile; the parents grieve;
And seek again, their school to keep,
One just as good and just as cheap.
Now to some priest, that's famed for teaching,
He goes to learn the art of preaching;
And settles down with earnest zeal
Sermons to study, and to steal.
Six months from all the world retires
To kindle up his cover'd fires;
Learns, with nice art, to make with ease
The Scriptures speak whate'er he please;
With judgment, unperceived to quote
What Pool explain'd, or Henry wrote;

John Trumbull

To give the gospel new editions,
Split doctrines into propositions,
Draw motives, uses, inferences,
And torture words in thousand senses;
Learn the grave style and goodly phrase,
Safe handed down from Cromwell's days,
And shun, with anxious care, the while,
The infection of a modern style;
Or on the wings of folly fly
Aloft in metaphysic sky;
The system of the world explain,
Till night and chaos come again;
Deride what old divines can say,
Point out to heaven a nearer way;
Explode all known establish'd rules,
Affirm our fathers all were fools,
The present age is growing wise,
But wisdom in her cradle lies;
Late, like Minerva, born and bred,
Not from a Jove's, but scribbler's head,
While thousand youths their homage lend her,
And nursing fathers rock and tend her.
  Round him much manuscript is spread,
Extracts from living works, and dead,
Themes, sermons, plans of controversy,
That hack and mangle without mercy,
And whence to glad the reader's eyes,
The future dialogue shall rise.
  At length, matured the grand design,
He stalks abroad a grave divine.
  Meanwhile, from every distant seat,
At stated time the clergy meet.
Our hero comes, his sermon reads,
Explains the doctrine of his creeds,
A license gains to preach and pray,
And makes his bow and goes his way.
  What though his wits could ne'er dispense
One page of grammar, or of sense;
What though his learning be so slight,
He scarcely knows to spell or write;
What though his skull be cudgel-proof '
He's orthodox, and that's enough.

A TIME-WORN BELLE.

[*From the Same.*]

POOR Harriet now hath had her day;
No more the beaux confess her sway;
New beauties push her from the stage;
She trembles at th' approach of age,
And starts to view the alter'd face,
That wrinkles at her in her glass:
So Satan, in the monk's tradition,
Fear'd when he met his apparition.
At length her name each coxcomb cancels
From standing lists of toasts and angels;
And slighted where she shone before,
A grace and goddess now no more,
Despised by all, and doom'd to meet
Her lovers at her rival's feet,
She flies assemblies, shuns the ball,
And cries out, vanity, on all;
Affects to scorn the tinsel-shows
Of glittering belles and gaudy beaux;
Nor longer hopes to hide by dress
The tracks of age upon her face.
Now careless grown of airs polite,
Her noonday nightcap meets the sight;
Her hair uncomb'd collects together,
With ornaments of many a feather;
Her stays for easiness thrown by,
Her rumpled handkerchief awry,
A careless figure half undress'd
(The reader's wits may guess the rest);
All points of dress and neatness carried,
As though she'd been a twelvemonth married;
She spends her breath, as years prevail,
At this sad wicked world to rail,
To slander all her sex impromptu,
And wonder what the times will come to.

M'FINGAL'S DOLE.

[*"M'Fingal. A Modern Epic Poem."* 1782.—*The Poetical Works of John Trumbull.* 1820.]

M'FINGAL, rising at the word,
Drew forth his old militia-sword;
Thrice cried "King George," as erst in distress,
Knights of romance invoked a mistress;

And, brandishing the blade in air,
Struck terror through th' opposing war.
The Whigs, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, shrunk behind.
With whirling steel around address'd,
Fierce through their thickest throng he press'd,
(Who roll'd on either side in arch,
Like Red Sea waves in Israel's march)
And, like a meteor rushing through,
Struck on their Pole a vengeful blow.
Around, the Whigs, of clubs and stones
Discharged whole volleys, in platoons,
That o'er in whistling fury fly;
But not a foe dares venture nigh.
And now perhaps with glory crown'd
Our 'Squire had fell'd the pole to ground,
Had not some Pow'r, a whig at heart,
Descended down and took their part;
(Whether 't were Pallas, Mars or Iris,
'Tis scarce worth while to make inquiries)
Who, at the nick of time alarming,
Assumed the solemn form of Chairman,
Address'd a Whig, in every scene
The stoutest wrestler on the green,
And pointed where the spade was found,
Late used to set their pole in ground,
And urged, with equal arms and might,
To dare our 'Squire to single fight.
The Whig thus arm'd, untaught to yield,
Advanced tremendous to the field:
Nor did M'Fingal shun the foe
But stood to brave the desp'rate blow;
While all the party gazed, suspended,
To see the deadly combat ended;
And Jove in equal balance weigh'd
The sword against the brandish'd spade;
He weigh'd; but, lighter than a dream,
The sword flew up, and kick'd the beam.
Our 'Squire on tiptoe rising fair
Lifts high a noble stroke in air,
Which hung not, but, like dreadful engines,
Descended on his foe in vengeance.
But ah! in danger, with dishonor
The sword perfidious fails its owner;
That sword, which oft had stood its ground,
By huge train-bands encircled round,
And on the bench, with blade right loyal,
Had won the day at many a trial,
Of stones and clubs had braved th' alarms,
Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms.

The spade so temper'd from the sledge,
Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,
Now met it, from his arm of might,
Descending with steep force to smite;
The blade snapp'd short—and from his hand,
With rust embrown'd the glittering sand.
Swift turn'd M'Fingal at the view,
And call'd to aid th' attendant crew,
In vain; the Tories all had run,
When scarce the fight was well begun;
Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd
Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west.
Amazed he view'd the shameful sight,
And saw no refuge, but in flight;
But age unwieldy check'd his pace,
Though fear had wing'd his flying race;
For not a trifling prize at stake;
No less than great M'Fingal's back.
With legs and arms he work'd his course,
Like rider that outgoes his horse,
And labor'd hard to get away, as
Old Satan struggling on through chaos;
Till looking back, he spied in rear
The spade-arm'd chief advanced too near:
Then stopp'd and seized a stone, that lay
An ancient landmark near the way;
Nor shall we as old bards have done,
Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton;
But such a stone, as at a shift
A modern might suffice to lift,
Since men, to credit their enigmas,
Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies,
And giants exiled with their cronies
To Brobdignags and Patagonias.
But while our hero turn'd him round,
And tugg'd to raise it from the ground,
The fatal spade discharged a blow
Tremendous on his rear below:
His bent knee fail'd, and void of strength
Stretch'd on the ground his manly length.
Like ancient oak o'erturn'd, he lay,
Or tower to tempests fall'n a prey,
Or mountain sunk with all his pines,
Or flow'r the plough to dust consigns,
And more things else—but all men know 'em,
If slightly versed in epic poem.
At once the crew, at this dread crisis,
Fall on, and bind him, ere he rises,
And with loud shouts and joyful soul,
Conduct him prisoner to the pole.

When now the mob in lucky hour
Had got their en'mies in their power,
They first proceed, by grave command,
To take the Constable in hand.
Then from the pole's sublimest top
The active crew let down the rope,
At once its other end in haste bind,
And make it fast upon his waistband;
Till like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,
He hung self-balanced on his centre.
Then upwards, all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him, like a keg of ale,
Till to the pinnacle in height
He vaulted, like balloon or kite.
As Socrates of old at first did
To aid philosophy get hoisted,
And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,
Swung in a basket in mid air;
Our culprit thus, in purer sky,
With like advantage raised his eye,
And, looking forth in prospect wide,
His Tory errors clearly spied,
And, from his elevated station,
With bawling voice began addressing.
"Good Gentlemen and friends and kin,
For heaven's sake hear, if not for mine!
I here renounce the Pope, the Turks,
The King, the Devil, and all their works;
And will, set me but once at ease,
Turn Whig or Christian, what you please;
And always mind your rules so justly,
Should I live long as old Methus'lah,
I'll never join in British rage,
Nor help Lord North, nor Gen'ral Gage;
Nor lift my gun in future fights,
Nor take away your Charter-rights;
Nor overcome your new-raised levies,
Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies;
Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,
Though raised more thick than hatchel-teeth:
But leave King George and all his elves
To do their conq'ring work themselves."
This said, they lower'd him down in state,
Spread at all points, like falling cat;
But took a vote first on the question,
That they'd accept this full confession,
And to their fellowship and favor,
Restore him on his good behavior.
Not so our 'Squire submits to rule,
But stood, heroic as a mule.

"You'll find it all in vain, quoth he,
To play your rebel tricks on me.
All punishments, the world can render,
Serve only to provoke th' offender;
The will gains strength from treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curried.
No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice, in the stocks;
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
At once his loyalty and ears.
Have you made Murray look less big,
Or smoked old Williams to a Whig?
Did our mobb'd Ol'ver quit his station,
Or heed his vows of resignation?
Has Rivington, in dread of stripes,
Ceased lying since you stole his types?
And can you think my faith will alter,
By tarring, whipping or the halter?
I'll stand the worst; for recompense
I trust King George and Providence.
And when with conquest gain'd I come,
Array'd in law and terror home,
Ye'll rue this inauspicious morn,
And curse the day, when ye were born,
In Job's high style of imprecations,
With all his plagues, without his patience."
Meanwhile beside the pole, the guard
A Bench of Justice had prepared,
Where sitting round in awful sort
The grand Committee hold their Court;
While all the crew, in silent awe,
Wait from their lips the lore of law.
Few moments with deliberation
They hold the solemn consultation;
When soon in judgment all agree,
And Clerk proclaims the dread decree;
"That 'Squire M'Fingal having grown
The vilest Tory in the town,
And now in full examination
Convicted by his own confession,
Finding no tokens of repentance,
This Court proceeds to render sentence:
That first the Mob a slip-knot single
Tie round the neck of said M'Fingal,
And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs;
Then through the town attendant ride him
In cart with Constable beside him,

And having held him up to shame,
Bring to the pole, from whence he came."
  Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck
With halter'd noose M'Fingal's neck,
While he in peril of his soul
Stood tied half-hanging to the pole;
Then lifting high the ponderous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoaking tar.
With less profusion once was spread
Oil on the Jewish monarch's head,
That down his beard and vestments ran,
And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (so Claudian sings) the Gods
And earth-born Giants fell at odds,
The stout Enceladus in malice
Tore mountains up to throw at Pallas;
And while he held them o'er his head,
The river, from their fountains fed,
Pour'd down his back its copious tide,
And wore its channels in his hide:
So from the high-raised urn the torrents
Spread down his side their various currents;
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream;
Adown his visage stern and grave
Roll'd and adhered the viscid wave;
With arms depending as he stood,
Each cup capacious holds the flood;
From nose and chin's remotest end
The tarry icicles descend;
Till all o'erspread, with colors gay,
He glitter'd to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carved in ice.
And now the feather-bag display'd
Is waved in triumph o'er his head,
And clouds him o'er with feathers missive,
And down, upon the tar, adhesive:
Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumage round his visage wears,
Nor Milton's six-wing'd angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers.
Now all complete appears our 'Squire,
Like Gorgon or Chimæra dire;
Nor more could boast on Plato's plan
To rank among the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd unfeather'd creature.
  Then on the fatal cart, in state
They raised our grand Duumvirate.

And as at Rome a like committee,
Who found an owl within their city,
With solemn rites and grave processions
At every shrine perform'd lustrations;
And least infection might take place
From such grim fowl with feather'd face,
All Rome attends him through the street
In triumph to his country seat:
With like devotion all the choir
Paraded round our awful 'Squire;
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels.
Behind, the crowd, in lengthen'd row
With proud procession, closed the show.
And at fit periods every throat
Combined in universal shout,
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd "confusion to the Tories."
Not louder storm the welkin braves
From clamors of conflicting waves;
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
On passing votes to regulate trade.
  Thus having borne them round the town,
Last at the pole they set them down;
And to the tavern take their way
To end in mirth the festal day.
  And now the Mob, dispersed and gone,
Left 'Squire and Constable alone.
The constable with rueful face
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace;
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,
Stuck 'Squire M'Fingal 'gainst the pole,
Glued by the tar t' his rear applied,
Like barnacle on vessel's side.
But though his body lack'd physician,
His spirit was in worse condition.
He found his fears of whips and ropes
By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.
As men in jail without mainprize
View everything with other eyes,
And all goes wrong in Church and State,
Seen through perspective of the grate:
So now M'Fingal's second-sight
Beheld all things in gloomier light;
His visual nerve, well purged with tar,
Saw all the coming scenes of war.

As his prophetic soul grew stronger,
He found he could hold in no longer.
First from the pole, as fierce he shook,
His wig from pitchy durance broke,
His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd,
His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd:
"Ah, Mr. Constable, in vain
We strive 'gainst wind and tide and rain!
Behold my doom! this feathery omen
Portends what dismal times are coming.
Now future scenes, before my eyes,
And second-sighted forms arise.
I hear a voice, that calls away,
And cries 'The Whigs will win the day.'
My beck'ning Genius gives command,
And bids me fly the fatal land,
Where, changing name and constitution,
Rebellion turns to Revolution,
While Loyalty, oppress'd, in tears,
Stands trembling for its neck and ears.
"Go, summon all our brethren, greeting,
To muster at our usual meeting;
There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em
Of all things future that concern 'em,
And scenes disclose on which, my friend,
Their conduct and their lives depend.
There I—but first 'tis more of use,
From this vile pole to set me loose;
Then go with cautious steps and steady,
While I steer home and make all ready."

Lemuel Hopkins.

BORN in Waterbury, Conn., 1750. DIED at Hartford, Conn., 1801.

ON GENERAL ETHAN ALLEN.

[*American Poems, Selected and Original.* 1793. *Collected by Dr. E. H. Smith.*]

LO, Allen 'scaped from British jails,
His tushes broke by biting nails,
Appears in Hyperborean skies,
To tell the world the Bible lies.
See him on green hills north afar
Glow like a self-enkindled star,
Prepar'd (with mob-collecting club
Black from the forge of Beelzebub,

And grim with metaphysic scowl,
With quill just plucked from wing of owl)
As rage or reason rise or sink,
To shed his blood, or shed his ink.
Behold inspired from Vermont dens
The seer of Antichrist descends,
To feed new mobs with hell-born manna
In Gentile lands of Susquehanna,
And teach the Pennsylvania quaker,
High blasphemies against his Maker.
Behold him move, ye stanch divines!
His tall head bustling through the pines;
All front he seems like wall of brass,
And brays tremendous as an ass;
One hand is clinch'd to batter noses,
While t' other scrawls 'gainst Paul and Moses.

ON A PATIENT KILLED BY A CANCER QUACK.

[*Kettell's "Specimens of American Poetry."* 1829.]

HERE lies a fool flat on his back,
The victim of a cancer quack;
Who lost his money and his life,
By plaster, caustic, and by knife.
The case was this—a pimple rose,
South-east a little of his nose,
Which daily reddened and grew bigger,
As too much drinking gave it vigor.
A score of gossips soon ensure
Full threescore different modes of cure;
But yet the full-fed pimple still
Defied all petticoated skill;
When fortune led him to peruse
A hand-bill in the weekly news,
Signed by six fools of different sorts,
All cured of cancers made of warts;
Who recommend, with due submission,
This cancer-monger as magician.
Fear winged his flight to find the quack,
And prove his cancer-curing knack;
But on his way he found another,—
A second advertising brother:
But as much like him as an owl
Is unlike every handsome fowl;
Whose fame had raised as broad a fog,
And of the two the greater hog:

Who used a still more magic plaster,
That sweat forsooth, and cured the faster.
This doctor viewed, with moony eyes
And scowled-up face, the pimple's size;
Then christened it in solemn answer,
And cried, "This pimple's name is—cancer.
But courage, friend, I see you're pale,
My sweating plasters never fail;
I've sweated hundreds out with ease,
With roots as long as maple trees;
And never failed in all my trials—
Behold these samples here in vials!
Preserved to show my wondrous merits,
Just as my liver is—in spirits.
For twenty joes the cure is done—"
The bargain struck, the plaster on,
Which gnawed the cancer at its leisure,
And pained his face above all measure.
But still the pimple spread the faster,
And swelled, like toad that meets disaster.
Thus foiled, the doctor gravely swore,
It was a right rose-cancer sore;
Then stuck his probe beneath the beard,
And showed him where the leaves appeared;
And raised the patient's drooping spirits,
By praising up the plaster's merits.
Quoth he, "The roots now scarcely stick—
I'll fetch her out like crab or tick;
And make it rendezvous, next trial,
With six more plagues, in my old vial."
Then purged him pale with jalap drastic,
And next applied the infernal caustic.
But yet, this semblance bright of hell
Served but to make the patient yell;
And, gnawing on with fiery pace,
Devoured one broadside of his face;
"Courage, 'tis done," the doctor cried,
And quick the incision knife applied:
That with three cuts made such a hole,
Out flew the patient's tortured soul!
  Go, readers, gentle, eke and simple,
If you have wart, or corn, or pimple,
To quack infallible apply;
Here's room enough for you to lie.
His skill triumphant still prevails,
For death's a cure that never fails.

John Ledyard.

BORN in Groton, Conn., 1751. DIED at Cairo, Egypt, 1789.

THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN COOK.

[*Journal of Capt. Cook's Last Voyage.* 1783.]

OUR return to this bay was as disagreeable to us as it was to the inhabitants, for we were reciprocally tired of each other. They had been oppressed and were weary of our prostituted alliance; and we were aggrieved by the consideration of wanting the provisions and refreshments of the country, which we had every reason to suppose, from their behavior antecedent to our departure, would now be withheld from us, or brought in such small quantities as to be worse than none. What we anticipated was true. When we entered the bay, where before we had the shouts of thousands to welcome our arrival, we had the mortification not to see a single canoe, and hardly any inhabitants in the towns. Cook was chagrined, and his people were soured. Toward night, however, the canoes came in, but the provisions, both in quantity and quality, plainly informed us that times were altered; and what was very remarkable was the exorbitant price they asked, and the particular fancy they all at once took to iron daggers or dirks, which were the only articles that were any ways current, with the chiefs at least. It was also equally evident from the looks of the natives, as well as every other appearance, that our former friendship was at an end, and that we had nothing to do but to hasten our departure to some different island, where our vices were not known, and where our extrinsic virtues might gain us another short space of being wondered at, and doing as we pleased, or, as our tars expressed it, of being happy by the month. . . . .

On the thirteenth, at night, the *Discovery's* large cutter, which was at her usual moorings at the bower buoy, was taken away. On the fourteenth the captains met to consult what should be done on this alarming occasion; and the issue of their opinions was, that one of the two captains should land with armed boats and a guard of marines at Kiverua, and attempt to persuade Teraiobu, who was then at his house in that town, to come on board upon a visit, and that when he was on board he should be kept prisoner until his subjects should release him by a restitution of the cutter; and if it was afterward thought proper, he, or some of the family who might accompany him, should be kept as perpetual hostages for the good behavior of the people, during the remaining part of our continuance at Kearakekua.

This plan was the more approved of by Cook, as he had so repeatedly

on former occasions to the southward employed it with success. Clerke was then in a deep decline of his health and too feeble to undertake the affair, though it naturally devolved upon him, as a point of duty not well transferable; he therefore begged Cook to oblige him so much as to take that part of the business of the day upon himself in his stead. This Cook agreed to, but previous to his landing made some additional arrangements respecting the possible event of things, though it is certain from the appearance of the subsequent arrangements that he guarded more against the flight of Teraiobu, or those he could wish to see, than from an attack or even much insult. The disposition of our guards, when the movements began, was thus: Cook in his pinnace with six private marines; a corporal, sergeant, and two lieutenants of marines went ahead, followed by the launch with other marines and seamen on one quarter, and the small cutter on the other with only the crew on board. This part of the guard rowed for Kearakekua. Our large cutter and two boats from the *Discovery*, had orders to proceed to the mouth of the bay, form at equal distances across, and prevent any communication by water from any other part of the island to the towns within the bay, or from those without. Cook landed at Kiverua about nine o'clock in the morning with the marines in the pinnace, and went by a circuitous march to the house of Teraiobu, in order to evade the suspicion of any design. This route led through a considerable part of the town which discovered every symptom of mischief, though Cook, blinded by some fatal cause, could not perceive it, or, too self-confident, would not regard it.

The town was evacuated by the women and children, who had retired to the circumjacent hills, and appeared almost destitute of men; but there were at that time two hundred chiefs and more than twice that number of other men detached and secreted in different parts of the houses nearest to Teraiobu, exclusive of unknown numbers without the skirts of the town,—and those that were seen were dressed many of them in black. When the guard reached Teraiobu's house, Cook ordered the lieutenant of marines to go in and see if he was at home, and if he was, to bring him out; the lieutenant went in, and found the old man sitting with two or three old women of distinction, and when he gave Teraiobu to understand that Cook was without and wanted to see him, he discovered the greatest marks of uneasiness but arose and accompanied the lieutenant out, holding his hand. When he came before Cook, he squatted down upon his hams as a mark of humiliation, and Cook took him by the hand from the lieutenant, and conversed with him.

The appearance of our parade, both by water and on shore, though conducted with the utmost silence, and with as little ostentation as possible, had alarmed the towns on both sides of the bay, but particularly Kiverua, where the people were in complete order for an onset; other-

wise it would have been a matter of surprise that though Cook did not see twenty men in passing through the town, yet before he had conversed ten minutes with Teraiobu he was surrounded by three or four hundred people, and above half of them chiefs. Cook grew uneasy when he observed this and was the more urgent in his persuasions with Teraiobu to go on board, and actually persuaded the old man to go at length, and led him within a rod or two of the shore; but the just fears and conjectures of the chiefs at last interposed. They held the old man back, and one of the chiefs threatened Cook, when he attempted to make them quit Teraiobu. Some of the crowd now cried out that Cook was going to take their king from them and kill him, and there was one in particular that advanced toward Cook in an attitude that alarmed one of the guard, who presented his bayonet and opposed him, acquainting Cook in the mean time of the danger of his situation and that the Indians in a few minutes would attack him; that he had overheard the man, whom he had just stopped from rushing in upon him, say that our boats which were out in the harbor had just killed his brother and he would be revenged. Cook attended to what this man said, and desired him to show him the Indian that had dared to attempt a combat with him, and as soon as he was pointed out Cook fired at him with a blank. The Indian, perceiving he received no damage from the fire, rushed from without the crowd a second time and threatened any one that should oppose him. Cook, perceiving this, fired a ball, which entering the Indian's groin, he fell and was drawn off by the rest.

Cook perceiving the people determined to oppose his designs, and that he should not succeed without further bloodshed, ordered the lieutenant of marines, Mr. Phillips, to withdraw his men and get them into the boats, which were then lying ready to receive them. This was effected by the sergeant; but the instant they began to retreat Cook was hit with a stone, and perceiving the man who threw it shot him dead. The officer in the boats observing the guard retreat and hearing this third discharge ordered the boats to fire. This occasioned the guard to face about and fire, and then the attack became general. Cook and Mr. Phillips were together a few paces in the rear of the guard, and, perceiving a general fire without orders, quitted Teraiobu and ran to the shore to put a stop to it; but not being able to make themselves heard and being close pressed upon by the chiefs they joined the guard, who fired as they retreated. Cook, having at length reached the margin of the water between the fire of the boats, waved with his hat for them to cease firing and come in; and while he was doing this, a chief from behind stabbed him with one of our iron daggers, just under the shoulder-blade, and it passed quite through his body. Cook fell with his face in the water and immediately expired. Mr. Phillips, not being able any longer to use his fusee, drew

his sword, and engaging the chief whom he saw kill Cook soon despatched him. His guard in the mean time were all killed but two, and they had plunged into the water, and were swimming to the boats. He stood thus for some time the butt of all their force, and being as complete in the use of his sword as he was accomplished, his noble achievements struck the barbarians with awe; but being wounded, and growing faint from loss of blood and excessive action, he plunged into the sea with his sword in his hand, and swam to the boats; where, however, he was scarcely taken on board before somebody saw one of the marines, that had swum from the shore, lying flat upon the bottom. Phillips, hearing this, ran aft, threw himself in after him, and brought him up with him to the surface of the water, and both were taken in.

The boats had hitherto kept up a very hot fire, and, lying off without the reach of any weapon but stones, had received no damage and, being fully at leisure to keep up an unremitted and uniform action, made great havoc among the Indians, particularly among the chiefs who stood foremost in the crowd and were most exposed; but whether it was from their bravery or ignorance of the real cause that deprived so many of them of life, that they made such a stand, may be questioned, since it is certain that they in general, if not universally, understood heretofore that it was the fire only of our arms that destroyed them. This opinion seems to be strengthened by the circumstance of the large, thick mats they were observed to wear, which were also constantly kept wet; and, furthermore, the Indian that Cook fired at with a blank discovered no fear, when he found his mat unburnt, saying in their language, when he showed it to the by-standers, that no fire had touched it. This may be supposed at least to have had some influence. It is, however, certain, whether from one or both these causes, that the numbers that fell made no apparent impression on those who survived; they were immediately taken off and had their places supplied in a constant succession.

Lieutenant Gore who commanded as first lieutenant under Cook in the *Resolution*—which lay opposite the place where this attack was made—perceiving with his glass that the guard on shore was cut off and that Cook had fallen, immediately passed a spring upon one of the cables, and, bringing the ship's starboard guns to bear, fired two round-shot over the boats into the middle of the crowd; and both the thunder of the cannon and the effects of the shot operated so powerfully, that it produced a most precipitate retreat from the shore to the town.

Our mast that was repairing at Kearakekua and our astronomical tents were protected only by a corporal and six marines, exclusive of the carpenters at work upon it, and demanded immediate protection. As soon, therefore, as the people were refreshed with some grog and reinforced, they were ordered thither. In the mean time the marine, who

had been taken up by Mr. Phillips, discovered returning life and seemed in a way to recover, and we found Mr. Phillips's wound not dangerous, though very bad. We also observed at Kiverua that our dead were drawn off by the Indians, which was a mortifying sight; but after the boats were gone they did it in spite of our cannon, which were firing at them several minutes. They had no sooner effected this matter than they retired to the hills to avoid our shot. The expedition to Kiverua had taken up about an hour and a half, and we lost, besides Cook, a corporal and three marines.

RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[*Written at Yakutsk, Siberia,* 1787–88.—*The Life and Travels of John Ledyard.* 1828.]

MANY instances of longevity occur in this place. There is a man one hundred and ten years old, who is in perfect health, and labors daily. The images in the Russian houses, which I should take for a kind of household gods, are very expensive. The principal ones have a great deal of silver lavished on them. To furnish out a house properly with these *Dii Minores*, would cost a large sum. When burnt out, as I have witnessed several times, the people have appeared more anxious for these, than for anything else. The images form almost the whole decoration of the churches, and those melted in one of them just burnt down, are estimated to have been worth at least thirty thousand roubles. The warm bath is used by the peasantry here early in life, from which it is common for them to plunge into the river, and if there happens to be new-fallen snow, they come naked from the bath and wallow therein. Dances are accompanied, or rather performed, by the same odd twisting and writhing of the hips, as at Otaheite.

Dogs are here esteemed nearly in the same degree that horses are in England; for besides answering the same purpose in travelling, they aid the people in the chase, and, after toiling for them the whole day, become their safeguard at night. Indeed they command the greatest attention. There are dog farriers to attend them in sickness, who are no despicable rivals in art, at least in pretension, to the horse doctor of civilized Europe. Dogs also command a high price. What they call a leading dog of prime character, will sell for three or four hundred roubles.

Everybody in Yakutsk has two kinds of windows, the one for summer and the other for winter. Those for the latter season are of many different forms and materials; but all are so covered with ice on the inside, that they are not transparent, and are so far useless. You can see

nothing without, not even the body of the sun at noon. Ice is most commonly used for windows in winter, and talc in summer. These afford a gloomy kind of light within, that serves for ordinary purposes.

The Russ dress in this region is Asiatic; long, loose, and of the mantle kind, covering almost every part of the body. It is a dress not originally calculated for the latitude they inhabit. Within-doors the Russian is Asiatic; without, European. The Emperor gives three ranks to officers that come into Siberia and serve six years; two while out from Petersburg, and one on their return. It has two important effects, one to civilize Siberia, and the other to prostitute rank. I have before my eyes the most consummate scoundrels in the universe, of a rank that in any civilized country would be a signal of the best virtues of the heart and the head, or at least of common honesty and common decency. The succession of these characters is every six years.

So strong is the propensity of the Russians to jealousy, that they are guilty of the lowest offences on that account. The observation may appear trivial, but the ordinary Russian will be displeased, if one even endeavors to gain the good-will of his dog. I affronted the Commandant of this town very highly, by permitting his dog to walk with me one afternoon. He expostulated with me very seriously about it. This is not the only instance. I live with a young Russian officer, with whom I came from Irkutsk. No circumstance has ever interrupted the harmony between us, but his dogs. They have done it twice. A pretty little puppy he has, came to me one day, and jumped upon my knee. I patted his head, and gave him some bread. The man flew at the dog in the utmost rage, and gave him a blow which broke his leg. The lesson I gave him on the occasion has almost cured him, for I bid him beware how he disturbed my peace a third time by this rascally passion.

I have observed from Petersburg to this place, that the Russians in general have few moral virtues. The bulk of the people are almost without any. The laws of the country are mostly penal laws; but all laws of this kind are little else than negative instructors. They inform the people what they shall not do, and affix the penalty to the transgression; but they do not inform people what they ought to do, and affix the reward to virtue. Untaught in the sublime of morality, the Russian has not that glorious basis, on which to exalt his nature. This, in some countries, is made the business of religion; and, in others, of the civil laws. In this unfortunate country, it is the business of neither civil nor ecclesiastical concernment. A citizen here fulfils his duty to the laws, if, like a base Asiatic, he licks the feet of his superior in rank; and his duty to his God, if he fills his house with a set of ill-looking brass and silver saints, and worships them. It is for these reasons that the peasantry, in particular, are the most unprincipled in Christendom.

THE TRAVELLER'S TRIBUTE TO WOMAN.

[*From the Same.*]

I HAVE observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves, more than the men; that, wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like man, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous; more liable in general, to err, than man, but in general, also, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he.

I never addressed myself, in the language of decency and friendship, to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and, if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish.

"The Hartford Wits."

Leaders of the group thus designated were JOHN TRUMBULL, LEMUEL HOPKINS, DAVID HUMPHREYS, JOEL BARLOW, and RICHARD ALSOP, specimens of whose independent writings are given under their several names in this work.

FROM "THE ANARCHIAD."

[*The Anarchiad: A New England Poem.—A Series of Anonymous Contributions to "The New Haven Gazette," 1786–87. Written in concert by Hopkins, Humphreys, Barlow, and Trumbull.*]

FACTION.

BEHOLD those veterans worn with want and care,
Their sinews stiffened, silvered o'er their hair,
Weak in their steps of age, they move forlorn,
Their toils forgotten by the sons of scorn;
This hateful truth still aggravates the pain,
In vain they conquered, and they bled in vain.

Go then, ye remnants of inglorious wars,
Disown your marks of merit, hide your scars,
Of lust, of power, of titled pride accused,
Steal to your graves dishonored and abused.
For see, proud Faction waves her flaming brand,
And discord riots o'er the ungrateful land;
Lo, to the North a wild adventurous crew
In desperate mobs the savage state renew;
Each felon chief his maddening thousands draws,
And claims bold license from the bond of laws;
In other states the chosen sires of shame,
Stamp their vile knaveries with a legal name;
In honor's seat the sons of meanness swarm,
And senates base, the work of mobs perform,
To wealth, to power the sons of union rise,
While foes deride you and while friends despise.
Stand forth, ye traitors, at your country's bar,
Inglorious authors of intestine war,
What countless mischiefs from their labors rise!
Pens dipped in gall, and lips inspired with lies!
Ye sires of ruin, prime detested cause
Of bankrupt faith, annihilated laws,
Of selfish systems, jealous, local schemes,
And unioned empire lost in empty dreams;
Your names, expanding with your growing crime,
Shall float disgustful down the stream of time,
Each future age applaud the avenging song,
And outraged nature vindicate the wrong.
Yes, there are men, who, touched with heavenly fire,
Beyond the confines of these climes aspire,
Beyond the praises of a tyrant age,
To live immortal in the patriot page;
Who greatly dare, though warning worlds oppose,
To pour just vengeance on their country's foes.

. . . . . .

Yet what the hope? the dreams of congress fade,
The federal union sinks in endless shade,
Each feeble call, that warns the realms around,
Seems the faint echo of a dying sound,
Each requisition wafts in fleeting air,
And not one state regards the powerless prayer.
Ye wanton states, by heaven's best blessings cursed,
Long on the lap of fostering luxury nursed,
What fickle frenzy raves, what visions strange,
Inspire your bosoms with the lust of change?
And frames the wish to fly from fancied ill,
And yield your freedom to a monarch's will?
Go view the lands to lawless power a prey,
Where tyrants govern with unbounded sway;

See the long pomp in gorgeous state displayed,
The tinselled guards, the squadroned horse parade;
See heralds gay with emblems on their vest,
In tissued robes tall beauteous pages drest;
Where moves the pageant, throng unnumbered slaves,
Lords, dukes, and princes, titulary knaves
Confusedly shine, the purple gemmed with stars,
Sceptres, and globes, and crowns, and rubied cars,
On gilded orbs the thundering chariots rolled,
Steeds snorting fire, and champing bits of gold,
Prance to the trumpet's voice—while each assumes
A loftier gait, and lifts his neck of plumes.
High on the moving throne, and near the van,
The tyrant rides, the chosen scourge of man;
Clarions, and flutes, and drums his way prepare,
And shouting millions rend the conscious air;
Millions, whose ceaseless toils the pomp sustain,
Whose hour of stupid joy repays an age of pain.
From years of darkness springs the regal line,
Hereditary kings by right divine:
'Tis theirs to riot on all nature's spoils,
For them with pangs unblest the peasant toils,
For them the earth prolific teems with grain,
Theirs, the dread labors of the devious main,
Annual for them the wasted land renews
The gifts oppressive, and extorted dues.
For them when slaughter spreads the gory plains,
The life-blood gushes from a thousand veins,
While the dull herd, of earth-born pomp afraid,
Adore the power that coward meanness made.

. . . . . .

Nor less abhorred the certain woe that waits
The giddy rage of democratic states;
Whose popular breath, high blown in restless tide,
No laws can temper, and no reason guide;
An equal sway their mind indignant spurns,
To wanton change the bliss of freedom turns,
Led by wild demagogues the factious crowd,
Mean, fierce, imperious, insolent and loud,
Nor fame nor wealth nor power nor system draws,
They see no object and perceive no cause,
But feel by turns, in one disastrous hour,
The extremes of license and the extremes of power.
What madness prompts, or what ill-omened fates,
Your realm to parcel into petty states?
Shall lordly Hudson part contending powers?
And broad Potomac lave two hostile shores?
Must Allegany's sacred summits bear
The impious bulwarks of perpetual war?

His hundred streams receive your heroes slain?
And bear your sons inglorious to the main?
Will states cement by feebler bonds allied?
Or join more closely as they more divide?
Will this vain scheme bid restless factions cease?
Check foreign wars or fix internal peace?
Call public credit from her grave to rise?
Or gain in grandeur what they lose in size?
In this weak realm can countless kingdoms start,
Strong with new force in each divided part?
While empire's head, divided into four,
Gains life by severance of diminished power?
So when the philosophic hand divides
The full grown polypus in genial tides,
Each severed part, informed with latent life,
Acquires new vigor from the friendly knife,
O'er peopled sands the puny insects creep,
Till the next wave absorbs them in the deep.
What then remains? must pilgrim freedom fly
From these loved regions to her native sky?
When the fair fugitive the orient chased,
She fixed her seat beyond the watery waste;
Her docile sons (enough of power resigned,
And natural rites in social leagues combined)
In virtue firm, though jealous in her cause,
Gave senates force and energy to laws,
From ancient habit local powers obey,
Yet feel no reverence for one general sway,
For breach of faith no keen compulsion feel,
And feel no interest in the federal weal.
But know, ye favored race, one potent head,
Must rule your states, and strike your foes with dread,
The finance regulate, the trade control,
Live through the empire, and accord the whole.
Ere death invades, and night's deep curtain falls,
Through ruined realms the voice of Union calls,
Loud as the trump of heaven through darkness roars,
When gyral gusts entomb Caribbean towers,
When nature trembles through the deeps convulsed,
And ocean foams from craggy cliffs repulsed,
On you she calls! attend the warning cry,
"Ye live united, or divided die."

FROM "THE ECHO."

[*The Echo, with Other Poems.* 1807.—*The title-series is composed of newspaper satires, 1791–96. Written by Alsop and Theodore Dwight, with occasional passages by Hopkins, M. F. Cogswell, and E. H. Smith.*]

ECHO OF AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

"On taking this station on a former occasion, I declared the principle on which I believed it my duty to administer the affairs of our commonwealth. My conscience tells me that I have, on every occasion, acted up to that declaration, according to its obvious import, and to the understanding of every candid mind."—*Thomas Jefferson.* 4 March, 1805.

'TIS just four years, this all-eventful day,
Since on my head devolved our country's sway,
When at the undertaking's magnitude
With lowly reverence I most humbly bowed.
You well remember with what modest air
I first approached the Presidential Chair,
How blushed my cheek, what faltering in my gait,
When first I squatted on the throne of state!
But as, protected by supernal power,
We all survived that most tremendous hour,
Let us rejoice, and trust that not in vain
Four years have brought us to this place again.
A foolish custom forced me to declare
Off-hand what point of compass I should steer;
But knowing well that every Federal eye
On me was fixed some mischief to descry,
I tuned my fiddle for the vulgar throng,
And lulled suspicion by a soothing song.
An old companion in my bosom keeps
A constant watch, save when perchance he sleeps;
From early youth in friendship sweet we've played,
And hand in hand through life's vast circuit strayed.
Last night I asked him freely to declare,
(And he was here before, and heard me swear)
How far I'd kept my first inaugural speech,
And whether Candor could allege a breach.
He boldly answered—"Sir, on each occasion,
You've acted e'en beyond your declaration:
Thus, when you promised to be just and true
To 'all,' and give to every man his due,
Could Candor possibly have understood
That the term 'all men' could your foes include?
No, Sir, on me let all the mischief fall,
If aught except your friends was meant by 'all.'
Nor shall the Federalists, perverse and base,
On grounds like these lay claim to hold their place.
Again, when toleration was your theme,
What stupid mortal could a moment dream

You meant to drop at once your choicest grace,
The right to turn the Federalists from place:
What though you said, with soft persuasive tone,
That Federalists and Democrats were one;
Yet you, and I, and Candor fully knew
By 'one' you meant nor more nor less than two.
And shall a man of broad capacious mind
Be to one meaning rigidly confined?
The ancient proverb's wiser far, I trow,
"'Tis best to keep two strings to every bow.'
This maxim oft, amid this world of strife,
Has proved the solace of your varied life,
Charmed the rapt ear with soft and double tongue,
And gained applause by sweet ambiguous song.
Now, Sir, since I have set all matters right,
Conscience will bid the President good-night."

FROM "THE POLITICAL GREEN-HOUSE."

[*By Alsop, Dwight, and Hopkins*, 1799.—*From The Echo, etc.* 1807.]

BONAPARTE AND NELSON.

BEHOLD the Chief, whose mighty name
With glory fills the trump of fame,
Before whose genius, smote with dread,
The veteran hosts of Austria fled,
The imperial eagle drooped forlorn,
His plumage soiled, his pinions torn,
And Conquest's self, 'mid fields of blood,
Attendant on his footsteps trode,—
To gain new palms on Afric's coast,
Lead o'er the deep a chosen host.
And lo! at first, with favoring ray,
Kind fortune lights him on his way;
Those ramparts, Europe's ancient pride,
Which erst the Turkish power defied,
By stratagem and force compelled,
To him the towers of Malta yield.
Victorious, thence to Egypt's coast
He leads his fell marauding host;
In vain the Turks oppose their force,
To stop the fierce invader's course,
Nor Alexandria's time-worn towers,
Nor Cairo long resist his powers;
By desperate courage fierce impelled
The Mameluke squadrons tempt the field;

But vain the bold, undaunted band
In close and furious contest stand;
Against the column's solid force,
In vain impel their scattered horse,
And wake anew, by deeds of fame,
The ancient glories of their name—
Foiled, slain, dispersed, the routed train
In wild confusion quit the plain.
  But lo! the ever-varying queen,
Delusive Fortune, shifts the scene:
To crush the towering pride of France,
Behold brave Nelson firm advance!
Beneath his rule, in close array,
The Britons plough the watery way;
To famed Rosetta bends his course,
Where, deemed secure from hostile force,
The fleet superior of the foe
A lengthened line of battle show.
Lo! from the west, the setting ray
Slopes the long shades of parting day!
The fight begins;—the cannon's roar
In doubling echoes rends the shore;
Wide o'er the scene blue clouds arise,
And curl in volumes to the skies,
While momentary flashes spread
Their fleecy folds with fiery red.
More desperate still the battle glows
As night around its horrors throws.

. . . . . .

But when the morning's golden eye
Beheld the dusky shadows fly,
Wild Havoc, frowning o'er the flood,
His giant form exulting showed;
The Gallic navy foiled and torn,
With pale discomfiture forlorn,
Wide scattered o'er Rosetta's bay,
In prostrate ruin helpless lay;
Two shattered fly; the rest remain
To wear the valiant victor's chain;
While o'er the wreck-obstructed tide
The British ships in triumph ride.
All-anxious, from Abucar's height,
The Gallic leaders view the fight,
And desperate see their fleet compelled
To force inferior far to yield.
So when, by night, o'er Memphis trod
The avenging minister of God,
At morn pale Egypt viewed with dread,
Her first-born numbered with the dead.

Ambitious Chief! in dust laid low,
Behold the honors of thy brow,
The laurels culled on Egypt's shore
Shall wither ere the day be o'er;
Thy armies thinned, reduced thy force,
Fell Ruin waits thy onward course,
While of thy country's aid bereft,
No safety but in flight is left,
And victory's self but seals thy doom,
And brings thee nearer to the tomb.
I see destruction wing her way,
I see the eagles mark their prey,
Where pent in Cairo's putrid wall,
In heaps thy dying soldiers fall;
Or, mid the desert's burning waste,
Smote by the Samiel's fiery blast;
Or pressed by fierce Arabian bands,
With thirst they perish on the sands.
While Bonaparte's dreaded name
Shall shine a beacon's warning flame,
To point to times of future date
Unprincipled ambition's fate.

James Madison.

Born in King George Co., Va., 1751. Died at Montpellier, Va., 1836.

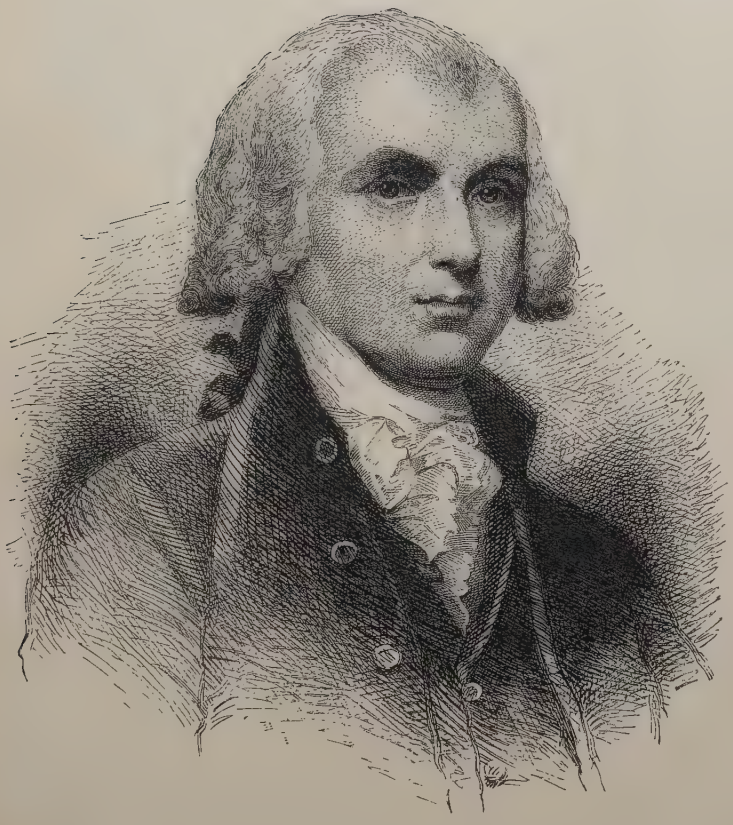
ON THE EXPEDIENCY OF ADOPTING THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

[*From a Speech in the Virginia Convention, June,* 1788.]

GIVE me leave to say something of the nature of the government, and to show that it is perfectly safe and just, to vest it with the power of taxation. There are a number of opinions; but the principal question is, whether it be a federal or a consolidated government. In order to judge properly of the question before us, we must consider it minutely, in its principal parts. I myself conceive, that it is of a mixed nature; it is, in a manner, unprecedented. We cannot find one express prototype in the experience of the world: it stands by itself. In some respects, it is a government of a federal nature: in others, it is of a consolidated nature. Even if we attend to the manner in which the constitution is investigated, ratified and made the act of the people of America, I can say, notwithstanding what the honorable gentleman has alleged, that this government is not completely consolidated; nor is it entirely

federal. Who are the parties to it? The people—not the people as composing one great body, but the people as composing thirteen sovereignties. Were it, as the gentleman asserts, a consolidated government, the assent of a majority of the people would be sufficient for its establishment, and as a majority have adopted it already, the remaining States would be bound by the act of the majority, even if they unanimously reprobated it. Were it such a government as is suggested, it would be now binding on the people of this State, without having had the privilege of deliberating upon it; but, sir, no State is bound by it, as it is, without its own consent. Should all the States adopt it, it will be then a government established by the thirteen States of America, not through the intervention of the legislatures, but by the people at large. In this particular respect, the distinction between the existing and proposed governments, is very material. The existing system has been derived from the dependent, derivative authority of the legislatures of the States; whereas this is derived from the superior power of the people. If we look at the manner in which alterations are to be made in it, the same idea is in some degree attended to. By the new system, a majority of the States cannot introduce amendments; nor are all the States required for that purpose; three-fourths of them must concur in alterations; in this there is a departure from the federal idea. The members to the national House of Representatives are to be chosen by the people at large, in proportion to the numbers in the respective districts. When we come to the Senate, its members are elected by the States in their equal and political capacity; but had the government been completely consolidated, the Senate would have been chosen by the people, in their individual capacity, in the same manner as the members of the other House. Thus it is of a complicated nature, and this complication, I trust, will be found to exclude the evils of absolute consolidation, as well as of a mere confederacy. If Virginia was separated from all the States, her power and authority would extend to all cases; in like manner, were all powers vested in the general government, it would be a consolidated government: but the powers of the federal government are enumerated; it can only operate in certain cases: it has legislative powers on defined and limited objects, beyond which it cannot extend its jurisdiction.

But the honorable member has satirized, with peculiar acrimony, the powers given to the general government by this constitution. I conceive that the first question on this subject is, whether these powers be necessary; if they be, we are reduced to the dilemma of either submitting to the inconvenience, or losing the Union. Let us consider the most important of these reprobated powers; that of direct taxation is most generally objected to. With respect to the exigencies of government, there is no question but the most easy mode of providing for them will



James Madison

be adopted. When, therefore, direct taxes are not necessary, they will not be recurred to. It can be of little advantage to those in power, to raise money in a manner oppressive to the people. To consult the conveniences of the people, will cost them nothing, and in many respects will be advantageous to them. Direct taxes will only be recurred to for great purposes. What has brought on other nations those immense debts, under the pressure of which many of them labor? Not the expenses of their governments, but war. If this country should be engaged in war (and I conceive we ought to provide for the possibility of such a case), how would it be carried on? By the usual means provided from year to year? As our imports will be necessary for the expenses of government, and other common exigencies, how are we to carry on the means of defence? How is it possible a war could be supported without money or credit? And would it be possible for government to have credit, without having the power of raising money? No, it would be impossible for any government, in such a case, to defend itself. Then, I say, sir, that it is necessary to establish funds for extraordinary exigencies, and give this power to the general government; for the utter inutility of previous requisitions on the States is too well known. Would it be possible for those countries, whose finances and revenues are carried to the highest perfection, to carry on the operations of government on great emergencies, such as the maintenance of a war, without an uncontrolled power of raising money? Has it not been necessary for Great Britain, notwithstanding the facility of the collection of her taxes, to have recourse very often to this and other extraordinary methods of procuring money? Would not her public credit have been ruined, if it was known that her power to raise money was limited? Has not France been obliged, on great occasions, to recur to unusual means, in order to raise funds? It has been the case in many countries, and no government can exist, unless its powers extend to make provisions for every contingency. If we were actually attacked by a powerful nation, and our general government had not the power of raising money, but depended solely on requisitions, our condition would be truly deplorable: if the revenues of this commonwealth were to depend on twenty distinct authorities, it would be impossible for it to carry on its operations. This must be obvious to every member here: I think, therefore, that it is necessary for the preservation of the Union, that this power should be given to the general government.

VIEW OF THE POWERS PROPOSED TO BE VESTED IN THE UNION.

[*The Federalist on the New Constitution. Written*, 1788.—*Revised edition.* 1818.]

THE constitution proposed by the convention may be considered under two general points of view. The *first* relates to the sum or quantity of power which it vests in the government, including the restraints imposed on the States. The *second*, to the particular structure of the government, and the distribution of this power among its several branches.

Under the first view of the subject, two important questions arise:—1. Whether any part of the powers transferred to the general government be unnecessary or improper?—2. Whether the entire mass of them be dangerous to the portion of jurisdiction left in the several States?

Is the aggregate power of the general government greater than ought to have been vested in it? This is the first question.

It cannot have escaped those who have attended with candor to the arguments employed against the extensive powers of the government, that the authors of them have very little considered how far these powers were necessary means of attaining a necessary end. They have chosen rather to dwell on the inconveniences which must be unavoidably blended with all political advantages; and on the possible abuses which must be incident to every power or trust of which a beneficial use can be made. This method of handling the subject cannot impose on the good-sense of the people of America. It may display the subtlety of the writer; it may open a boundless field of rhetoric and declamation; it may inflame the passions of the unthinking, and may confirm the prejudices of the misthinking: but cool and candid people will at once reflect, that the purest of human blessings must have a portion of alloy in them; that the choice must always be made, if not of the lesser evil, at least of the greater, not the perfect, good; and that, in every political institution, a power to advance the public happiness involves a discretion which may be misapplied and abused. They will see, therefore, that in all cases where power is to be conferred, the point first to be decided is, whether such a power be necessary to the public good; as the next will be, in case of an affirmative decision, to guard as effectually as possible against a perversion of the power to the public detriment.

That we may form a correct judgment on this subject, it will be proper to review the several powers conferred on the government of the Union; and that this may be the more conveniently done, they may be reduced into different classes as they relate to the following different objects: 1. Security against foreign danger; 2. Regulation of the intercourse with foreign nations; 3. Maintenance of harmony and proper intercourse

among the States; 4. Certain miscellaneous objects of general utility; 5. Restraint of the States from certain injurious acts; 6. Provisions for giving due efficacy to all these powers.

The powers falling within the first class are those of declaring war, and granting letters of marque; of providing armies and fleets; of regulating and calling forth the militia; of levying and borrowing money.

Security against foreign danger is one of the primitive objects of civil society. It is an avowed and essential object of the American Union. The powers requisite for attaining it must be effectually confided to the federal councils.

Is the power of declaring war necessary? No man will answer this question in the negative. It would be superfluous, therefore, to enter into a proof of the affirmative. The existing confederation establishes this power in the most ample form.

Is the power of raising armies and equipping fleets necessary? This is involved in the foregoing power. It is involved in the power of self-defence.

But was it necessary to give an indefinite power of raising troops, as well as providing fleets; and of maintaining both in peace as well as in war?

The answer to these questions has been too far anticipated in another place to admit an extensive discussion of them in this place. The answer indeed seems to be so obvious and conclusive, as scarcely to justify such a discussion in any place. With what color of propriety could the force necessary for defence be limited by those who cannot limit the force of offence? If a federal constitution could chain the ambition, or set bounds to the exertions of all other nations, then indeed might it prudently chain the discretion of its own government, and set bounds to the exertions for its own safety.

How could a readiness for war in time of peace be safely prohibited, unless we could prohibit, in like manner, the preparations and establishments of every hostile nation? The means of security can only be regulated by the means and the danger of attack. They will in fact be ever determined by these rules, and by no others. It is in vain to oppose constitutional barriers to the impulse of self-preservation. It is worse than in vain: because it plants in the constitution itself necessary usurpations of power, every precedent of which is a germ of unnecessary and multiplied repetitions. If one nation maintains constantly a disciplined army, ready for the service of ambition or revenge, it obliges the most pacific nations, who may be within the reach of its enterprises, to take corresponding precautions. The fifteenth century was the unhappy epoch of military establishments in time of peace. They were introduced by Charles VII. of France. All Europe has followed, or been forced into,

the example. Had the example not been followed by other nations, all Europe must long ago have worn the chains of a universal monarch. Were every nation, except France, now to disband its peace establishment, the same event might follow. The veteran legions of Rome were an overmatch for the undisciplined valor of all other nations, and rendered her mistress of the world.

Not the less true is it that the liberties of Rome proved the final victim to her military triumphs; and that the liberties of Europe, as far as they ever existed, have, with few exceptions, been the price of her military establishments. A standing force, therefore, is a dangerous, at the same time that it may be a necessary, provision. On the smaller scale it has its inconveniences. On an extensive scale, its consequences may be fatal. On any scale, it is an object of laudable circumspection and precaution. A wise nation will combine all these considerations; and, whilst it does not rashly preclude itself from any resource which may become essential to its safety, will exert all its prudence in diminishing both the necessity and the danger of resorting to one which may be inauspicious to its liberties.

The clearest marks of this prudence are stamped on the proposed constitution. The Union itself, which it cements and secures, destroys every pretext for a military establishment which could be dangerous. America united, with a handful of troops, or without a single soldier, exhibits a more forbidding posture to foreign ambition, than America disunited with a hundred thousand veterans ready for combat. It was remarked, on a former occasion, that the want of this pretext had saved the liberties of one nation in Europe. Being rendered, by her insular situation and her maritime resources, impregnable to the armies of her neighbors, the rulers of Great Britain have never been able, by real or artificial dangers, to cheat the public into an extensive peace establishment. The distance of the United States from the powerful nations of the world, gives them the same happy security. A dangerous establishment can never be necessary or plausible, so long as they continue a united people. But let it never for a moment be forgotten that they are indebted for this advantage to their union alone. The moment of its dissolution will be the date of a new order of things. The fears of the weaker, or the ambition of the stronger, States or confederacies, will set the same example in the new as Charles VII. did in the old world. The example will be followed here, from the same motives which produced universal imitation there. Instead of deriving from our situation the precious advantage which Great Britain has derived from hers, the face of America will be but a copy of that of the continent of Europe. It will present liberty everywhere crushed between standing armies and perpetual taxes. The fortunes of disunited America will be even more disastrous than those of

Europe. The sources of evil in the latter are confined to her own limits. No superior powers of another quarter of the globe intrigue among her rival nations, inflame their mutual animosities, and render them the instruments of foreign ambition, jealousy, and revenge. In America, the miseries springing from her internal jealousies, contentions, and wars, would form a part only of her lot. A plentiful addition of evils would have their source in that relation in which Europe stands to this quarter of the earth, and which no other quarter of the earth bears to Europe.

This picture of the consequences of disunion cannot be too highly colored or too often exhibited. Every man who loves peace; every man who loves his country; every man who loves liberty, ought to have it ever before his eyes, that he may cherish in his heart a due attachment to the Union of America, and be able to set a due value on the means of preserving it.

Next to the effectual establishment of the Union, the best possible precaution against danger from standing armies is a limitation of the term for which revenue may be appropriated to their support. This precaution the constitution has prudently added. I will not repeat here the observations, which I flatter myself have placed this subject in a just and satisfactory light. But it may not be improper to take notice of an argument against this part of the constitution, which has been drawn from the policy and practice of Great Britain. It is said that the continuance of an army in that kingdom requires an annual vote of the legislature, whereas the American constitution has lengthened this critical period to two years. This is the form in which the comparison is usually stated to the public: but is it a just form? is it a fair comparison? Does the British constitution restrain the parliamentary discretion to one year? Does the American impose on the congress appropriations for two years? On the contrary, it cannot be unknown to the authors of the fallacy themselves, that the British constitution fixes no limit whatever to the discretion of the legislature, and that the American ties down the legislature to two years, as the longest admissible term.

Had the argument from the British example been truly stated, it would have stood thus: the term for which supplies may be appropriated to the army establishment, though unlimited by the British constitution, has nevertheless in practice been limited by parliamentary discretion to a single year. Now, if in Great Britain,—where the House of Commons is elected for seven years, where so great a proportion of the members are elected by so small a proportion of the people, where the electors are so corrupted by the representatives, and the representatives so corrupted by the crown,—the representative body can possess a power to make appropriations to the army for an indefinite term, without desiring, or without daring, to extend the term beyond a single year; ought not suspicion

herself to blush in pretending that the representatives of the United States, elected freely by the whole body of the people, every second year, cannot be safely intrusted with a discretion over such appropriations, expressly limited to the short period of two years?

A bad cause seldom fails to betray itself. Of this truth, the management of the opposition to the federal government is an unvaried exemplification. But among all the blunders which have been committed, none is more striking than the attempt to enlist on that side the prudent jealousy entertained by the people, of standing armies. The attempt has awakened fully the public attention to that important subject; and has led to investigations which must terminate in a thorough and universal conviction, not only that the constitution has provided the most effectual guards against danger from that quarter, but that nothing short of a constitution fully adequate to the national defence, and the preservation of the Union, can save America from as many standing armies as it may be split into States or confederacies; and from such a progressive augmentation of these establishments in each, as will render them as burthensome to the properties, and ominous to the liberties of the people, as any establishment that can become necessary, under a united and efficient government, must be tolerable to the former and safe to the latter.

The palpable necessity of the power to provide and maintain a navy has protected that part of the constitution against a spirit of censure which has spared few other parts. It must indeed be numbered among the greatest blessings of America, that as her union will be the only source of her maritime strength, so this will be a principal source of her security against danger from abroad. In this respect our situation bears another likeness to the insular advantage of Great Britain. The batteries most capable of repelling foreign enterprises on our safety are happily such as can never be turned by a perfidious government against our liberties.

The inhabitants of the Atlantic frontier are all of them deeply interested in this provision for naval protection. If they have hitherto been suffered to sleep quietly in their beds; if their property has remained safe against the predatory spirit of licentious adventurers; if their maritime towns have not yet been compelled to ransom themselves from the terrors of a conflagration, by yielding to the exactions of daring and sudden invaders, these instances of good fortune are not to be ascribed to the capacity of the existing government for the protection of those from whom it claims allegiance, but to causes that are fugitive and fallacious. If we except perhaps Virginia and Maryland, which are peculiarly vulnerable on their eastern frontiers, no part of the Union ought to feel more anxiety on this subject than New York. Her sea-coast is extensive. A very important district of the State is an island. The

State itself is penetrated by a large navigable river for more than fifty leagues. The great emporium of its commerce, the great reservoir of its wealth, lies every moment at the mercy of events, and may be almost regarded as a hostage for ignominious compliances with the dictates of a foreign enemy; or even with the rapacious demands of pirates and barbarians. Should a war be the result of the precarious situation of European affairs, and all the unruly passions attending it be let loose on the ocean, our escape from insults and depredations, not only on that element, but every part of the other bordering on it, will be truly miraculous. In the present condition of America, the States more immediately exposed to these calamities have nothing to hope from the phantom of a general government which now exists; and if their single resources were equal to the task of fortifying themselves against the danger, the objects to be protected would be almost consumed by the means of protecting them.

WHETHER THE STATE GOVERNMENTS ARE IN DANGER FROM THE FEDERAL POWER.

[*From the Same.*]

HAVING shown that no one of the powers transferred to the federal government is unnecessary or improper, the next question to be considered is, whether the whole mass of them will be dangerous to the portion of authority left in the several States.

The adversaries to the plan of the convention, instead of considering in the first place what degree of power was absolutely necessary for the purposes of the federal government, have exhausted themselves in a secondary inquiry into the possible consequences of the proposed degree of power to the governments of the particular States. But if the Union, as has been shown, be essential to the security of the people of America against foreign danger; if it be essential to their security against contentions and wars among the different States; if it be essential to guard them against those violent and oppressive factions which embitter the blessings of liberty, and against those military establishments which must gradually poison its very fountain; if, in a word, the Union be essential to the happiness of the people of America, is it not preposterous to urge as an objection to a government, without which the objects of the Union cannot be attained, that such a government may derogate from the importance of the governments of the individual States? Was then the American revolution effected, was the American confederacy formed, was the precious blood of thousands spilt, and the hard-earned

substance of millions lavished, not that the people of America should enjoy peace, liberty, and safety; but that the governments of the individual States, that particular municipal establishments, might enjoy a certain extent of power, and be arrayed with certain dignities and attributes of sovereignty? We have heard of the impious doctrine in the old world, that the people were made for kings, not kings for the people. Is the same doctrine to be revived in the new, in another shape, that the solid happiness of the people is to be sacrificed to the views of political institutions of a different form? It is too early for politicians to presume on our forgetting that the public good, the real welfare of the great body of the people, is the supreme object to be pursued; and that no form of government whatever has any other value, than as it may be fitted for the attainment of this object. Were the plan of the convention adverse to the public happiness, my voice would be, Reject the plan. Were the Union itself inconsistent with the public happiness, it would be, Abolish the union. In like manner, as far as the sovereignty of the States cannot be reconciled to the happiness of the people, the voice of every good citizen must be, Let the former be sacrificed to the latter. How far the sacrifice is necessary has been shown. How far the unsacrificed residue will be endangered, is the question before us.

Several important considerations have been touched in the course of these papers, which discountenance the supposition, that the operation of the federal government will by degrees prove fatal to the State governments. The more I revolve the subject, the more fully I am persuaded that the balance is much more likely to be disturbed by the preponderancy of the last than of the first scale.

We have seen, in all the examples of ancient and modern confederacies, the strongest tendency continually betraying itself in the members to despoil the general government of its authorities, with a very ineffectual capacity in the latter to defend itself against the encroachments. Although in most of these examples the system has been so dissimilar to that under consideration, as greatly to weaken any inference concerning the latter from the fate of the former; yet as the States will retain, under the proposed constitution, a very extensive portion of active sovereignty, the inference ought not to be wholly disregarded. In the Achæan league, it is probable that the federal head had a degree and species of power, which gave it a considerable likeness to the government framed by the convention. The Lycian confederacy, as far as its principles and form are transmitted, must have borne a still greater analogy to it. Yet history does not inform us that either of them ever degenerated, or tended to degenerate, into one consolidated government. On the contrary, we know that the ruin of one of them proceeded from the incapacity of the federal authority to prevent the dissensions, and finally the disunion of

the subordinate authorities. These cases are the more worthy of our attention, as the external causes by which the component parts were pressed together, were much more numerous and powerful than in our case; and consequently less powerful ligaments within would be sufficient to bind the members to the head, and to each other.

In the feudal system, we have seen a similar propensity exemplified. Notwithstanding the want of proper sympathy in every instance between the local sovereigns and the people, and the sympathy in some instances between the general sovereign and the latter, it usually happened that the local sovereigns prevailed in the rivalship for encroachments. Had no external dangers enforced internal harmony and subordination; and, particularly, had the local sovereigns possessed the affections of the people, the great kingdoms in Europe would at this time consist of as many independent princes as there were formerly feudatory barons.

The State governments will have the advantage of the federal government, whether we compare them in respect to the immediate dependence of the one on the other; to the weight of personal influence which each side will possess; to the powers respectively vested in them; to the predilection and probable support of the people; to the disposition and faculty of resisting and frustrating the measures of each other.

The State governments may be regarded as constituent and essential parts of the federal government; whilst the latter is nowise essential to the operation or organization of the former. Without the intervention of the State legislatures, the President of the United States cannot be elected at all. They must in all cases have a great share in his appointment, and will, perhaps, in most cases, of themselves determine it. The senate will be elected absolutely and exclusively by the State legislatures. Even the house of representatives, though drawn immediately from the people, will be chosen very much under the influence of that class of men whose influence over the people obtains for themselves an election into the State legislatures. Thus, each of the principal branches of the federal government will owe its existence more or less to the favor of the State governments, and must consequently feel a dependence, which is much more likely to beget a disposition too obsequious than too overbearing toward them. On the other side, the component parts of the State governments will in no instance be indebted for their appointment to the direct agency of the federal government, and very little, if at all, to the local influence of its members.

The number of individuals employed under the constitution of the United States will be much smaller than the number employed under the particular States. There will consequently be less of personal influence on the side of the former than of the latter. The members of the legislative, executive, and judiciary departments of thirteen and more

States; the justices of peace, officers of militia, ministerial officers of justice, with all the county, corporation, and town officers, for three millions and more of people, intermixed, and having particular acquaintance with every class and circle of people, must exceed beyond all proportion, both in number and influence, those of every description who will be employed in the administration of the federal system. Compare the members of the three great departments of the thirteen States, excluding from the judiciary department the justices of the peace, with the members of the corresponding departments of the single government of the Union; compare the militia officers of three millions of people with the military and marine officers of any establishment which is within the compass of probability, or, I may add, of possibility; and, in this view alone, we may pronounce the advantage of the States to be decisive. If the federal government is to have collectors of revenue, the State governments will have theirs also. And as those of the former will be principally on the sea-coast, and not very numerous, whilst those of the latter will be spread over the face of the country, and will be very numerous, the advantage in this view also lies on the same side. It is true that the confederacy is to possess, and may exercise, the power of collecting internal as well as external taxes throughout the States: but it is probable that this power will not be resorted to, except for supplemental purposes of revenue; that an option will then be given to the States to supply their quotas by previous collections of their own; and that the eventual collection, under the immediate authority of the Union, will generally be made by the officers, and according to the rules, appointed by the several States. Indeed, it is extremely probable that in other instances, particularly in the organization of the judicial power, the officers of the States will be clothed with the correspondent authority of the union. Should it happen, however, that separate collectors of internal revenue should be appointed under the federal government, the influence of the whole number would not bear a comparison with that of the multitude of State officers in the opposite scale. Within every district, to which a federal collector would be allotted, there would not be less than thirty or forty, or even more officers, of different descriptions, and many of them persons of character and weight, whose influence would lie on the side of the State.

The powers delegated by the proposed constitution to the federal government are few and defined. Those which are to remain in the State governments are numerous and indefinite. The former will be exercised principally on external objects, as war, peace, negotiation, and foreign commerce; with which last the power of taxation will, for the most part, be connected. The powers reserved to the several States will extend to all the objects, which, in the ordinary course of affairs, concern the lives,

liberties, and properties of the people, and the internal order, improvement, and prosperity of the State.

The operations of the federal government will be most extensive and important in times of war and danger; those of the State governments in times of peace and security. As the former periods will probably bear a small proportion to the latter, the State governments will here enjoy another advantage over the federal government. The more adequate indeed the federal powers may be rendered to the national defence, the less frequent will be those scenes of danger which might favor their ascendancy over the governments of the particular States.

If the new constitution be examined with accuracy and candor, it will be found that the change which it proposes consists much less in the addition of new powers to the union, than in the invigoration of its original powers. The regulation of commerce, it is true, is a new power; but that seems to be an addition which few oppose, and from which no apprehensions are entertained. The powers relating to war and peace, armies and fleets, treaties and finance, with the other more considerable powers, are all vested in the existing congress by the articles of confederation. The proposed change does not enlarge these powers; it only substitutes a more effectual mode of administering them. The change relating to taxation may be regarded as the most important; and yet the present congress have as complete authority to require of the States indefinite supplies of money for the common defence and general welfare, as the future congress will have to require them of individual citizens; and the latter will be no more bound than the States themselves have been, to pay the quotas respectively taxed on them. Had the States complied punctually with the articles of confederation, or could their compliance have been enforced by as peaceable means as may be used with success toward single persons, our past experience is very far from countenancing an opinion, that the State governments would have lost their constitutional powers, and have gradually undergone an entire consolidation. To maintain that such an event would have ensued, would be to say at once that the existence of the State governments is incompatible with any system whatever that accomplishes the essential purposes of the union.

CONCERNING AFRICAN COLONIZATION.

[*From a Letter to R. R. Gurley.—Letters and other Writings of James Madison. Published by Order of Congress.* 1865.]

DEAR SIR: I received in due time your letter of the 21st ultimo, and with due sensibility to the subject of it. Such, however, has

been the effect of a painful rheumatism on my general condition, as well as in disqualifying my fingers for the use of the pen, that I could not do justice "to the principles and measures of the Colonization Society, in all the great and various relations they sustain to our own country and to Arfica." If my views of them could have the value which your partiality supposes, I may observe, in brief, that the Society had always my good wishes, though with hopes of its success less sanguine than were entertained by others found to have been the better judges; and that I feel the greatest pleasure at the progress already made by the Society, and the encouragement to encounter the remaining difficulties afforded by the earlier and greater ones already overcome. Many circumstances at the present moment seem to concur in brightening the prospects of the Society, and cherishing the hope that the time will come when the dreadful calamity which has so long afflicted our country, and filled so many with despair, will be gradually removed, and by means consistent with justice, peace, and the general satisfaction; thus giving to our country the full enjoyment of the blessings of liberty, and to the world the full benefit of its great example. I have never considered the main difficulty of the great work as lying in the deficiency of emancipations, but in an inadequacy of asylums for such a growing mass of population, and in the great expense of removing it to its new home. The spirit of private manumission, as the laws may permit and the exiles may consent, is increasing, and will increase, and there are sufficient indications that the public authorities in slave-holding States are looking forward to interpositions, in different forms, that must have a powerful effect.

MONTPELLIER, 28 *December*, 1831.

ON THE THEORY OF SECESSION.

[*Letter to Daniel Webster.—From the Same.*]

DEAR SIR: I return my thanks for the copy of your late very powerful speech in the Senate of the United States. It crushes "nullification," and must hasten the abandonment of "secession." But this dodges the blow, by confounding the claim to secede at will with the right of seceding from intolerable oppression. The former answers itself, being a violation, without cause, of a faith solemnly pledged. The latter is another name only for revolution, about which there is no theoretic controversy. Its double aspect, nevertheless, with the countenance received from certain quarters, is giving it a popular currency here which may influence the approaching elections, both for Congress and for the State Legislature. It has gained some advantage, also, by mixing itself with

the question whether the Constitution of the United States was formed by the people or by the States, now under a theoretic discussion by animated partisans.

It is fortunate when disputed theories can be decided by undisputed facts. And here the undisputed fact is, that the Constitution was made by the people, but as imbodied into the several States who were parties to it, and, therefore, made by the States in their highest authoritative capacity. They might, by the same authority and by the same process, have converted the Confederacy into a mere league or treaty; or continued it with enlarged or abridged powers; or have embodied the people of their respective States into one people, nation, or sovereignty; or, as they did by a mixed form, make them one people, nation, or sovereignty for certain purposes, and not so for others.

The Constitution of the United States being established by a competent authority, by that of the sovereign people of the several States who were the parties to it, it remains only to inquire what the Constitution is; and here it speaks for itself. It organizes a government into the usual legislative, executive, and judiciary departments; invests it with specified powers, leaving others to the parties to the Constitution; it makes the Government, like other governments, to operate directly on the people; places at its command the needful physical means of executing its powers; and, finally, proclaims its supremacy, and that of the laws made in pursuance of it, over the constitutions and laws of the States; the powers of the Government being exercised, as in other elective and responsible governments, under the control of its constituents, the people and legislatures of the States, and subject to the revolutionary rights of the people in extreme cases.

It might have been added, that while the Constitution, therefore, is admitted to be in force, its operation in every respect must be precisely the same, whether its authority be derived from that of the people in the one or the other of the modes in question, the authority being equally competent in both; and that without an annulment of the Constitution itself, its supremacy must be submitted to.

The only distinctive effect between the two modes of forming a constitution by the authority of the people, is, that if formed by them as embodied into separate communities, as in the case of the Constitution of the United States, a dissolution of the constitutional compact would replace them in the condition of separate communities, that being the condition in which they entered into the compact; whereas, if formed by the people as one community, acting as such by a numerical majority, a dissolution of the compact would reduce them to a state of nature, as so many individual persons. But while the constitutional compact remains undissolved, it must be executed according to the forms and provisions

specified in the compact. It must not be forgotten that compact, express or implied, is the vital principle of free governments as contradistinguished from governments not free; and that a revolt against this principle leaves no choice but between anarchy and despotism.

MONTPELLIER, 15 *March*, 1833.

ADVICE TO MY COUNTRY.

[*From the Same.*]

AS this advice, if it ever see the light, will not do so till I am no more, it may be considered as issuing from the tomb, where truth alone can be respected, and the happiness of man alone consulted. It will be entitled, therefore, to whatever weight can be derived from good intentions, and from the experience of one who has served his Country in various stations through a period of forty years; who espoused in his youth, and adhered through his life, to the cause of its liberty; and who has borne a part in most of the great transactions which will constitute epochs of its destiny.

The advice nearest to my heart and deepest in my convictions is, THAT THE UNION OF THE STATES BE CHERISHED AND PERPETUATED. LET THE OPEN ENEMY TO IT BE REGARDED AS A PANDORA WITH HER BOX OPENED, AND THE DISGUISED ONE AS THE SERPENT CREEPING WITH HIS DEADLY WILES INTO PARADISE.

St. George Tucker.

BORN in the Island of Bermuda, 1752. DIED in Nelson Co., Va., 1827.

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

[*Fugitive Stanzas.*]

DAYS of my youth,
Ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth,
Ye are furrowed all o'er,

Strength of my youth,
All your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,
I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth,
I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth,
Bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth,
You have led me astray;
Strength of my youth,
Why lament your decay?

Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age,
Yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fixed on your God.

Philip Freneau.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1752. Died near Freehold, N. J., 1832.

PROLOGUE TO A COMEDY.

[*With a Tribute to Washington, who was present.—The Poems of Philip Freneau.* 1786.]

WARS, bloody wars, and hostile Britain's rage
Have banished long the pleasures of the stage;
From the gay painted scene compelled to part
(Forgot the melting language of the heart),
Constrained to shun the bold theatric show,
To act long tragedies of real woe,

Heroes, once more attend the comic muse;
Forget our failings, and our faults excuse.
In that fine language is our fable drest
Which still unrivalled reigns o'er all the rest;
Of foreign courts the study and the pride,
Who to know this abandon all beside;
Bold, though polite, and ever sure to please,
Correct with grace, and elegant with ease,
Soft from the lips its easy accents roll,
Formed to delight and captivate the soul:
In this Eugenia tells her easy lay,
The brilliant work of courtly Beaumarchais:
In this Racine, Voltaire, and Boileau sung,
The noblest poets in the noblest tongue.
If the soft story in our play expressed
Can give a moment's pleasure to your breast,
To you, Great Sir! we must be proud to say
That moment's pleasure shall our pains repay.
Returned from conquest and from glorious toils,
From armies captured and unnumbered spoils;
Ere yet again, with generous France allied,
You rush to battle, humbling British pride;
While arts of peace your kind protection share,
O let the Muses claim an equal care.
You bade us first our future greatness see,
Inspired by you, we languished to be free;
Even here where Freedom lately sat distrest
See, a new Athens rising in the west!
Fair science blooms where tyrants reigned before,
Red war reluctant leaves our ravaged shore—
Illustrious hero, may you live to see
These new republics powerful, great, and free;
Peace, heaven-born peace, o'er spacious regions spread,
While discord, sinking, veils her ghastly head.

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.*, 1781.

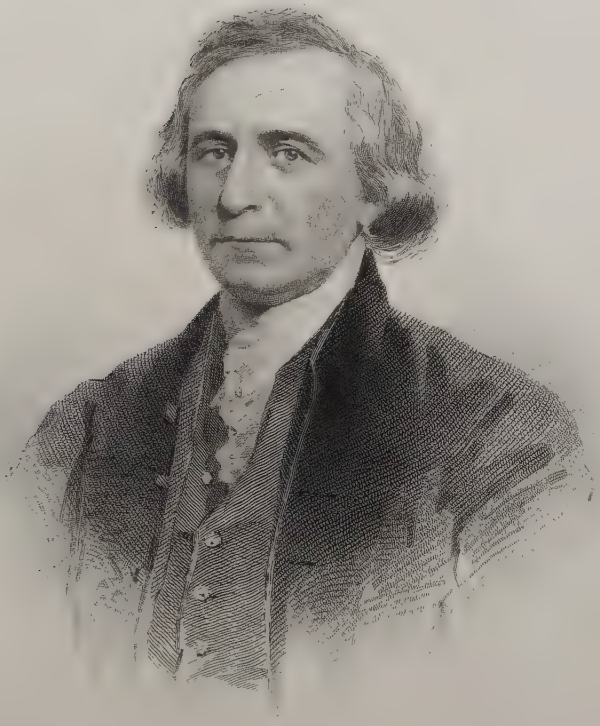
LORD DUNMORE'S PETITION TO THE LEGISLATURE OF VIRGINIA.

[*From the Same.*]

HUMBLY SHOWETH,

THAT a silly old fellow, much noted of yore,
And known by the name of John, earl of Dunmore,
Has again ventured over to visit your shore.

The reason of this he begs leave to explain—
In England they said you were conquered and slain,
(But the devil take him that believes them again)



Philip Freneau

So, hearing that most of you rebels were dead,
That some had submitted, and others had fled,
I mustered my tories, myself at their head,

And over we scudded, our hearts full of glee,
As merry as ever poor devils could be,
Our ancient dominion, Virginia, to see;

Our shoe-boys, and tars, and the very cook's mate
Already conceived he possessed an estate,
And the tories no longer were cursing their fate.

Myself, the Don Quixote, and each of the crew,
Like Sancho, had islands and empires in view—
They were captains and knights, and the devil knows who:

But now, to our sorrow, disgrace, and surprise,
No longer deceived by the Father of Lies,*
We hear with our ears, and we see with our eyes:—

I have therefore to make you a modest request
(And I'm sure in my mind it will be for the best),
Admit me again to your mansions of rest.

There are Eden, and Martin, and Franklin and Tryon,
All waiting to see you submit to the Lion,
And may wait till the devil is king of Mount Sion:—

Though a brute and a dunce, like the rest of the clan,
I can govern as well as most Englishmen can;
And if I'm a drunkard, I still am a man.

I missed it somehow in comparing my notes,
Or six years ago I had joined with your votes;
Not aided the negroes in cutting your throats.

Although with so many hard names I was branded,
I hope you'll believe (as you will if you're candid),
That I only performed what my master commanded.

Give me lands, ... and dice, and you still may be free;
Let who will be master, we sha'n't disagree;
If King or if Congress—no matter to me.

I hope you will send me an answer straightway,
For 'tis plain that at Charleston we cannot long stay—
And your humble petitioner ever shall pray.

DUNMORE.

CHARLESTON, 6 *Jan.*, 1782.

* The Printer of the Royal Gazette.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

[*The Poems of Philip Freneau.* 1786.—*Poems Written During the Revolutionary War, etc. 3d Ed.* 1809.]

EUTAW SPRINGS.

AT Eutaw Springs the valiant died:
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er;
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If in this wreck of ruin, they
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
O smite thy gentle breast, and say
The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
Sigh for the shepherds sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble groves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear:
'Tis not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear.

They saw their injured country's woe,
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear—but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering standards, Greene,
The Britons they compelled to fly:
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
None grieved in such a cause to die—

But, like the Parthian, famed of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw,
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band;
Though far from nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter Phœbus of their own.

ON BARNEY'S VICTORY OVER THE SHIP "GENERAL MONK."

O'ER the waste of waters cruising,
Long the General Monk had reigned;
All subduing, all reducing,
None her lawless rage restrained:
Many a brave and hearty fellow,
Yielding to this war-like foe,
When her guns began to bellow
Struck his humbled colors low.

But, grown bold with long successes,
Leaving the wide watery way,
She, a stranger to distresses,
Came to cruise within Cape May:
"Now we soon (said Captain Rogers)
Shall their men of commerce meet;
In our hold we'll have them lodgers,
We shall capture half their fleet.

"Lo! I see their van appearing—
Back our top-sails to the mast!
They toward us full are steering
With a gentle western blast:
I've a list of all their cargoes,
All their guns, and all their men:
I am sure these modern Argo's
Can't escape us one in ten:

"Yonder comes the Charming Sally
Sailing with the General Greene—
First we'll fight the Hyder Ally,
Taking her is taking them:
She intends to give us battle,
Bearing down with all her sail—
Now, boys, let our cannon rattle!
To take her we cannot fail.

"Our eighteen guns, each a nine-pounder,
Soon shall terrify this foe;
We shall maul her, we shall wound her,
Bringing rebel colors low."
While he thus anticipated
Conquests that he could not gain,
He in the Cape May channel waited
For the ship that caused his pain.

Captain Barney then preparing,
Thus addressed his gallant crew:
"Now, brave lads, be bold and daring,
Let your hearts be firm and true;

This is a proud English cruiser,
Roving up and down the main,
We must fight her—must reduce her,
Though our decks be strewed with slain.

"Let who will be the survivor,
We must conquer or must die,
We must take her up the river,
Whate'er comes of you or I:
Though she shows most formidable
With her eighteen pointed nines,
And her quarters clad in sable,
Let us bauk her proud designs.

"With four nine-pounders and twelve sixes,
We will face that daring band;
Let no dangers damp your courage,
Nothing can the brave withstand.
Fighting for your country's honor,
Now to gallant deeds aspire;
Helmsman, bear us down upon her,
Gunner, give the word to fire!"

Then yard-arm and yard-arm meeting,
Straight began the dismal fray,
Cannon mouths, each other greeting,
Belched their smoky flames away;
Soon the langrage, grape and chain-shot,
That from Barney's cannons flew,
Swept the Monk, and cleared each round-top,
Killed and wounded half her crew.

Captain Rogers strove to rally
His men from their quarters fled,
While the roaring Hyder Ally
Covered o'er his decks with dead.
When from their tops their dead men tumbled,
And the streams of blood did flow,
Then their proudest hopes were humbled
By their brave inferior foe.

All aghast, and all confounded,
They beheld their champions fall,
And their captain, sorely wounded,
Bade them quick for quarter call.
Then the Monk's proud flag descended,
And her cannon ceased to roar;
By her crew no more defended,
She confessed the contest o'er.

Come, brave boys, and fill your glasses,
You have humbled one proud foe,
No brave action this surpasses,
Fame shall tell the nations so.
Thus be Britain's woes completed,
Thus abridged her cruel reign,
Till she ever, thus defeated,
Yields the sceptre of the main.

1782.

ON A TRAVELLING SPECULATOR.

ON scent of game, from town to town he flew,
The soldier's curse pursued him on his way;
Care in his eye, and anguish on his brow,
He seemed a sea-hawk watching for his prey.

With soothing words the widow's mite he gained,
With piercing glance watched misery's dark abode,
Filched paper scraps while yet a scrap remained,
Bought where he must, and cheated where he could.

Vast loads amassed of scrip, and who knows what;
Potosi's wealth seemed lodged within his clutch,—
But wealth has wings (he knew) and instant bought
The prancing steed, gay harness, and gilt coach.

One Sunday morn, to church we saw him ride
In glittering state—alack! and who but he—
The following week, with Madam at his side,
To routs they drove—and drank Imperial tea!

In cards and fun the livelong day they spent,
With songs and smut prolonged the midnight feast,
If plays were had, to plays they constant went,
Where Madam's top-knot rose a foot at least.

Three weeks, and more, thus passed in airs of state,
The fourth beheld the mighty bubble fail,—
And he, who countless millions owned so late,
Stopped short—and closed his triumphs in a jail.

THE INDIAN BURYING-GROUND.

IN spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture that we give the dead
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands;—
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that wants no rest.

His bow for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shalt come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit,—
Observe the swelling turf, and say,
They do not *lie*, but here they *sit*.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted half by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played.

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah with her braided hair),
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews,
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer—a shade!

And long shall timorous Fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving foot shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died—nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power,
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

THE PARTING GLASS.

THE man that joins in life's career
And hopes to find some comfort here,
To rise above this earthly mass,—
The only way's to drink his glass.

But, still, on this uncertain stage,
Where hopes and fears the soul engage,
And while, amid the joyous band,
Unheeded flows the measured sand,
Forget not as the moments pass,
That time shall bring the parting glass!

In spite of all the mirth I've heard,
This is the glass I always feared,
The glass that would the rest destroy,
The farewell cup, the close of joy!

With you, whom reason taught to think,
I could, for ages, sit and drink:
But with the fool, the sot, the ass,
I haste to take the parting glass.

The luckless wight, that still delays
His draught of joys to future days,
Delays too long—for then, alas!
Old age steps up, and—breaks the glass!

The nymph, who boasts no borrowed charms,
Whose sprightly wit my fancy warms;
What though she tends this country inn,
And mixes wine, and deals out gin?
With such a kind, obliging lass,
I sigh to take the parting glass.

With him, who always talks of gain
(Dull Momus, of the plodding train),
The wretch, who thrives by others' woes,
And carries grief where'er he goes:—
With people of this knavish class
The first is still my parting glass.

With those that drink before they dine,
With him that apes the grunting swine,
Who fills his page with low abuse,
And strives to act the gabbling goose
Turned out by fate to feed on grass—
Boy, give me quick, the parting glass.

The man, whose friendship is sincere,
Who knows no guilt, and feels no fear;—
It would require a heart of brass
With him to take the parting glass.

With him who quaffs his pot of ale,
Who holds to all an even scale;
Who hates a knave, in each disguise,
And fears him not—whate'er his size—
With him, well pleased my days to pass,
May heaven forbid the Parting Glass!

ON THE RUINS OF A COUNTRY INN.

WHERE now these mingled ruins lie
A temple once to Bacchus rose,
Beneath whose roof, aspiring high,
Full many a guest forgot his woes.

No more this dome, by tempests torn,
Affords a social safe retreat;
But ravens here, with eye forlorn,
And clustering bats henceforth will meet.

The Priestess of this ruined shrine,
Unable to survive the stroke,
Presents no more the ruddy wine,
Her glasses gone, her china broke.

The friendly Host, whose social hand
Accosted strangers at the door,
Has left at length his wonted stand,
And greets the weary guest no more.

Old creeping Time, that brings decay,
Might yet have spared these mouldering walls,
Alike beneath whose potent sway
A temple or a tavern falls.

Is this the place where mirth and joy,
Coy nymphs, and sprightly lads were found?
Indeed! no more the nymphs are coy,
No more the flowing bowls go round.

Is this the place where festive song
Deceived the wintry hours away?
No more the swains the tune prolong,
No more the maidens join the lay:

Is this the place where Nancy slept
In downy beds of blue and green?—
Dame Nature here no vigils kept,
No cold unfeeling guards were seen.

'Tis gone!—and Nancy tempts no more;
Deep, unrelenting silence reigns;
Of all that pleased, that charmed before,
The tottering chimney scarce remains.

Ye tyrant winds, whose ruffian blast
Through doors and windows blew too strong,
And all the roof to ruin cast,—
The roof that sheltered us so long,—

Your wrath appeased, I pray be kind
If Mopsus should the dome renew,
That we again may quaff his wine,
Again collect our jovial crew.

TO A HONEY BEE.

THOU, born to sip the lake or spring,
Or quaff the waters of the stream,
Why hither come on vagrant wing?
Does Bacchus tempting seem,—
Did he for you this glass prepare?
Will I admit you to a share?

Did storms harass or foes perplex,
Did wasps or king-birds bring dismay—
Did wars distress, or labors vex,
Or did you miss your way?
A better seat you could not take
Than on the margin of this lake.

Welcome!—I hail you to my glass:
All welcome, here, you find;
Here, let the cloud of trouble pass,
Here, be all care resigned.
This fluid never fails to please,
And drown the griefs of men or bees.

What forced you here we cannot know,
And you will scarcely tell,
But cheery we would have you go
And bid a glad farewell:
On lighter wings we bid you fly,
Your dart will now all foes defy.

Yet take not, oh! too deep a drink,
And in this ocean die;
Here bigger bees than you might sink,
Even bees full six feet high.
Like Pharaoh, then, you would be said
To perish in a sea of red.

Do as you please, your will is mine;
Enjoy it without fear;
And your grave will be this glass of wine,
Your epitaph—a tear—
Go, take your seat in Charon's boat;
We'll tell the hive, you died afloat.

DEATH'S EPITAPH.

DEATH in this tomb his weary bones hath laid,
Sick of dominion o'er the human kind—
Behold what devastations he hath made,
Survey the millions by his arm confined.

Six thousand years has sovereign sway been mine,
None, but myself, can real glory claim;
Great Regent of the world I reigned alone,
And princes trembled when my mandate came.

Vast and unmatched throughout the world my fame
Takes place of gods, and asks no mortal date—
No: by myself, and by the heavens, I swear,
Not Alexander's name is half so great.

Nor swords nor darts my prowess could withstand,
All quit their arms, and bowed to my decree,
Even mighty Julius died beneath my hand,
For slaves and Cæsars were the same to me!

Traveller, would'st thou his noblest trophies seek,
Search in no narrow spot obscure for those;
The sea profound, the surface of all land,
Is moulded with the myriads of his foes.

Alexander Graydon.

BORN in Bristol, Penn., 1752. DIED in Philadelphia, Penn., 1818

WILD BRITISH OFFICERS IN AMERICA.

[*Memoirs of a Life Chiefly Passed in Pennsylvania.* 1811.]

BUT it was not alone by hostile alarms, that the good people of Philadelphia were annoyed. Their tranquillity had been likewise disturbed by the uncitizenlike conduct of a pair of British officers, who, for want of something better to do, had plunged themselves into an excess of intemperance; and in the plenitude of wine and hilarity, paraded the streets at all hours,

A la clarté de cieux dans l'ombre de la nuit,

to the no small terror of the sober and the timid. The firm of this duumvirate was Ogle and Friend, names always coupled together, like those of Castor and Pollux, or of Pylades and Orestes. But the cement which

connected them was scarcely so pure as that which had united those heroes of antiquity. It could hardly be called friendship, but was rather a confederacy in debauchery and riot, exemplified in a never-ending round of frolic and fun. It was related of Ogle, that upon hiring a servant he had stipulated with him that he should never get drunk but when his master was sober. But the fellow some time after requested his discharge, giving for his reason, that he had in truth no dislike to a social glass himself, but it had so happened, that the terms of the agreement had absolutely cut him off from any chance of ever indulging his propensity.

Many are the pranks I have heard ascribed, either conjointly or separately, to this *par nobile fratrum*. That of Ogle's first appearance in Philadelphia has been thus related to me by Mr. Will Richards, the apothecary, who, it is well known, was, from his size and manner, as fine a figure for Falstaff as the imagination can conceive. "One afternoon," said he, "an officer in full regimentals, booted and spurred, with a whip in his hand, spattered with mud from top to toe, and reeling under the effects of an overdose of liquor, made his entrance into the coffee-house, in a box of which I was sitting perusing a newspaper. He was probably under the impression that every man he was to meet would be a Quaker, and that a Quaker was no other than a licensed Simon Pure for his amusement: for no sooner had he entered, than throwing his arms about the neck of Mr. Joshua Fisher, with the exclamation of—'Ah, my dear Broadbrim, give me a kiss,' he began to slaver him most lovingly. As Joshua was a good deal embarrassed by the salutation, and wholly unable to parry the assault or shake off the fond intruder, I interfered in his behalf and effected a separation, when Ogle, turning to me, cried out, 'Ha! my jolly fellow, give me a smack of your fat chops,' and immediately fell to hugging and kissing me, as he had done Fisher. But instead of the coyness he had shown, I hugged and kissed in my turn as hard as I was able, until my weight at length brought Ogle to the floor and myself on top of him. Nevertheless, I kept kissing away, until nearly mashed and suffocated, he exclaimed, 'for heaven's sake let me up, let me up, or you will smother me!' Having sufficiently tormented him and avenged Joshua Fisher, I permitted him to rise, when he seemed a good deal sobered, and finding that I was neither a Quaker nor wholly ignorant of the world, he evinced some respect for me, took a seat with me in a box, and, entering into conversation, soon discovered that, however he might be disguised by intoxication, he well knew what belonged to the character of a gentleman." "This," said Richards, "was the commencement of an acquaintance between us; and Captain Ogle sometimes called to see me, upon which occasions he always behaved with the utmost propriety and decorum."

This same coffee-house, the only one indeed in the city, was also the scene of another affray by Ogle and Friend in conjunction. I know not what particular acts of mischief they had been guilty of, but they were very drunk, and their conduct so extremely disquieting and insulting to the peaceable citizens there assembled, that being no longer able to endure it, it was judged expedient to commit them; and Mr. Chew, happening to be there, undertook, in virtue probably of his office of recorder, to write their commitment. But Ogle, facetiously jogging his elbow, and interrupting him with a repetition of the pitiful interjection of "Ah now, Mr. Chew!" he was driven from his gravity, and obliged to throw away the pen. It was then taken up by Alderman M——n with a determination to go through with the business, when the culprits reeling round him, and Ogle, in particular, hanging over his shoulder and reading after him as he wrote, at length with irresistible effect hit upon an unfortunate oversight of the alderman. "Ay," says he, "my father was a justice of peace too, but he did not spell that word as you do. I remember perfectly well, that instead of an *s* he always used to spell *circumstance* with a *c*." This sarcastic thrust at the scribe entirely turned the tide in favor of the rioters; and the company being disarmed of their resentment, the alderman had no disposition to provoke further criticism by going on with the *mittimus*.

The irregularities of these gay rakes were not more eccentric than diversified; and the more extravagant they could render them, the better. At one time they would drive full tilt through the streets in a chair; and upon one of these occasions, on approaching a boom which had been thrown across the street, in a part that was undergoing the operation of paving, they lashed forward their steed, and sousing against the spar with great violence, they were consequently hurled from their seats, like Don Quixote in his temerarious assault of the windmills. At another time, at Doctor Orme's, the apothecary, where Ogle lodged, they, in emulation of the same mad hero at the puppet show, laid about them with their canes upon the defenceless bottles and phials, at the same time assaulting a diminutive Maryland parson, whom, in their frolic, they kicked from the street door to the kitchen. He was a fellow lodger of Ogle's; and, to make him some amends for the roughness of this usage, they shortly after took him drunk to the dancing assembly, where, through the instrumentality of this unworthy son of the Church, they contrived to excite a notable hubbub. Though they had escaped, as already mentioned, at the coffee-house, yet their repeated malfeasances had brought them within the notice of the civil authority; and they had more than once been in the clutches of the mayor of the city. This was Mr. S——, a small man of a squat, bandy-legged figure; and hence, by way of being revenged on him, they bribed a negro with a precisely similar pair of legs,

to carry him a billet, which imported, that as the bearer had in vain searched the town for a pair of hose that might fit him, he now applied to his honor to be informed where he purchased *his* stockings.

I have been told that General Lee, when a captain in the British service, had got involved in this vortex of dissipation; and, although afterward so strenuous an advocate for the civil rights of the Americans, had been made to smart severely for their violation, by the mayor's court of Philadelphia.

The common observation, that when men become soldiers they lose the character and feelings of citizens, was amply illustrated by the general conduct of the British officers in America. Their studied contempt of the *mohairs*, by which term all those who were not in uniform were distinguished, was manifest on all occasions: and it is by no means improbable that the disgust then excited, might have more easily ripened into that harvest of discontent which subsequent injuries called forth, and which terminated in a subduction of allegiance from the parent land.

HOW PHILADELPHIA DEALT WITH LOYALISTS.

[*From the Same.*]

AMONG the disaffected in Philadelphia, Doctor Kearsley was pre-eminently ardent and rash. An extremely zealous loyalist, and impetuous in his temper, he had given much umbrage to the Whigs; and, if I am not mistaken, he had been detected in some hostile machinations. Hence he was deemed a proper subject for the fashionable punishment of tarring, feathering and carting. He was seized at his own door by a party of the militia, and in the attempt to resist them received a wound in his hand from a bayonet. Being overpowered, he was placed in a cart provided for the purpose, and amidst a multitude of boys and idlers paraded through the streets to the tune of the rogue's march. I happened to be at the coffee-house when the concourse arrived there. They made a halt, while the doctor, foaming with rage and indignation, without his hat, his wig dishevelled and bloody from his wounded hand, stood up in the cart and called for a bowl of punch. It was quickly handed to him; when, so vehement was his thirst, that he drained it of its contents before he took it from his lips. What were the feelings of others on this lawless proceeding, I know not, but mine, I must confess, revolted at the spectacle. I was shocked at seeing a lately respected citizen so cruelly vilified, and was imprudent enough to say that, had I been a magistrate, I would at every hazard have interposed my authority

in suppression of the outrage. But this was not the only instance which convinced me that I wanted nerves for a revolutionist. It must be admitted, however, that the conduct of the populace was marked by a lenity which peculiarly distinguished the cradle of our republicanism. Tar and feathers had been dispensed with, and, excepting the injury he had received in his hand, no sort of violence was offered by the mob to their victim. But to a man of high spirit, as the doctor was, the indignity in its lightest form was sufficient to madden him: it probably had this effect, since his conduct became so extremely outrageous, that it was thought necessary to confine him. From the city he was soon after removed to Carlisle, where he died during the war.

A few days after the carting of Mr. Kearsley, Mr. Isaac Hunt, the attorney, was treated in the same manner, but he managed the matter much better than his precursor. Instead of braving his conductors like the doctor, Mr. Hunt was a pattern of meekness and humility; and at every halt that was made he rose and expressed his acknowledgments to the crowd for their forbearance and civility. After a parade of an hour or two, he was set down at his own door, as uninjured in body as in mind. He soon after removed to one of the islands, if I mistake not, to Barbadoes, where it was understood he took orders.

Not long after these occurrences, Major Skene of the British army ventured to show himself in Philadelphia. Whatever might have been his inducement to the measure, it was deemed expedient by the newly constituted authorities to have him arrested and secured. A guard was accordingly placed over him at his lodgings, at the city tavern. The officer to whose charge he was especially committed, was Mr. Francis Wade, the brewer, an Irishman of distinguished zeal in the cause, and one who was supposed to possess talents peculiarly befitting him for the task of curbing the spirit of an haughty Briton, which Skene undoubtedly was. I well recollect the day that the guard was paraded to escort him out of the city on his way to some other station. An immense crowd of spectators stood before the door of his quarters, and lined the street through which he was to pass. The weather being warm, the window-sashes of his apartment were raised, and Skene, with his bottle of wine upon the table, having just finished his dinner, roared out in the voice of a Stentor, "God save great George our king." Had the spirit of seventy-five in any degree resembled the spirit of Jacobinism to which it has been unjustly compared, this bravado would unquestionably have brought the major to the lamp-post, and set his head upon a pike; but as, fortunately for him, it did not, he was suffered to proceed with his song, and the auditory seemed more generally amused than offended.

SOME REMARKABLE CAVALIERS.

[*From the Same.*]

AMONG the military phenomena of this campaign, the Connecticut light horse ought not to be forgotten. These consisted of a considerable number of old-fashioned men, probably farmers and heads of families, as they were generally middle-aged, and many of them apparently beyond the meridian of life. They were truly irregulars; and whether their clothing, their equipments or caparisons were regarded, it would have been difficult to have discovered any circumstance of uniformity; though in the features derived from "local habitation," they were one and the same. Instead of carbines and sabres, they generally carried fowling-pieces; some of them very long, and such as in Pennsylvania are used for shooting ducks. Here and there one, "his youthful garments well saved," appeared in a dingy regimental of scarlet, with a triangular, tarnished laced hat. In short, so little were they like modern soldiers in air or costume, that, dropping the necessary number of years, they might have been supposed the identical men who had in part composed Pepperell's army at the taking of Louisbourg. Their order of march corresponded with their other irregularities. It "spindled into longitude immense," presenting so extended and ill-compacted a flank, as though they had disdained the adventitious prowess derived from con centration. These singular dragoons were volunteers, who came to make a tender of their services to the commander-in-chief.

But they stayed not long at New York. As such a body of cavalry had not been counted upon, there was in all probability a want of forage for their jades, which, in the spirit of ancient knighthood, they absolutely refused to descend from; and as the general had no use for cavaliers in his insular operations, they were forthwith dismissed with suitable acknowledgments for their truly chivalrous ardor. It appears from a letter of General Washington, that they refused fatigue duty, because it was beneath the dignity of troopers. An unlucky trooper of this school had, by some means or other, found his way to Long Island, and was taken by the enemy in the battle of the 27th of August. The British officers made themselves very merry at his expense, and obliged him to amble about for their entertainment. On being asked what had been his duty in the rebel army, he answered, that it was "to flank a little and carry tidings." Such at least was the story at New York among the prisoners.

Timothy Dwight.

Born in Northampton, Mass., 1752. Died at New Haven, Conn., 1817.

THE PERILOUS ESCAPE OF WADSWORTH AND BURTON.

[*Travels in New England and New York.* 1821.]

ABOUT the middle of April Major Benjamin Burton, an agreeable, brave, and worthy man, who had served under General Wadsworth the preceding summer, was taken on his passage from Boston to St. George's river, the place of his residence; brought to the fort at Bagaduce; and lodged in the same room with General Wadsworth. Burton confirmed the report of the servants. He had learned from a source which he justly regarded as authentic that both himself and the General were to be sent, immediately after the return of a privateer now out upon a cruise, either to New York or to Halifax, and thence to England. There they were to remain prisoners until the close of the war; and were to be treated afterward as circumstances should direct. This intelligence, thus confirmed, explained at once the monitory caution of Miss Fenno; and perfectly exhibited to General Wadsworth the importance of "taking care of himself."

The gentlemen were not long in determining, that they would not cross the Atlantic as prisoners. They resolved that they would effect their escape, or perish in the attempt. When an enterprise bordering on desperation is resolutely undertaken the means of accomplishing it are rarely wanted.

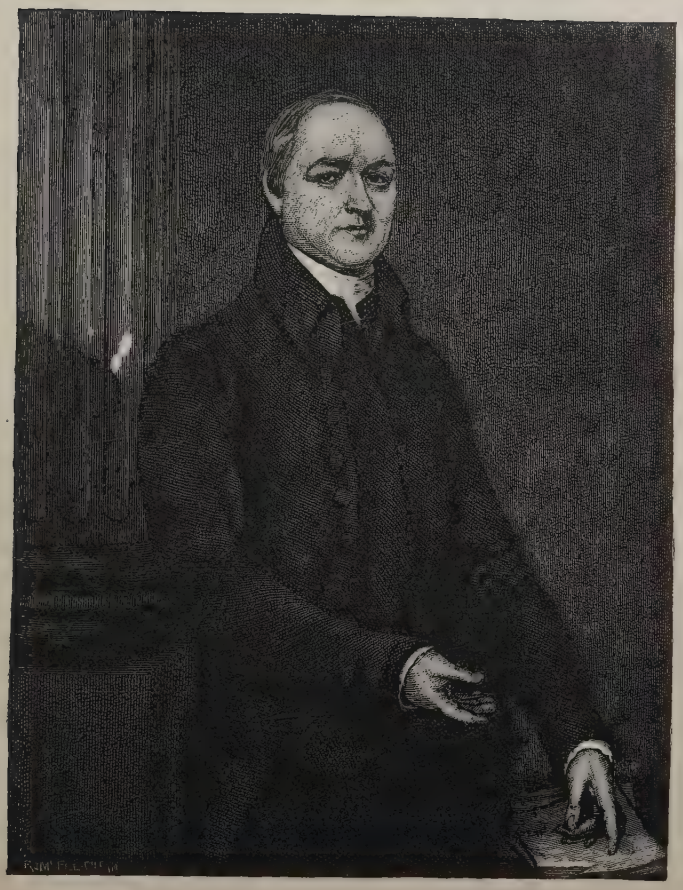
It must, however, be admitted that scarcely any circumstances could promise less than theirs. They were confined in a grated room, in the officers' barracks, within the fort. The walls of this fortress exclusively of the depth of the ditch surrounding it were twenty feet high; with fraising on the top and chevaux-de-frise at the bottom. Two sentinels were always in the entry; and their door, the upper part of which was a window-sash, might be opened by these watchmen whenever they thought proper—and was actually opened at seasons of peculiar darkness and silence. At the exterior doors of the entries sentinels were also stationed; as were others in the body of the fort and at the quarters of Gen. Campbell. At the guard-house a strong guard was daily mounted. Several sentinels were daily stationed on the walls of the fort, and a complete line occupied them by night. Without the ditch, glacis, and abatis another complete set of solders patrolled through the night also. The gate of the fort was shut at sunset, and a piquet guard was placed on, or near, the isthmus leading from the fort to the main-land.

Bagaduce, on the middle of which the fort stands, is a peninsula about a mile and a half in length and a mile in breadth, washed by Penobscot Bay on the south, Bagaduce river on the east, on the north-west by a broad cove, and throughout the remainder of the circle by the bay and river of Penobscot. A sandy beach, however, connects it with the main-land on the western side. From these facts the difficulties of making an escape may be imperfectly imagined. Indeed, nothing but the melancholy prospect of a deplorable captivity in the hands of an enemy, exasperated by a long and tedious war carried on against those who were deemed rebels, could have induced the prisoners to take this resolution.

Not long after a cartel arrived from Boston bringing letters from the Governor and Council to General Wadsworth, with a proposal for his exchange and a sum of money, etc., for his use. These were carefully delivered to him; but the exchange being, as General Campbell said, not authorized, he refused to liberate the prisoners. This determination they had expected.

Several plans were proposed by the gentlemen for their escape, and successively rejected. At length they resolved on the following. The room in which they were confined was ceiled with boards. One of these they determined to cut off, so as to make a hole sufficiently large for a man to go through. After having passed through this hole they proposed to creep along one of the joists, under which these boards were nailed, and thus to pass over the officers' rooms bordering on it until they should come to the next or middle entry; and then to lower themselves down into this entry by a blanket which they proposed to carry with them. If they should be discovered they proposed to act the character of officers, belonging to the garrison, intoxicated. These being objects to which the sentinels were familiarized, they hoped in this disguise to escape detection. If they should not be discovered, the passage to the walls of the fort was easy. Thence they intended to leap into the ditch; and, if they escaped without serious injury from the fall, to make the best of their way to the cove; on the surface of whose water they meant to leave their hats floating (if they should be closely pursued) to attract the fire of the enemy, while they were softly and silently making their escape.

Such was their original plan. Accordingly, after the prisoners had been seen by the sentinel, looking through the glass of the door, to have gone to bed, Gen. W. got up, the room being dark; and, standing in a chair, attempted to cut with his knife the intended opening; but he found the attempt useless and hazardous. It was useless, because the labor was too great to be accomplished with the necessary expedition. It was hazardous, because the noise made by the strokes of the knife could



Jefferson Davis

not fail, amid the profound silence, of being heard by the sentinel; and because the next morning must bring on an unpleasant detection. This part of the design was, therefore, given up.

The next day a soldier, who was their barber, was requested to procure a large gimlet and bring it with him when he came the next time to dress General Wadsworth. This he promised and performed without a suspicion that it was intended for anything more than amusement. He received a dollar for this piece of civility; and was sufficiently careful not to disclose a secret which might create trouble for himself.

The prisoners waited with anxiety for the arrival of the succeeding night. To their surprise, the noise made by the gimlet was such as to alarm their apprehensions and induce them again to desist. They were, however, not discouraged; but determined to make the experiment again during the day when they hoped the noise would either not be heard at all or would attract no notice. The eyes of the sentinels were now to be eluded; for the operation must in this case be performed at times when they might very naturally be employed in inspecting the room. It was necessary, also, to escape the observation of their servants, who often came in without any warning; and that of the officers, who were accustomed to visit them at almost all times of the day. But on these difficulties their persevering minds dwelt only for the purpose of overcoming them. The two sentinels who guarded the prisoners commonly walked through the entry, one after the other, from the front of the building to the rear. This distance was exactly the breadth of two rooms. After they had begun their walk the prisoners watched them with attention, until they acquired a complete comprehension of the length of the intervals between the moments at which the sentinels successively passed their door. The prisoners then began to walk within their room at the same pace with that of their watchmen, the sound of their feet being mutually heard; and all passing by the glass door the same way at the same time. The prisoners in this manner took two turns across the room while a sentinel took one through the entry. This difference of time gave them all the opportunities which they enjoyed for using their gimlet.

General Wadsworth, being of the middle stature, could, while standing on the floor, only reach the ceiling with the ends of his fingers. But Major Burton was very tall, and could reach it conveniently; so as to use the gimlet without the aid of a chair. This was a very fortunate circumstance as it saved appearances, and not improbably prevented the discovery to which they were exposed from so many sources. Accordingly, whilst the garrison was under arms on the parade and their servants were purposely sent away on errands, the gentlemen began their walk and passed by the glass door with the sentinels. General Wads-

worth then walked on; but Major Burton, stopping short in the proper spot, perforated the ceiling with his gimlet in sufficient season to join General Wadsworth on his return. Again they passed the door and returned, as if by mere accident—when the ceiling was in the same manner perforated again. This process was repeated until a sufficient number of holes were bored. The interstices in the mean time were cut through with a penknife; the wounds in the ceiling, which were small, being carefully covered with a paste of chewed bread almost of the same color with that of the board. The dust made by the gimlet was also carefully swept from the floor. In this manner they completely avoided suspicion either from the sentinels, the servants, or the gentlemen by whom they were visited. In the course of three weeks a board was entirely cut asunder except a small part at each corner which was left for the purpose of holding the severed piece in its proper place, lest some accident should open the passage prematurely.

During all this time the prisoners had watched everything which related to the return of the privateer in which they were to be embarked. They had, also, made every unsuspicious inquiry in their power while occasionally conversing with their visitors and with the servants, concerning the situation of the exterior part of the fort, the ditch, the position of the chevaux-de-frise, the fraising, the posting of the outer sentinels, and piquet guard. The scraps of information which were obtained in this cautious manner General Wadsworth, who was tolerably well acquainted with the place, was able to put together in such a manner as to form a complete view of the whole ground; to fix with precision the place where they should attempt to cross the wall; where, if separated by accident, they should meet again; and to determine on several other objects of the same general nature. Major Burton, whose first acquaintance with Bagaduce commenced when he was landed as a prisoner, was less able to form correct views concerning these subjects; and labored, therefore, under disadvantages which might prove serious.

The privateer was now daily expected. It is hardly necessary to observe that the prisoners regarded the moment of her approach with extreme anxiety. They wished for a dark and boisterous night to conceal their attempt and to escape from the observation of their guard; but determined that if such an opportunity should not be furnished before the return of the privateer, to seize the best time which should occur. A part of the meat supplied for their daily meals, they laid up and dried, and preserved the crust of their bread to sustain them on their projected excursion. They also made each a large skewer of strong wood, with which they intended to fasten the corner of a large bed-blanket to one of the stakes in the fraising on the top of the wall, in order to let themselves down more easily into the ditch.

When their preparations were finished a whole week elapsed without a single favorable night. Their anxiety became intense. The weather became warm; and the butter, which had been accidentally attached to some of the bread employed as paste to cover the holes in the ceiling, spread along the neighboring parts of the board and discolored them to a considerable extent. This fact alarmed them not a little; particularly when their visitors were now and then gazing around the room in which they were confined. Nor were their apprehensions at all lessened by several incidental expressions of some British officers, which to the jealous minds of the prisoners seemed to indicate that their design was discovered.

On the afternoon of June 18 the sky was overcast. At the close of evening thick clouds from the south brought on an unusual darkness. The lightning began to blaze with intense splendor and speedily became almost incessant. About eleven o'clock, the flashes ceased. The prisoners sat up till this time, apparently playing at cards, but really waiting for the return of absolute darkness. Suddenly rain began to descend in torrents. The darkness was profound. The propitious moment for which they had so long waited with extreme solicitude had, as they believed, finally come, and more advantageously than could have been reasonably expected. They, therefore, went immediately to bed while the sentinel was looking through the glass door; and extinguished their candles.

They then immediately rose and dressed themselves. General Wadsworth, standing in a chair, attempted to cut the corner of the board which had been left to prevent the severed piece from falling; but found that he made a slow progress. Major Burton then took the knife; and within somewhat less than an hour completed the intended opening. The noise attending this operation was considerable; but was drowned by the rain upon the roof. Burton ascended first; and, being a large man, forced his way through the hole with difficulty. By agreement he was to proceed along the joists till he reached the middle entry, where he was to wait for his companion. The fowls which roosted above these rooms gave notice of his passage by their cackling; but it was unheeded, and perhaps unheard, by the sentinels. As soon as this noise ceased General Wadsworth put his blanket through the hole, fastened it with a skewer, and attempted with this aid to make his way through the passage, standing in a chair below. But he found his arm weaker and of less service than he had expected. He did not accomplish his design without extreme difficulty. But the urgency of the case reanimated his mind, invigorated his limbs, and enabled him, at length, to overcome every obstacle. The auspicious rain in the mean time, roaring incessantly on the roof of the building, entirely concealed the noise which he made

during this part of his enterprise, and which in a common season must certainly have betrayed him.

When the General had reached the middle entry he could not find his companion. After searching for him several minutes in vain, he perceived the air blowing in through the door of the entry; and concluded that Major Burton had already gone out and left the door open. He, therefore, gave over the search; and proceeded to take care of himself. After passing through the door he felt his way along the eastern side, the northern end, and a part of the western side of the building, walking directly under the sheet of water which poured from the roof, that he might avoid impinging against any person accidentally in his way—a misfortune to which he was entirely exposed by the extreme darkness of the night.

After he had reached the western side of the building he made his way toward the neighboring wall of the fort and attempted to climb the bank; but, the ascent being steep and the sand giving way, he found it impossible to reach the top. He then felt out an oblique path, and ascended to the top, as from his window he had observed the soldiers do when they went out to man the wall. After he had gained the top he proceeded to the spot on the north bastion where Burton and himself had agreed to cross the wall if no accident should intervene. When he had arrived at this place and was endeavoring to discover the sentry-boxes that he might creep between them across the top of the wall, the guard-house door on the opposite side of the fort was thrown open, and the sergeant of the guard called "Relief! Turn out!" Instantly there was a scrambling on the gorge of the bastion opposite to that where he now was. This scrambling he knew must be made by Burton. The rain, in the mean time, kept the sentinels within their boxes, and made such a noise on them that they could not hear that which was made by the prisoners. In this critical moment no time was to be lost. The relief guard was approaching. General Wadsworth made all haste, therefore, to get himself with his heavy blanket across the parapet upon the fraising which was on the exterior margin of the wall—a measure indispensable to prevent the relief from treading on him as they came round on the top of the wall; and he barely effected it during the time in which the relief was shifting the sentinels. At the same time he fastened with the skewer the corner of his blanket round a picket of the fraising, so that it might hang at the greatest length beneath him. After the relief had passed on the General with great difficulty, arising particularly from the lameness of his arm, slid with his feet foremost off the ends of the pickets of the fraising, clinging with his arms and hands to the ends; thus bringing himself underneath the pickets, so as to get hold of the blanket hanging below. Then he let himself down by the blanket until

he reached the corner nearest to the ground. From this he dropped without injury on the berme and within the chevaux-de-frise which lay on the berme. Leaving his blanket suspended from the fraising, he crept into the chevaux-de-frise nearest to the spot where he had descended, and moved softly along to the next angle. Here he remained without noise or motion until the relief, having gone round the walls and out of the gate to relieve the sentinels without the abatis, should have passed by. As soon as he had heard them pass, and before the sentinels had become accustomed to noises around them, he crept softly down into the ditch, went out at the watercourse between the sentry-boxes, and descended the declivity of the hill on which the fort stood into the open field. Finding himself fairly without the fort, and without the line of sentries, and perceiving no evidence that he had been discovered, he could scarcely persuade himself that the whole adventure was not a dream from which he might soon awake and find himself still in prison.

Both the rain and the darkness continued. He groped his way, therefore, among rocks, stumps, and brush, very leisurely to an old guard-house on the shore of the back cove. This building had been agreed upon between the prisoners as their place of rendezvous if any accident should separate them. After searching and waiting for his companion half an hour in vain, he proceeded onward to the cove. The time was happily that of low water. Here he drew off his shoes and stockings, took his hat from the skirt of his coat to which hitherto it had been pinned, girded up his clothes, and began to cross the water which was about a mile in breadth. Fortunately he found it nowhere more than three feet in depth. Having safely arrived at the opposite shore, and put on his stockings and shoes, he found the rain beginning to abate and the sky becoming less dark. Still he saw nothing of his companion.

It was now about two o'clock in the morning. General Wadsworth had left the fort a mile and a half behind him, and had perceived no noise which indicated that the enemy had discovered his escape. His own proper course now lay, for about a mile, up a very gently sloping acclivity, on the summit of which was a road formerly cut under his direction for the purpose of moving heavy cannon. The whole ascent was overspread with trees blown down by the wind; and to gain the summit cost him the labor of at least an hour. At length he reached the road; but after keeping it about half a mile, determined to betake himself to the woods and make his way through them to the river. Here the day dawned, and the rain abated. Here, also, he heard the reveille beat at the fort. He reached the eastern shore of the Penobscot, just below the lower Narrows, at sunrise, and found a small canoe at the very spot where he first came to the river. But he was afraid to cross it in this

place lest the inhabitants on the opposite shore, through fear of the enemy or hostility to him, should carry him back to the fort; or lest their kindness, if they should be disposed to befriend him, should prove their ruin. He, therefore, made the best of his way up the river at the foot of the bank; and kept as near as he could to the water's edge that the flood tide, which was now running, might cover his steps and prevent his course from being pursued by blood-hounds kept at the fort. In this manner, also, he escaped the notice of the inhabitants living on the eastern bank of the river.

About seven o'clock in the morning the sun began to shine and the sky became clear. At this time he had reached a place just below the upper Narrows, seven miles from the fort. Here it was necessary for him to cross the river. At a small distance he perceived a salmon net stretched from a point thickly covered with bushes, and a canoe lying on the shore. He therefore determined, after having cut a stout club, to lie by in the thicket in order to rest himself, dry his clothes, and discover the persons who should come to take fish from the net, that he might decide on the safety or danger of making himself known. In this situation he had spent near an hour, and made considerable progress in drying his clothes (not, however, without frequently looking down the river to see whether his enemies were pursuing him) when, to his unspeakable joy, he saw his friend Burton advancing toward him in the track which he had himself taken. The meeting was mutually rapturous—and the more so as each believed the other to have been lost.

Major Burton, after having passed through the hole in the ceiling, made his way directly into the second entry without interruption. As he had been able to escape from the ceiling only by the assistance of General Wadsworth, he concluded early that his friend would be unable to make his way through the same passage and rationally determining it to be better that one should regain his liberty than that both should be confined in a British jail, made no stop to learn what had become of his companion. Passing out of the eastern door (the same which General Wadsworth had selected) he entered the area of the fort, taking most watchful care to avoid the sentry-boxes. The night was so intensely dark that this was a matter of no small difficulty. Fortunately, however, he avoided them all; and steered his course, providentially, to the north-eastern curtain. At the moment of his arrival the door of the guard-house was thrown open and the relief ordered to turn out. Burton heard the orders indistinctly; and supposed that himself or General Wadsworth (if he had been able to make his way out of the barrack) was discovered. He leaped, therefore, from the wall, and fell into the arms of a chevaux-de-frise, containing only four sets of pickets. Had there been six, as is sometimes the case, he must have fallen upon the points of

some of them and been killed outright. Perceiving that he was not injured by the fall, he flung himself into the ditch, and passing through the abatis escaped into the open ground. As he had no doubt that either himself or General Wadsworth was discovered, and knew that in either case he should be closely pursued, he used the utmost expedition.

It had been agreed by the prisoners that if they should get out of the fort, and in this enterprise should be separated from each other, they should direct their course by the wind. Unfortunately the gale which in the afternoon and early part of the evening had blown from the south shifted, without being observed by Burton, to the east. Of the region round about him, except so far as General Wadsworth had described it to him, he was absolutely ignorant. In these unfortunate circumstances, instead of taking the direction which he had intended, he pointed his course toward a piquet guard kept near the isthmus; and came almost upon a sentinel before he discovered his danger. Happily, however, he perceived a man at a small distance in motion, and dropped softly upon the ground. The movements of the man soon convinced Burton that he was a sentinel, and that he belonged to the piquet. By various means the two friends had made themselves acquainted with the whole routine of the duty performed by the garrison. Burton, therefore, from these circumstances discerned in a moment where he was and determined to avail himself of the discovery. Accordingly, whenever the sentinel moved from him, he softly withdrew, and at length got clear of his disagreeable neighbor. He then entered the water on the side of the isthmus next to the river, with the hope of being able to advance in it so far above the piquet as to land again undiscovered. The undertaking proved very hazardous as well as very difficult. It was the time of low water. The rocks were numerous in his course, and the river between them was deep. A great quantity of sea-weed also encumbered his progress. He swam and climbed and waded, alternately, for the space of an hour; and having made in this manner a circuit which, though small, he thought would be sufficient to avoid the guard, betook himself to the shore. Here, chilled with this long-continued cold bathing and excessively wearied by exertion, he began his course through the forest, directing himself as well as he could toward the path which had been taken by General Wadsworth. After walking several miles through the same obstructions which had so much embarrassed his friend, he reached it and without any further trouble rejoined the General.

After their mutual congratulations the two friends, as they saw no persons appear, went down to the canoe, and finding in it a suit of oars pushed it into the water. Burton informed General Wadsworth that a party of the enemy was in pursuit of them and that their barge would soon come round the point below; and therefore proposed that instead

of crossing the river directly they should take an oblique course by which they might avoid being discovered. Not long after the barge came in sight, moving moderately up the river, and distant from them about a mile. At this time the canoe was near half a mile from the eastern shore; but, being hidden by some bushes on another point, escaped the eyes of their pursuers. Just at the moment the crew of the barge, having rested for a minute on their oars, tacked and rowed to the eastern shore, when one of the men went up to a house standing on the bank. The two friends, seeing this, plied their oars to the utmost; and when the barge put off again, had it in their power to reach the western shore without any possible obstruction.

As they approached a landing place they saw a number of people. To avoid an interview with these strangers they changed their course, and landed on the north side of a creek, where they were entirely out of their reach, and safe from their suspicion.

After they had made fast the canoe they steered their course directly into the wilderness; leaving the barge advancing up the river but appearing to have made no discovery. The prospect of a final escape was now very hopeful; but as there could be no safety in keeping the route along the shore, since they undoubtedly would be waylaid in many places, they determined to take a direct course through the forests, to avoid inhabitants and prevent a pursuit. Accordingly, they steered toward the head of St. George's river. This they were enabled to do by the aid of a pocket compass which Burton had fortunately retained in his possession. Their pockets supplied them with provisions—homely enough indeed, but such as satisfied hunger and such as success rendered delightful. Two showers fell upon them in the course of the day, and the heat of the sun was at times intense. Their passage, also, was often incommoded by the usual obstructions of an American forest; fallen trees, marshy grounds, and other inconveniences of the like nature. But with all these difficulties they travelled twenty-five miles by sunset.

At the approach of night they made a fire with the aid of a flint which Major Burton had in his pocket and some punk—a substance formed by a partial decomposition of the heart of the maple tree, which easily catches and long retains even the slightest spark. But as they had no axe and as they did not commence this business sufficiently early the wood of which their fire was made, being of a bad quality, burnt ill, and was extinguished long before the morning arrived. The night was cold notwithstanding the heat of the preceding day. Both extremes were equally injurious to the travellers, and increased not a little the lameness and soreness of their limbs. General Wadsworth suffered severely. He had been a long time in confinement, and had of course been prevented from taking any vigorous exercise. He was also possessed of a consti-

tution much less firm than that of his companion, and was much less accustomed to the hardships of travelling in a forest. For these reasons they made a slow progress during the morning of the second day. By degrees, however, the General began to recover strength; and before evening they advanced, though not without much difficulty, twelve or fifteen miles. The sufferings of the preceding night effectually warned them to begin the employment of collecting fuel in better season. They had, therefore, a comfortable fire. Still, the latter part of the night was very cold and distressing.

On the third day General Wadsworth was so lame and had suffered so much from this uncomfortable pilgrimage that he was able to make very little progress. After many efforts he proposed to stop in the wilderness and wait for such relief as his friend, proceeding onward to the nearest settlements, might be able to bring him. Major Burton cut the matter short by an absolute refusal to leave him behind in circumstances so hazardous. At length they determined to refresh themselves with a little sleep and then to recommence their progress. This determination was a happy one; for they found their sleep, in the genial warmth of the day, in a high degree restorative and invigorating. They were able to travel with more and more ease; and were not a little animated with the consciousness that their pilgrimage was drawing toward a close. About six P.M. they discovered from an eminence the ascent of a smoke and other signs of human habitations; and soon, to their unspeakable joy, arrived at the place to which they had originally directed their course—the Upper Settlements on the river St. George.

The inhabitants flocked about them with a joy scarcely inferior to theirs; and not only hailed them as friends long lost but as men dropped from the clouds. Their surprise and their affection were equally intense, and their minds labored for modes in which they might exhibit sufficient kindness to their guests.

THE HONESTY OF RICHARD JACKSON.

[*From the Same.*]

AMONG the prisoners taken by the Americans at the battle of Hoosac, was an inhabitant of Hancock in the County of Berkshire—a plain farmer, named Richard Jackson. This man had conscientiously taken the British side in the Revolutionary contest, and felt himself bound to seize the earliest opportunity of employing himself in the service of his sovereign. Hearing that Colonel Baum was advancing

with a body of troops toward Bennington, he rose early, saddled his horse, and rode to Hoosac, intending to attach himself to this corps. Here he was taken in such circumstances as proved his intention beyond every reasonable doubt. He was besides too honest to deny it. Accordingly, he was transmitted to Great Barrington, then the shire-town of Berkshire, and placed in the hands of General Fellows, High-Sheriff of the County, who immediately confined him in the County gaol. This building was at that time so infirm, that without a guard no prisoner could be kept in it who wished to make his escape. To escape, however, was in no degree consonant with Richard's idea of right; and he thought no more seriously of making an attempt of this nature than he would have done had he been in his own house. After he had lain quietly in gaol a few days, he told the Sheriff that he was losing his time and earning nothing, and wished that he would permit him to go out and work in the daytime, promising to return regularly at evening to his quarters in the prison. The Sheriff had become acquainted with his character, and readily acceded to his proposal. Accordingly, Richard went out regularly during the remaining part of the autumn, and the following winter and spring, until the beginning of May; and every night returned at the proper hour to the gaol. In this manner he performed a day's work every day, with scarcely any exception beside the Sabbath, through the whole period.

In the month of May, he was to be tried for high-treason. The Sheriff accordingly made preparations to conduct him to Springfield, where his trial was to be held. But he told the Sheriff that it was not worth his while to take this trouble, for he could just as well go alone; and it would save both the expense and inconvenience of the Sheriff's journey. The Sheriff, after a little reflection, assented to his proposal; and Richard commenced his journey—the only one, it is believed, which was ever undertaken in the same manner for the same object.

In the woods of Tyringham, he was overtaken by the Honorable T. Edwards, from whom I had this story. "Whither are you going?" said Mr. Edwards. "To Springfield, sir," answered Richard, "to be tried for my life." Accordingly he proceeded directly to Springfield, surrendered himself to the Sheriff of Hampshire, was tried, found guilty, and condemned to die.

The Council of Massachusetts was, at this time, the supreme executive of the State. Application was made to this Board for a pardon. The facts were stated, the evidence by which they were supported, and the sentence grounded on them. The question was then put by the President, "Shall a pardon be granted to Richard Jackson?" The gentleman who first spoke observed that the case was perfectly clear; the act alleged against Jackson was unquestionably high-treason; and the proof was

complete. If a pardon should be granted in this case, he saw no reason why it should not be granted in every other. In the same manner answered those who followed him. When it came to the turn of Mr. Edwards, he told this story with those little circumstances of particularity, which, though they are easily lost from the memory and have escaped mine, give light and shade a living reality, and a picturesque impressiveness to every tale which is fitted to enforce conviction, or to touch the heart. At the same time he recited it without enhancement, without expatiating, without any attempt to be pathetic. As is always the case, this simplicity gave the narration its full force. The Council began to hesitate. One of the members at length observed, "Certainly such a man as this ought not to be sent to the gallows." To his opinion the members unanimously assented. A pardon was immediately made out and transmitted to Springfield, and Richard returned to his family.

Never was a stronger proof exhibited that honesty is wisdom.

A DOG'S FIDELITY.

[*From the Same.*]

IN the autumn, when the seige of Fort Stanwix was raised, the following occurrence took place here. Capt. Greg, one of the American officers left in the garrison, went out one afternoon with a corporal belonging to the same corps, to shoot pigeons. When the day was far advanced Greg, knowing that the savages were at times prowling round the fort, determined to return. At that moment a small flock of pigeons alighted upon a tree in the vicinity. The corporal proposed to try a shot at them; and having approached sufficiently near, was in the act of elevating his piece toward the pigeons, when the report of two muskets discharged by unknown hands at a small distance was heard. The same instant, Greg saw his companion fall and felt himself badly wounded in the side. He tried to stand but speedily fell, and in a moment perceived a huge Indian taking long strides toward him with a tomahawk in his hand. The savage struck him several blows on the head; drew his knife, cut a circle through the skin from his forehead to the crown, and then drew off the scalp with his teeth. At the approach of the savage, Greg had counterfeited the appearance of being dead with as much address as he could use, and succeeded so far as to persuade his butcher that he was really dead; otherwise measures still more effectual would have been employed to despatch him. It is hardly necessary to observe that the pain, produced by these wounds, was intense and dreadful.

Those on the head were, however, far the most excruciating, although that in his side was believed by him to be mortal. The savages, having finished their bloody business, withdrew.

As soon as they were fairly gone Greg, who had seen his companion fall, determined if possible to make his way to the spot where he lay;—from a persuasion that if he could place his head upon the corporal's body it would in some degree relieve his excessive anguish. Accordingly he made an effort to rise; and, having with great difficulty succeeded, immediately fell. He was not only weak and distressed but had been deprived of the power of self-command by the tomahawk. Strongly prompted, however, by this little hope of mitigating his sufferings, he made a second attempt and again fell. After several unsuccessful efforts, he finally regained possession of his feet; and, staggering slowly through the forest, he at length reached the spot where the corporal lay. The Indian who had marked him for his prey, took a surer aim than his fellow and killed him outright. Greg found him lifeless and scalped. With some difficulty he laid his own head upon the body of his companion; and, as he had hoped, found material relief from this position.

While he was enjoying this little comfort he met with trouble from a new quarter. A small dog which belonged to him and had accompanied him in his hunting, but to which he had been hitherto wholly inattentive, now came up to him in an apparent agony; and, leaping around him in a variety of involuntary motions, yelped, whined, and cried in an unusual manner, to the no small molestation of his master. Greg was not in a situation to bear the disturbance even of affection. He tried, in every way which he could think of, to force the dog from him, but he tried in vain. At length wearied by his cries and agitations and not knowing how to put an end to them, he addressed the animal as if he had been a rational being. "If you wish so much to help me go and call some one to my relief." At these words the creature instantly left him, and ran through the forest at full speed to the great comfort of his master who now hoped to die quietly.

The dog made his way directly to three men, belonging to the garrison, who were fishing at the distance of a mile from the scene of this tragedy. As soon as he came up to them, he began to cry in the same afflicting manner and, advancing near them, turned, and went slowly back toward the point where his master lay, keeping his eye continually on the men. All this he repeated several times. At length one of the men observed to his companions that there was something very extraordinary in the actions of the dog; and that, in his opinion, they ought to find out the cause. His companions were of the same mind; and they immediately set out with an intention to follow the animal whither he should lead them. After they had pursued him some distance and

found nothing, they became discouraged. The sun had set; and the forest was dangerous. They therefore determined to return. The moment the dog saw them wheel about, he began to cry with increased violence; and, coming up to the men, took hold of the skirts of their coats with his teeth and attempted to pull them toward the point to which he had before directed their course. When they stopped again he leaned his back against the back part of their legs, as if endeavoring to push them onward to his master. Astonished at this conduct of the dog, they agreed after a little deliberation to follow him until he should stop. The animal conducted them directly to his master. They found him still living, and after burying the corporal as well as they could, they carried Greg to the fort. Here his wounds were dressed with the utmost care; and such assistance was rendered to him as proved the means of restoring him to perfect health.

This story I received from Capt. Edward Bulkley, a respectable officer of Gen. Parson's brigade. Greg himself, a few days before, communicated all the particulars to Capt. Bulkley. I will only add what I never think of without pain, and what I am sure every one of my readers will regret, that not long after a brutal fellow wantonly shot this meritorious and faithful dog.

A STORY OF GRATITUDE.

[*From the Same.*]

NOT many years after the county of Litchfield began to be settled by the English, a stranger Indian came one day into an inn in the town of Litchfield, in the dusk of the evening, and requested the hostess to furnish him with some drink and a supper. At the same time, he observed that he could pay for neither, as he had had no success in hunting; but promised payment as soon as he should meet with better fortune. The hostess refused him both the drink and the supper; called him a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing fellow; and told him that she did not work so hard, herself, to throw away her earnings upon such creatures as he was. A man who sat by and observed that the Indian, then turning about to leave so inhospitable a place, showed by his countenance that he was suffering very severely from want and weariness, directed the hostess to supply him what he wished, and engaged to pay the bill himself. She did so. When the Indian had finished his supper he turned to his benefactor, thanked him, and assured him that he should remember his kindness, and whenever he was able would faithfully recompense it. For the present he observed he could only reward him with a story;

which, if the hostess would give him leave, he wished to tell. The hostess, whose complacency had been recalled by the prospect of payment, consented. The Indian, addressing himself to his benefactor, said, "I suppose you read the Bible." The man assented. "Well," said the Indian, "the Bible say, God made the world; and then He took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then He made light; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then He made dry land and water, and sun and moon, and grass and trees; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then He made beasts, and birds, and fishes; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then He made man; and took him, and looked on him, and say, 'It's all very good.' Then He made woman; and took him, and looked on him, and He no dare say one such word." The Indian, having told his story, withdrew.

Some years after, the man who had befriended him had occasion to go some distance into the wilderness between Litchfield, then a frontier settlement, and Albany, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout and carried to Canada. When he arrived at the principal settlement of the tribe on the southern border of the St. Lawrence, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death. During the consultation, an old Indian woman demanded that he should be given up to her; that she might adopt him in the place of a son whom she had lost in the war. He was accordingly given to her; and lived through the succeeding winter in her family, experiencing the customary effects of savage hospitality. The following summer, as he was at work in the forest alone, an unknown Indian came up to him and asked him to meet him at a place which he pointed out, upon a given day. The prisoner agreed to the proposal; but not without some apprehensions that mischief was intended him. During the interval, these apprehensions increased to such a degree as to dissuade him, effectually, from fulfilling his engagement. Soon after, the same Indian found him at his work again, and very gravely reproved him for not performing his promise. The man apologized, awkwardly enough, but in the best manner in his power. The Indian told him that he should be satisfied if he would meet him at the same place on a future day, which he named. The man promised to meet him and fulfilled his promise. When he arrived at the spot, he found the Indian provided with two muskets, ammunition for them, and two knapsacks. The Indian ordered him to take one of each, and follow him. The direction of their march was to the south. The man followed without the least knowledge of what he was to do, or whither he was going; but concluded that if the Indian intended him harm he would have despatched him at the beginning, and that at the worst he was as safe where he was as he could be in any other place. Within a short time,

therefore, his fears subsided, although the Indian observed a profound and mysterious silence concerning the object of the expedition. In the daytime they shot such game as came in their way, and at night kindled a fire by which they slept. After a tedious journey of many days they came, one morning, to the top of an eminence presenting a prospect of a cultivated country, in which was a number of houses. The Indian asked his companion whether he knew the ground. He replied eagerly that it was Litchfield. His guide then, after reminding him that he had so many years before relieved the wants of a famishing Indian, at an inn in that town, subjoined, "I that Indian; now I pay you; go home." Having said this, he bade him adieu; and the man joyfully returned to his own house.

ANECDOTES OF A TRAVELLER.

[*From the Same.*]

THE DEVIL'S INVENTION.

THERE is a spot in this township which, from the following fact, is called "The Devil's Invention." An inhabitant, offended with one of his neighbors, determined to revenge himself by starving two of his children—boys between six and nine years of age. To accomplish this design, he built a small enclosure of logs at the side of a precipice. The logs above jutted over those below, so as to make it impossible to escape by climbing. When the work was finished, he persuaded the children to go out with him to hunt bird's-nests. Having led them to this spot, he forced them into the enclosure and left them to their fate. Necessity can sharpen the wits even of children. The little fellows, finding no egress at the top, began to look for one at the bottom; and, under the direction of mere nature, scratched a passage beneath the logs, through which they escaped. As they knew not the way to the town, they wandered three days about the fields and forests, and were, at length, led by the noise of the ocean to the shore. Here they were found alive by some of the inhabitants, most of whom had during this time been employed in a diligent search for the unfortunate sufferers. This event took place in 1676. As Philip's war was raging at the time, it is not improbable that the mischief was contrived with an expectation that the disaster would be attributed to savage incursion, and cease so soon to be an object of public attention that no effectual attempts would be made to find them.

The villain who formed and supposed that he had done everything to execute this diabolical purpose was sentenced to receive "thirty stripes," well laid on; to pay the father five pounds, and the Treasurer of the

County ten; to pay the charges of imprisonment; and to remain a close prisoner during the pleasure of the Court. Few inventions have, I think, been more worthy of the Devil, than this.

MINISTER HOOKER'S CHRISTIANITY.

The following anecdote, transmitted among his descendants, is in several particulars strongly expressive of his character. In the latter part of autumn Mr. Hooker, being suddenly awakened by an unusual noise, thought he heard a person in his cellar. He immediately arose, dressed himself, and went silently to the foot of the cellar stairs. There he saw a man with a candle in his hand, taking pork out of the barrel. When he had taken out the last piece, Mr. Hooker, accosting him pleasantly, said, "Neighbor, you act unfairly; you ought to leave a part for me." Thunderstruck at being detected, especially at being detected by so awful a witness, the culprit fell at his feet, condemned himself for his wickedness, and implored his pardon. Mr. Hooker cheerfully forgave him and concealed his crime, but forced him to carry half the pork to his own house.

COLUMBIA.

[*A noted popular Song, written while Dwight was an Army Chaplain,* 1777–78.—*From Kettell's "Specimens."* 1829.]

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards, and new sages, unrivalled shall soar
To fame unextinguished, when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image, instamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire, and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow:
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed—
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired;
The winds ceased to murmur; the thunders expired;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

THE BURNING OF FAIRFIELD.

[*Greenfield Hill.* 1794.]

NOW Night, of all her stars forlorn,
Majestic up the sky was borne.
A cloud immense her misty car,
Slow-sliding through the burdened air;
Her wreath of yew; a cypress wand
Uplifted by her magic hand;
Pale, shrouded fears her awful train,
And spectres gliding on the plain:

While Horror, o'er the sable world,
His ensigns through the expanse unfurled.
When lo! the southern skies around
Expanded wide with turrets crowned;
With umbered skirts, with wary gleam,
Uprose an awful ridge of flame,
Shed far its dreary lustre round
And dimly streaked the twilight ground.
Dark clouds with many a dismal stain
Hung hovering o'er the gleaming main;
While deep the distant, hollow roar
Waved echoing from the illumined shore;
And from each heaven-directed spire
Climbed bending pyramids of fire.
Meantime, a storm in western skies,
Thick, heavy, vast, began to rise,
Rolled swift on burdened winds along,
And brooded o'er the plundering throng,
In deeper night the heavens arrayed
And stretched its pall of boundless shade.
Forth shot the fierce and lurid flame
(The world, dim-rising in the beam),
Lessened the conflagrative spires,
And blended with their light its fires.
Again new darkness spread the main,
The splendors brightening rose again.
The thunder with earth-rending sound
Shook every vale and hill around;
While at each pause with solemn voice
The murmuring flames prolonged the noise.
It seemed the final day was come,
The day of earth's protracted doom;
The Archangel's voice began to call
The nations of this guilty ball:
The hills to cleave, the skies to rend,
Tumultuous elements to blend;
And Heaven, in pomp tremendous, came
To light the last, funereal flame.

THE SMOOTH DIVINE.

[*The Triumph of Infidelity*. 1788.]

THERE smiled the smooth Divine, unused to wound
The sinner's heart, with hell's alarming sound.
No terrors on his gentle tongue attend;
No grating truths the nicest ear offend.

That strange new-birth, that methodistic grace,
Nor in his heart nor sermons found a place.
Plato's fine tales he clumsily retold,
Trite, fireside, moral seesaws, dull as old;
His Christ and Bible placed at good remove,
Guilt hell-deserving, and forgiving love.
'Twas best, he said, mankind should cease to sin:
Good fame required it ; so did peace within.
Their honors, well he knew, would ne'er be driven;
But hoped they still would please to go to heaven.
Each week he paid his visitation dues;
Coaxed, jested, laughed; rehearsed the private news;
Smoked with each goody, thought her cheese excelled;
Her pipe he lighted, and her baby held.
Or placed in some great town, with lacquered shoes,
Trim wig, and trimmer gown, and glistening hose,
He bowed, talked politics, learned manners mild;
Most meekly questioned, and most smoothly smiled;
At rich men's jests laughed loud, their stories praised;
Their wives' new patterns gazed, and gazed, and gazed;
Most daintily on pampered turkeys dined;
Nor shrunk with fasting, nor with study pined:
Yet from their churches saw his brethren driven,
Who thundered truth, and spoke the voice of heaven,
Chilled trembling guilt, in Satan's headlong path,
Charmed the feet back, and roused the ear of death.
"Let fools," he cried, "starve on, while prudent I
Snug in my nest shall live, and snug shall die."

Ann Eliza Bleecker.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1752. Died at Tomhanick, near Albany, N. Y., 1783.

OF THE FAIR SUSAN.

["*On seeing Miss S. T. E. crossing the Hudson.*"—*The Posthumous Works of Ann Eliza Bleecker.* 1793.]

'TIS she, upon the sapphire flood,
Whose charms the world surprise,
Whose praises chanted in the wood,
Are wafted to the skies.

To view the heaven of her eyes,
Where'er the light barque moves,
The green-haired sisters, smiling, rise
From out their sea-girt groves.

E'en Neptune quits his glassy caves,
And calls out from afar,
"So Venus looked, when o'er the waves
She drove her pearly car."

He bids the winds to caves retreat,
And there confined to roar;
"But here," said he, "forbear to breathe,
Till Susan comes on shore."

A PROSPECT OF DEATH.

[*From the Same.*]

DEATH! thou real friend of innocence,
Though dreadful unto shivering sense,
I feel my nature tottering o'er
Thy gloomy waves, which loudly roar:
Immense the scene, yet dark the view,
Nor Reason darts her vision through.
Virtue! supreme of earthly good,
O let thy rays illume the road;
And when dashed from the precipice,
Keep me from sinking in the seas;
Thy radiant wings then wide expand,
And bear me to celestial land.

Gouverneur Morris.

BORN in Morrisania, N. Y., 1752. DIED there, 1816.

CABINET QUALIFICATIONS.

[*The Life of Gouverneur Morris. By Jared Sparks.* 1832.]

TO determine who should be appointed Minister either of the Finances, of War, of the Marine, or of Foreign Affairs, may be difficult; but it may not be so difficult to determine the qualities requisite for each of these departments, and having thereby established a rule, the proper persons will be more easily ascertained. These qualities will be classed under the different heads of genius, temper, knowledge, education, principles, manners, and circumstances.

Our Minister of the Finances should have a strong understanding, be persevering, industrious, and severe in exacting from all a rigid compliance with their duty. He should possess a knowledge of mankind, and of the culture and commerce, produce and resources, temper and manners of the different States; habituated to business on the most extensive scale, particularly that which is usually denominated *money matters;* and, therefore, not only a regular-bred merchant, but one who has been long and deeply engaged in that profession. At the same time, he should be practically acquainted with our political affairs, and the management of public business; warmly and thoroughly attached to America, not bigoted to any particular State; and his attachment founded not on whim, caprice, resentment, or a weak compliance with the current of opinion, but on a manly and rational conviction of the benefits of independence, his manners plain and simple, sincere and honest, his morals pure, his integrity unblemished; and he should enjoy general credit and reputation, both at home and abroad.

Our Minister of War should have a mind penetrating, clear, methodical, comprehensive, joined with a firm and indefatigable spirit. He should be thoroughly acquainted with the soldiery, know the resources of the country, be most intimately informed of the geography of America, and the means of marching and subsisting armies in every part of it. He should be taken from the army, and have acted at some time or other as a quartermaster-general, if not as a commander in a separate department. He should be attached to the civil head of the empire, and not envious of the glory of others, but ambitious of honest fame; his manners those of a generous soldier, and not of an intriguing politician; disagreeable to no considerable body or denomination of men, and by all means agreeable to the commander-in-chief.

A Minister of the Marine should be a man of plain good-sense, and a good economist, firm but not harsh; well acquainted with sea affairs, such as the construction, fitting, and victualling of ships, the conduct and manœuvre on a cruise and in action, the nautical face of the earth, and maritime phenomena. He should also know the temper, manners, and disposition of sailors; for all which purposes it is proper, that he should have been bred to that business, and have followed it, in peace and in war, in a military and commercial capacity. His principles and manners should be absolutely republican, and his circumstances not indigent.

A Minister of Foreign Affairs should have a genius quick, lively, penetrating; should write on all occasions with clearness and perspicuity; be capable of expressing his sentiments with dignity, and conveying strong sense and argument in easy and agreeable diction: his temper mild, cool, and placid; festive, insinuating, and pliant, yet obstinate; communica-

tive, and yet reserved. He should know the human face and heart, and the connections between them; should be versed in the laws of nature and nations, and not ignorant of the civil and municipal law; should be acquainted with the history of Europe, and with the interests, views, commerce, and productions of the commercial and maritime powers; should know the interests and commerce of America, understand the French and Spanish languages, at least the former, and be skilled in the modes and forms of public business; a man educated more in the world, than in the closet, that by use, as well as by nature, he may give proper attention to great objects, and have proper contempt for small ones. He should be attached to the independence of America, and the alliance with France, as the great pillars of our politics; and this attachment should not be slight and accidental, but regular, consistent, and founded in strong conviction. His manners gentle and polite; above all things honest, and least of all things avaricious. His circumstances and connections should be such, as to give solid pledges for his fidelity; and he should by no means be disagreeable to the Prince, with whom we are in alliance, his Ministers, or subjects.

HE DINES WITH A LITERARY WOMAN.

[*Morris's Diary in France.—From the Same.*]

MONSIEUR LE COMTE DE NENNI does me the honor of a visit, and detains me till three o'clock. I then set off in great haste to dine with the Comtesse de B., on an invitation of a week's standing. Arrive at about a quarter-past three, and find in the drawing-room some dirty linen and no fire. While a waiting-woman takes away one, a valet lights up the other. Three small sticks in a deep bed of ashes give no great expectation of heat. By the smoke, however, all doubts are removed respecting the existence of fire. To expel the smoke, a window is opened, and, the day being cold, I have the benefit of as fresh air as can reasonably be expected in so large a city.

Toward four o'clock the guests begin to assemble, and I begin to expect that, as Madame is a poetess, I shall have the honor to dine with that exalted part of the species, who devote themselves to the Muses. In effect, the gentlemen begin to compliment their respective works, and as regular hours cannot be expected in a house, where the mistress is occupied more with the intellectual, than the material world, I have a delightful prospect of a continuance of the scene. Toward five, Madame steps in to announce dinner, and the hungry poets advance to the charge. As

they bring good appetites, they have certainly reason to praise the feast. And I console myself in the persuasion, that, for this day at least, I shall escape an indigestion. A very narrow escape too, for some rancid butter, of which the cook had been liberal, puts me in bodily fear. If the repast is not abundant, we have at least the consolation, that there is no lack of conversation. Not being perfectly master of the language, most of the jests escaped me. As for the rest of the company, each being employed either in saying a good thing, or in studying one to say, it is no wonder if he cannot find time to applaud that of his neighbor. They all agree, that we live in an age alike deficient in justice and in taste. Each finds in the fate of his own works numerous instances to justify this censure. They tell me, to my great surprise, that the public now condemn theatrical compositions, before they have heard the first recital. And to remove my doubts, the Countess is so kind as to assure me, that this rash decision has been made on one of her own pieces. In pitying modern degeneracy, we rise from the table.

I take my leave immediately after the coffee, which by no means dishonors the precedent repast; and Madame informs me that on Tuesdays and Thursdays she is always at home, and will always be glad to see me. While I stammer out some return to the compliment, my heart, convinced of my unworthiness to partake of such attic entertainments, makes me promise never again to occupy the place from which, perhaps, I had excluded a worthier personage.

IN THE LAST DAYS OF KING LOUIS'S REIGN.

[*A Letter to Mrs. Morris of Philadelphia, May*, 1789.—*From the Same.*]

I HAD the honor to be present on the fifth of this month at the opening of the States-General; a spectacle more solemn to the mind, than gaudy to the eye. And yet, there was displayed everything of noble and of royal in this titled country. A great number of fine women, and a very great number of fine dresses, ranged round the Hall. On a kind of stage the throne; on the left of the King and a little below him the Queen; a little behind him to the right, and on chairs, the Princes of the blood; on the right and left, at some distance from the throne, the various Princesses, with the gentlemen and ladies of their retinue. Advanced on the stage, to the left of the throne, the Keeper of the Seals. Several officers of the household, richly caparisoned, strewed about in different places. Behind the throne, a cluster of guards, of the largest size, dressed in ancient costumes, taken from the times of chivalry. In

front of the throne on the right, below the stage, the Ministers of State, with a long table before them. On the opposite side of the Hall some benches, on which sat the Maréchals of France, and other great officers. In front of the Ministers, on benches facing the opposite side of the Hall, sat the Representatives of the Clergy, being priests of all colors, scarlet, crimson, black, white, and gray, to the number of three hundred. In front of the Maréchals of France, on benches facing the Clergy, sat an equal number of Representatives of the Nobility, dressed in a robe of black, waistcoats of cloth of gold, and over their shoulders, so as to hang forward to their waists, a kind of lappels about a quarter of a yard wide at top, and wider at bottom, made of cloth of gold. On benches, which reached quite across the Hall, and facing the stage, sat the Representatives of the People clothed in black. In the space between the Clergy and Nobles, directly in front of the Representatives of the People, and facing the throne, stood the heralds-at-arms, with their staves and in very rich dresses.

When the King entered, he was saluted with a shout of applause. Some time after he had taken his seat, he put on a round beaver, ornamented with white plumes, the part in front turned up, with a large diamond button in the centre. He read his speech well, and was interrupted at a part, which affected his audience, by a loud shout of *Vive le Roi.* After this had subsided, he finished his speech, and received again an animated acclamation of applause. He then took off his hat, and after a while put it on again, at which the Nobles also put on their hats, which resembled the King's, excepting the button. The effect of this display of plumage was fine.

The Keeper of the Seals then performed his genuflexions to the throne, and mumbled out, in a very ungraceful manner, a speech of considerable length, which nobody pretends to judge of, because nobody heard it. He was succeeded by M. Necker, who soon handed his speech to his clerk, being unable to go through with it. The clerk delivered it much better than the Minister, and that is no great praise. It was three hours long, contained many excellent things, but too much of compliment, too much of repetition, and indeed too much of everything, for it was too long by two hours, and yet fell short in some capital points of great expectation. He received, however, very repeated plaudits from the audience, some of which were merited, but more were certainly paid to his character, than to his composition. M. Necker's long speech now comes to a close, and the King rises to depart. The Hall resounds with a long loud *Vive le Roi.* He passes the Queen, who rises to follow him. At this moment some one, imbued with the milk of human kindness, originates a faint *Vive la Reine.* She makes a humble courtesy and presents the sinking of the high Austrian spirit; a livelier acclamation in return,

and to this her lowlier bending, which is succeeded by a shout of loud applause. Here drops the curtain on the first great act of this great drama, in which Bourbon gives freedom. His courtiers seem to feel, what he seems to be insensible of, the pang of greatness going off.

A STRANGE SCENE AT MASS.

[*Morris's Diary.—From the Same.*]

THIS morning I go to Reinsi. Arrive at eleven. Nobody yet visible. After some time the Duchess (of Orleans) appears, and tells me, that she has given Madame de Chastellux notice of my arrival. This consists with my primitive idea. Near twelve before the breakfast is paraded; but, as I had eaten mine before my departure, this has no present inconvenience. After breakfast we go to mass in the chapel. In the tribune above, we have a Bishop, an Abbé, the Duchess, her maids, and some of their friends. Madame de Chastellux is below on her knees. We are amused above by a number of little tricks played off by Monsieur de Ségur and Monsieur de Cabières with a candle, which is put into the pockets of different gentlemen, the Bishop's among the rest, and lighted, while they are otherwise engaged (for there is a fire in the tribune), to the great merriment of the spectators. Immoderate laughter is the consequence. The Duchess preserves as much gravity as she can. This scene must be very edifying to the domestics, who are opposite to us, and the villagers who worship below.

After this ceremony is concluded, we commence our walk, which is long and excessively hot. Then we get into batteaux, and the gentlemen row the ladies, which is by no means a cool operation. After that, more walking; so that I am excessively inflamed, even to fever heat. Get to the Château, and doze a little, *en attendant le dîné*, which does not come till after five. A number of persons surround the windows, and doubtless form a high idea of the company to whom they are obliged to look up at an awful distance. Ah, did they but know how trivial the conversation, how very trivial the characters, their respect would soon be changed to an emotion extremely different.

David Humphreys.

Born in Derby, Conn., 1753. Died at New Haven, Conn., 1818.

HIS BATTLES O'ER AGAIN.

["*On the Happiness of America.*"—*Miscellaneous Works.* 1804.]

THERE some old warrior, grown a village sage,
Whose locks are whitened with the frosts of age,
While life's low-burning lamp renews its light,
With tales heroic shall beguile the night;
Shall tell of battles fought, of feats achieved,
And sufferings ne'er by human heart conceived;
Shall tell the adventures of his early life,
And bring to view the fields of mortal strife;
What time the matin trump to battle sings,
And on his steed the horseman swiftly springs,
While down the line the drum, with thundering sound,
Wakes the bold soldier, slumbering on the ground;
Alarmed he starts; then sudden joins his band,
Who, ranged beneath the well-known banner, stand:
Then ensigns wave, and signal flags unfurled,
Bid one great soul pervade a moving world;
Then martial music's all-inspiring breath,
With dulcet symphonies, leads on to death,
Lights in each breast the living beam of fame,
Kindles the spark, and fans the kindled flame:
Then meets the steadfast eye, the splendid charms
Of prancing steeds, of plumed troops and arms:
Reflected sunbeams, dazzling, gild afar
The pride, the pomp, and circumstance of war;
Then thick as hailstones, from an angry sky,
In vollied showers, the bolts of vengeance fly;
Unnumbered deaths, promiscuous, ride the air,
While, swift descending, with a frightful glare,
The big bomb bursts; the fragments scattered round,
Beat down whole bands, and pulverize the ground.
Then joins the closer fight on Hudson's banks;
Troops strive with troops; ranks, bending, press on ranks:
O'er slippery plains the struggling legions reel;
Then livid lead and Bayonne's glittering steel,
With dark-red wounds their mangled bosoms bore;
While furious coursers, snorting foam and gore,
Bear wild their riders o'er the carnaged plain,
And, falling, roll them headlong on the slain.
To ranks consumed, another rank succeeds;
Fresh victims fall; afresh the battle bleeds;

And naught of blood can stanch the opened sluice;
Till night, o'ershadowing, brings a grateful truce.
Thus will the veteran tell the tale of wars,
Disclose his breast, to count his glorious scars;
In mute amazement hold the listening swains;
Make freezing horror creep through all their veins;
Or oft, at freedom's name, their souls inspire
With patriot ardor and heroic fire.

ON LIFE.

ERE we can think of time, the moment's past,
And straight another since that thought began:
So swift each instant mingles with the last,
The flying *now* exists no more for man.

With consciousness suspended even by sleep,
To what this phantom, life, then likest seems?
Say, thou, whose doubtful being (lost in dreams)
Allows the 'wildered but to wake and weep,
So thoughtless hurried to the eternal deep!

'Tis like a moonlight vision's airy shade,
A bubble driving down the deep beneath—
Then, ere the bubble burst, the vision fade,
Dissolved in air this evanescent breath!
Let man, not mortal, learn true life begins at death.

PUTNAM AND THE WOLF.

[*Essay on the Life of General Putnam.* 1788.]

IN the year 1739, he removed from Salem to Pomfret, an inland fertile town in Connecticut, forty miles east of Hartford. Having here purchased a considerable tract of land, he applied himself successfully to agriculture.

The first years on a new farm are not, however, exempt from disasters and disappointments, which can only be remedied by stubborn and patient industry. Our farmer, sufficiently occupied in building an house and barn, felling woods, making fences, sowing grain, planting orchards, and taking care of his stock, had to encounter, in turn, the calamities occasioned by drought in summer, blast in harvest, loss of cattle in winter,

and the desolation of his sheep-fold by wolves. In one night he had seventy fine sheep and goats killed, besides many lambs and kids wounded. This havoc was committed by a she wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within reach of gun-shot: upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf, at length, became such an intolerable nuisance that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbors to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that, having lost the toes from one foot, by a steel-trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten o'clock the next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles distant from the house of Mr. Putnam. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect. Nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts (which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night), Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain. He proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf: the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was that the master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbors strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprize: but he, knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having, accordingly, divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back, at a concerted signal, he entered head-foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet toward its termination. The sides of this subterraneous

cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance, in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. He, cautiously proceeding onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sudden growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding a torch in one hand and the musket in the other, he descended the second time. When he drew nearer than before, the wolf, assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the attitude, and on the point of springing at him. At the critical instant he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave. But, having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose; and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied round his legs), the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together.

I have offered these facts in greater detail, because they contain a display of character; and because they have been erroneously related in several European publications, and very much mutilated in the history of Connecticut, a work as replete with falsehood as destitute of genius, lately printed in London.

Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford.

Born in Woburn, Mass., 1753. Died at Auteuil, France, 1814.

HOW COUNT RUMFORD RECLAIMED THE BEGGARS OF BAVARIA.

[*Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical.* 1796.]

THE number of itinerant beggars, of both sexes and all ages, as well foreigners as natives, who strolled about the country in all directions, levying contributions from the industrious inhabitants, stealing and robbing, and leading a life of indolence and the most shameless debauchery, was quite incredible; and so numerous were the swarms of beggars in all the great towns, and particularly in the capital, so great their impudence, and so persevering their importunity, that it was almost impossible to cross the streets without being attacked, and absolutely forced to satisfy their clamorous demands. And these beggars were in general by no means such as from age or bodily infirmities were unable by their labor to earn their livelihood; but they were, for the most part, stout, strong, healthy, sturdy beggars, who, lost to every sense of shame, had embraced the profession from choice, not necessity; and who, not unfrequently, added insolence and threats to their importunity, and extorted that from fear which they could not procure by their arts of dissimulation.

These beggars not only infested all the streets, public walks, and public places, but they even made a practice of going into private houses, where they never failed to steal whatever fell in their way, if they found the doors open and nobody at home; and the churches were so full of them that it was quite a nuisance, and a public scandal during the performance of divine service. People at their devotions were continually interrupted by them, and were frequently obliged to satisfy their demands in order to be permitted to finish their prayers in peace and quiet.

In short, these detestable vermin swarmed everywhere, and not only their impudence and clamorous importunity were without any bounds, but they had recourse to the most diabolical arts and most horrid crimes in the prosecution of their infamous trade. Young children were stolen from their parents by these wretches, and their eyes put out, or their tender limbs broken and distorted, in order, by exposing them thus maimed, to excite the pity and commiseration of the public; and every species of artifice was made use of to agitate the sensibility, and to extort the contributions of the humane and charitable.

Some of these monsters were so void of all feeling as to expose even their own children, naked, and almost starved, in the streets, in order

that, by their cries and unaffected expressions of distress, they might move those who passed by to pity and relieve them; and, in order to make them act their part more naturally, they were unmercifully beaten when they came home by their inhuman parents if they did not bring with them a certain sum, which they were ordered to collect.

I have frequently seen a poor child of five or six years of age, late at night, in the most inclement season, sitting down almost naked at the corner of a street, and crying most bitterly; if he were asked what was the matter with him, he would answer, "I am cold and hungry, and afraid to go home; my mother told me to bring home twelve kreutzers, and I have only been able to beg five. My mother will certainly beat me if I don't carry home twelve kreutzers." Who could refuse so small a sum to relieve so much unaffected distress? But what horrid arts are these, to work upon the feelings of the public, and levy involuntary contributions for the support of idleness and debauchery!

But the evils arising from the prevalence of mendicity did not stop here. The public, worn out and vanquished by the numbers and persevering importunity of the beggars; and frequently disappointed in their hopes of being relieved from their depredations, by the failure of the numberless schemes that were formed and set on foot for that purpose, began at last to consider the case as quite desperate, and to submit patiently to an evil for which they saw no remedy. The consequences of this submission are easy to be conceived; the beggars, encouraged by their success, were attached still more strongly to their infamous profession; and others, allured by their indolent lives, encouraged by their successful frauds, and emboldened by their impunity, joined them. The habit of submission on the part of the public, gave them a sort of right to pursue their depredations;—their growing numbers and their success gave a kind of *éclat* to their profession; and the habit of begging became so general that it ceased to be considered as infamous; and was, by degrees, in a manner interwoven with the internal regulations of society. . . . .

To produce so total and radical a change in the morals, manners, and customs of this debauched and abandoned race, as was necessary to render them orderly and useful members of society, will naturally be considered as an arduous, if not impossible, enterprise. In this I succeeded;—for the proof of this fact I appeal to the flourishing state of the different manufactories in which these poor people are now employed,—to their orderly and peaceable demeanor—to their cheerfulness—to their industry—to the desire to excel, which manifests itself among them upon all occasions,—and to the very air of their countenances. Strangers who go to see this institution (and there are very few who pass through Munich who do not take that trouble), cannot sufficiently express their

surprise at the air of happiness and contentment which reigns throughout every part of this extensive establishment, and can hardly be persuaded that among those they see so cheerfully engaged in that interesting scene of industry, by far the greater part were, five years ago, the most miserable and most worthless of beings—common beggars in the streets. . . . .

With persons of this description, it is easy to be conceived that precepts, admonitions, and punishments would be of little or no avail. But where precepts fail, habits may sometimes be successful.

To make vicious and abandoned people happy, it has generally been supposed necessary, first, to make them virtuous. But why not reverse this order? Why not make them first happy, and then virtuous? If happiness and virtue be inseparable, the end will be as certainly obtained by the one method as by the other; and it is most undoubtedly much easier to contribute to the happiness and comfort of persons in a state of poverty and misery, than, by admonitions and punishments, to reform their morals.

Deeply struck with the importance of this truth, all my measures were taken accordingly. Everything was done that could be devised to make the poor people I had to deal with, comfortable and happy in their new situation; and my hopes, that a habit of enjoying the real comforts and conveniences which were provided for them, would in time soften their hearts, open their eyes, and render them grateful and docile, were not disappointed.

The pleasure I have had in the success of this experiment is much easier to be conceived than described. Would to God that my success might encourage others to follow my example! If it were generally known how little trouble and how little expense are required to do much good, the heart-felt satisfaction which arises from relieving the wants, and promoting the happiness of our fellow-creatures, is so great, that I am persuaded acts of the most essential charity would be much more frequent, and the mass of misery among mankind would consequently be much lessened.

Having taken my resolution to make the comfort of the poor people, who were to be provided for, the primary object of my attention, I considered what circumstance in life, after the necessaries, food and raiment, contributes most to comfort, and I found it to be cleanliness. . . . .

Most of them had been used to living in the most miserable hovels, in the midst of vermin and every kind of filthiness; or to sleep in the streets and under the hedges, half naked, and exposed to all the inclemencies of the seasons. A large and commodious building, fitted up in the neatest and most comfortable manner, was now provided for their

reception. In this agreeable retreat they found spacious and elegant apartments, kept with the most scrupulous neatness, well warmed in winter and well lighted; a good warm dinner every day, *gratis*, cooked and served up with all possible attention to order and cleanliness; materials and utensils for those who were able to work; masters, *gratis*, for those who required instruction; the most generous pay, in money, for all the labor performed; and the kindest usage from every person, from the highest to the lowest, belonging to the establishment. Here, in this asylum for the indigent and unfortunate, no ill-usage, no harsh language, is permitted. During five years that the establishment has existed, not a blow has been given to any one; not even to a child by his instructor.

As the rules and regulations for the preservation of order are few, and easy to be observed, the instances of their being transgressed are rare; and as all the labor performed is paid by the piece and not by the day, and is well paid, and as those who gain the most by their work in the course of the week receive proportional rewards on the Saturday evening, these are most effectual encouragements to industry. . . . .

As by far the greater part of these poor creatures were totally unacquainted with every kind of useful labor, it was necessary to give them such work at first as was very easy to be performed, and in which the raw materials were of little value; and then, by degrees, as they became more adroit, to employ them in manufacturing more valuable articles.

As hemp is a very cheap commodity, and as the spinning of hemp is easily learned, particularly when it is designed for very coarse and ordinary manufactures, 15,000 pounds of that article were purchased in the Palatinate and transported to Munich; and several hundred spinning-wheels, proper for spinning it, were provided; and several good spinners as instructors were engaged, and in readiness, when this house of industry was opened for the reception of the poor.

Flax and wool were likewise provided, and some few good spinners of those articles were engaged as instructors; but by far the greater number of the poor began with spinning of hemp; and so great was their awkwardness at first, that they absolutely ruined almost all the raw materials that were put into their hands. By an exact calculation of profit and loss, it was found that the manufactory actually lost more than 3,000 florins upon the articles of hemp and flax during the first three months; but we were not discouraged by these unfavorable beginnings; they were indeed easy to be foreseen, considering the sort of people we had to deal with, and how necessary it was to pay them at a very high rate for the little work they were able to perform, in order to keep up their courage, and induce them to persevere with cheerfulness in acquiring more skill and address in their labor. If the establishment

was supported at some little expense in the beginning, it afterward richly repaid these advantages. . . . .

It is easy to conceive that so great a number of unfortunate beings, of all ages and sexes, taken as it were out of their very element, and placed in a situation so perfectly new to them, could not fail to be productive of very interesting situations. Would to God I were able to do justice to this subject! but no language can describe the affecting scenes to which I was a witness upon this occasion.

The exquisite delight which a sensible mind must feel upon seeing many hundreds of wretched beings awaking from a state of misery and inactivity as from a dream, and applying themselves with cheerfulness to the employments of useful industry;—upon seeing the first dawn of placid content break upon a countenance covered with habitual gloom, and furrowed and distorted by misery; this is easier to be conceived than described.

During the first three or four days that these poor people were assembled, it was not possible entirely to prevent confusion: there was nothing like mutinous resistance among them; but their situation was so new to them, and they were so very awkward in it, that it was difficult to bring them into any tolerable order. At length, however, by distributing them in the different halls, and assigning to each his particular place (the places being all distinguished by numbers), they were brought into such order as to enable the inspectors and instructors to begin their operations.

Those who understood any kind of work, were placed in the apartments where the work they understood was carried on; and the others, being classed according to their sexes, and as much as possible according to their ages, were placed under the immediate care of the different instructors. By much the larger number were put to spinning of hemp; others, and particularly the young children from four to seven years of age, were taught to knit and to sew; and the most awkward among the men, and particularly the old, the lame, and the infirm, were put to carding of wool. Old women, whose sight was too weak to spin, or whose hands trembled with palsy, were made to spool yarn for the weavers; and young children, who were too weak to labor, were placed upon seats erected for that purpose round the rooms where other children worked.

As it was winter, fires were kept in every part of the building from morning till night; and all the rooms were lighted up till nine o'clock in the evening. Every room and every staircase was neatly swept and cleaned twice a day; once early in the morning, before the people were assembled, and once while they were at dinner. Care was taken, by placing ventilators, and occasionally opening the windows, to keep

the air of the rooms perfectly sweet, and free from all disagreeable smells; and the rooms themselves were not only neatly whitewashed and fitted up and arranged in every respect with elegance, but care was taken to clean the windows very often; to clean the court-yard every day; and even to clear away the rubbish from the street in front of the building, to a considerable distance on every side.

Those who frequented this establishment were expected to arrive at the fixed hour in the morning, which hour varied according to the season of the year; if they came too late, they were gently reprimanded; and if they persisted in being tardy, without being able to give a sufficient excuse for not coming sooner, they were punished by being deprived of their dinner, which otherwise they received every day *gratis*.

At the hour of dinner a large bell was rung in the court, when those at work in the different parts of the building repaired to the dining-hall, where they found a wholesome and nourishing repast, consisting of about a pound and a quarter, avoirdupois weight, of a very rich soup of peas and barley, mixed with cuttings of fine white bread, and a piece of excellent rye bread, weighing seven ounces; which last they commonly put in their pockets and carried home for their supper. Children were allowed the same portion as grown persons; and a mother, who had one or more young children, was allowed a portion for each of them.

Those who from sickness or other bodily infirmities were not able to come to the workhouse, as also those who, on account of young children they had to nurse, or sick persons to take care of, found it more convenient to work at their own lodgings (and of these there were many), were not on that account deprived of their dinners. Upon representing their cases to the committee, tickets were granted them, upon which they were authorized to receive from the public kitchen, daily, the number of portions specified in the ticket; and these they might send for by a child, or by any other person they thought proper to employ; it was necessary, however, that the ticket should always be produced, otherwise the portions were not delivered. This precaution was necessary to prevent abuses on the part of the poor. . . . .

Though a very generous price was paid for labor in the different manufactures in which the poor were employed, yet that alone was not enough to interest them sufficiently in the occupations in which they were engaged. To excite their activity, and inspire them with a true spirit of persevering industry, it was necessary to fire them with emulation—to awaken in them a dormant passion whose influence they had never felt, the love of honest fame, an ardent desire to excel—the love of glory—or by what other more humble or pompous name this passion, the most noble and most beneficent that warms the human heart, can be distinguished.

To excite emulation,—praise, distinctions, rewards are necessary; and these were all employed. Those who distinguished themselves by their application, by their industry, by their address, were publicly praised and encouraged,—brought forward and placed in the most conspicuous situations, pointed out to strangers who visited the establishment, and particularly named and proposed as models for others to copy. A particular dress, a sort of uniform for the establishment, which, though very economical, as may be seen by the details which will be given of it in another place, was nevertheless elegant, was provided; and this dress, as it was given out *gratis*, and only bestowed upon those who particularly distinguished themselves, was soon looked upon as an honorable mark of approved merit; and served very powerfully to excite emulation among the competitors. I doubt whether vanity, in any instance, ever surveyed itself with more self-gratification, than did some of these poor people when they first put on their new dress.

How necessary is it to be acquainted with the secret springs of action in the human heart, to direct even the lowest and most unfeeling class of mankind! The machine is intrinsically the same in all situations; the great secret is, first to put it in tune, before an attempt is made to play upon it. The jarring sounds of former vibrations must first be stilled, otherwise no harmony can be produced; but when the instrument is in order the notes cannot fail to answer to the touch of a skilful master.

Though everything was done that could be devised to impress the minds of all those, old and young, who frequented this establishment, with such sentiments as were necessary in order to their becoming good and useful members of society (and in these attempts I was certainly successful, much beyond my most sanguine expectations), yet my hopes were chiefly placed on the rising generation.

The children, therefore, of the poor, were objects of my peculiar care and attention. To induce their parents to send them to the establishment, even before they were old enough to do any kind of work, when they attended at the regular hours, they not only received their dinner *gratis*, but each of them was paid three kreutzers a day for doing nothing, but merely being present where others worked.

I have already mentioned that these children, who were too young to work, were placed upon seats built round the halls where other children worked. This was done in order to inspire them with a desire to do that which other children, apparently more favored, more caressed, and more praised than themselves, were permitted to do; and of which they were obliged to be idle spectators; and this had the desired effect.

As nothing is so tedious to a child as being obliged to sit still in the same place for a considerable time, and as the work which the other more favored children were engaged in was light and easy, and appeared

rather amusing than otherwise, being the spinning of hemp and flax, with small light wheels, turned with the foot, these children, who were obliged to be spectators of this busy and entertaining scene, became so uneasy in their situations, and so jealous of those who were permitted to be more active, that they frequently solicited with the greatest importunity to be permitted to work, and often cried most heartily if this favor was not instantly granted them.

How sweet these tears were to me, can easily be imagined.

The joy they showed upon being permitted to descend from their benches and mix with the working children below, was equal to the solicitude with which they had demanded that favor.

They were at first merely furnished with a wheel, which they turned for several days with the foot, without being permitted to attempt anything further. As soon as they were become dexterous in this simple operation, and habit had made it so easy and familiar to them that the foot could continue its motion mechanically, without the assistance of the head,—till they could go on with their work, even though their attention was employed upon something else,—till they could answer questions and converse freely with those about them upon indifferent subjects, without interrupting or embarrassing the regular motion of the wheel, then—and not till then—they were furnished with hemp or flax, and were taught to spin.

When they had arrived at a certain degree of dexterity in spinning hemp and flax, they were put to the spinning of wool; and this was always represented to them, and considered by them, as an honorable promotion. Upon this occasion they commonly received some public reward, a new shirt, a pair of shoes, or perhaps the uniform of the establishment, as an encouragement to them to persevere in their industrious habits.

As constant application to any occupation for too great a length of time is apt to produce disgust, and in children might even be detrimental to health, besides the hour of dinner, an hour of relaxation from work (from eight o'clock till nine) in the forenoon, and another hour (from three o'clock till four) in the afternoon, were allowed them; and these two hours were spent in a school, which, for want of room elsewhere in the house, was kept in the dining-hall, where they were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, by a school-master engaged and paid for that purpose. Into this school, other persons who worked in the house of a more advanced age, were admitted, if they requested it; but few grown persons seemed desirous of availing themselves of this permission. As to the children, they had no choice in the matter; those who belonged to the establishment were obliged to attend the school regularly every day, morning and evening. The school-books, paper, pens and ink, were furnished at the expense of the establishment.

To distinguish those among the grown persons that worked in the house, who showed the greatest dexterity and industry in the different manufactures in which they were employed, the best workmen were separated from the others, and formed distinct classes, and were even assigned separate rooms and apartments. This separation was productive of many advantages; for, besides the spirit of emulation which it excited and kept alive in every part of the establishment, it afforded an opportunity of carrying on the different manufactures in a very advantageous manner. . . . .

The awkwardness of these poor creatures when they were first taken from the streets as beggars and put to work, may easily be conceived; but the facility with which they acquired address in the various manufactures in which they were employed was very remarkable, and much exceeded my expectation. But what was quite surprising, and at the same time interesting in the highest degree, was the apparent and rapid change which was produced in their manners—in their general behavior, and even in the very air of their countenances upon being a little accustomed to their new situations. The kind usage they met with, and the comforts they enjoyed, seemed to have softened their hearts, and awakened in them sentiments as new and surprising to themselves as they were interesting to those about them.

The melancholy gloom of misery and air of uneasiness and embarrassment, disappeared by little and little from their countenances, and were succeeded by a timid dawn of cheerfulness, rendered most exquisitely interesting by a certain mixture of silent gratitude which no language can describe.

In the infancy of this establishment, when these poor creatures were first brought together, I used very frequently to visit them—to speak kindly to them, and to encourage them; and I seldom passed through the halls where they were at work without being a witness to the most moving scenes.

Objects, formerly the most miserable and wretched, whom I had seen for years as beggars in the streets; young women, perhaps the unhappy victims of seduction, who, having lost their reputation, and being turned adrift in the world, without a friend and without a home, were reduced to the necessity of begging to sustain a miserable existence, now recognized me as their benefactor; and, with tears dropping fast from their cheeks, continued their work in the most expressive silence.

If they were asked what the matter was with them? their answer was ("nichts") "nothing;" accompanied by a look of affectionate regard and gratitude, so exquisitely touching as frequently to draw tears from the most insensible of the by-standers.

It was not possible to be mistaken with respect to the real state of the

minds of these poor people; everything about them showed that they were deeply affected with the kindness shown them; and that their hearts were really softened, appeared not only from their unaffected expressions of gratitude, but also from the effusions of their affectionate regard for those who were dear to them. In short, never did I witness such affecting scenes as passed between some of these poor people and their children.

It was mentioned above that the children were separated from the grown persons. This was the case at first; but as soon as order was thoroughly established in every part of the house, and the poor people had acquired a certain degree of address in their work, and evidently took pleasure in it, as many of those who had children expressed an earnest desire to have them near them, permission was granted for that purpose; and the spinning halls, by degrees, were filled with the most interesting little groups of industrious families, who vied with each other in diligence and address; and who displayed a scene at once the most busy and the most cheerful that can be imagined.

An industrious family is ever a pleasing object; but there was something peculiarly interesting and affecting in the groups of these poor people. Whether it was, that those who saw them compared their present situation with the state of misery and wretchedness from which they had been taken; or whether it was the joy and exultation which were expressed in the countenances of the poor parents in contemplating their children all busily employed about them; or the air of self-satisfaction which these little urchins put on at the consciousness of their own dexterity, while they pursued their work with redoubled diligence upon being observed, that rendered the scene so singularly interesting, I know not; but certain it is that few strangers who visited the establishment came out of these halls without being much affected.

Phillis Wheatley Peters.

Born in Africa, about 1754. Brought to America, and sold into slavery, 1761. Died in Boston, Mass., 1784.

POEMS.

[*Poems on Various Subjects, Religious and Moral, by Phillis Wheatley, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatley, of Boston, in New England.—London*, 1773.]

ON IMAGINATION.

IMAGINATION! who can sing thy source,
Or who describe the swiftness of thy course?
Soaring through air to find the bright abode,
The empyreal palace of the thundering God,
We on thy pinions can surpass the wind
And leave the rolling universe behind.
From star to star the mental optics rove,
Measure the skies, and range the realms above;
There in one view we grasp the mighty whole,
Or with new worlds amaze the unbounded soul.

ON THE DEATH OF C. E., AN INFANT OF TWELVE MONTHS.

THROUGH airy roads he wings his instant flight
To purer regions of celestial light;
Enlarged he sees unnumbered systems roll,
Beneath him sees the universal whole,
Planets on planets run their destined round
And circling wonders fill the vast profound.
The ethereal now, and now the empyreal skies
With growing splendors strike his wondering eyes:
The angels view him with delight unknown,
Press his soft hand, and seat him on his throne;
Then smiling thus: "To this divine abode,
The seat of saints, of seraphs, and of God,
Thrice welcome thou." The raptured babe replies,
"Thanks to my God, who snatched me to the skies,
E'er vice triumphant had possessed my heart,
E'er yet the tempter had beguiled my heart,
E'er yet on sin's base actions I was bent.
E'er yet I knew temptation's dire intent;

Phillis Wheatley

E'er yet the lash for horrid crimes I felt,
E'er vanity had led my way to guilt,
But, soon arrived at my celestial goal,
Full glories rush on my expanding soul."
Joyful he spoke: exulting cherubs round
Clapped their glad wings; the heavenly vaults resound.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM, EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

HAIL, happy day, when, smiling like the morn,
Fair Freedom rose New England to adorn!
The northern clime beneath her genial ray,
Dartmouth, congratulates thy blissful sway:
Elate with hope her race no longer mourns,
Each soul expands, each grateful bosom burns,
While in thine hand with pleasure we behold
The silken reins, and Freedom's charms unfold.
Long lost to realms beneath the northern skies
She shines supreme, while hated Faction dies.
Soon as appeared the Goddess long desired,
Sick at the view, she languished and expired;
Thus from the splendors of the morning light
The owl in sadness seeks the caves of night.

No more, America, in mournful strain,
Of wrongs, and grievance unredressed complain;
No longer shall thou dread the iron chain,
Which wanton Tyranny with lawless hand
Had made, and with it meant to enslave the land.

Should you, my lord, while you peruse my song,
Wonder from whence my love of Freedom sprung,
Whence flow these wishes for the common good,
By feeling hearts alone best understood,
I, young in life, by seeming cruel fate
Was snatched from Afric's fancied happy seat:
What pangs excruciating must molest,
What sorrows labor in my parents' breast!
Steeled was that soul and by no misery moved
That from a father seized his babe beloved:
Such, such my case. And can I then but pray
Others may never feel tyrannic sway?

. . . . . .

Joseph Brown Ladd.

BORN in Newport, R. I., 1764. DIED at Charleston, S. C., 1786.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

[*The Poems of Arouet.* 1786]

'TIS an empty, fleeting shade,
By imagination made:
'Tis a bubble, straw, or worse
'Tis a baby's hobby-horse:
'Tis two hundred shillings clear;
'Tis ten thousand pounds a year:
'Tis a title, 'tis a name;
'Tis a puff of empty fame;
Fickle as the breezes blow;
'Tis a lady's yes or no!
And when the description's crowned,
'Tis just nowhere to be found.
Arouet shows, I must confess,
Says Delia, what is happiness;
I wish he now would tell us what
This self-same happiness is not.
What happiness is not? I vow,
That, Delia, you have posed me now:
What it is not—stay, let me see—
I think, dear maid, 'tis—not for me.

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